

A219 Exploring the Classical World



The Open University

Readings Book 2





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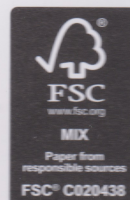
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Block 3

Reading 3.1 Thucydides 6.1–5

(Source: Crawley, R. (trans.) (1997) *Thucydides: The History of the Peloponnesian War*, 6.1–5, Ware: Wordsworth Editions, pp.313–15)

[1] The same winter the Athenians resolved to sail again to Sicily, with a greater armament than that under Laches and Eurymedon, and, if possible, to conquer the island; most of them being ignorant of its size and of the number of its inhabitants, Hellenic and barbarian, and of the fact that they were undertaking a war not much inferior to that against the Peloponnesians. For the voyage round Sicily in a merchantman is not far short of eight days; and yet, large as the island is, there are only two miles of sea to prevent its being mainland.

[2] It was settled originally as follows, and the peoples that occupied it are these. The earliest inhabitants spoken of in any part of the country are the Cyclopes and Laestrygonians; but I cannot tell of what race they were, or whence they came or whither they went, and must leave my readers to what the poets have said of them and to what may be generally known concerning them. The Sicanians appear to have been the next settlers, although they pretend to have been the first of all and aborigines; but the facts show that they were Iberians, driven by the Ligurians from the river Sicanus in Iberia. It was from them that the island, before called Trinacria, took its name of Sicania, and to the present day they inhabit the west of Sicily. On the fall of Ilium, some of the Trojans escaped from the Achaeans, came in ships to Sicily, and settled next to the Sicanians under the general name of Elymi; their towns being called Eryx and Egesta. With them settled some of the Phocians carried on their way from Troy by a storm, first to Libya, and afterwards from thence to Sicily. The Sicels crossed over to Sicily from their first home Italy, flying from the Opicans, as tradition says and as seems not unlikely, upon rafts, having watched till the wind set down the strait to effect the passage; although perhaps they may have sailed over in some other way. Even at the present day there are still Sicels in Italy; and the country got its name of Italy from Italus, a king of the Sicels, so called. These went with a great host to Sicily, defeated the Sicanians in battle and forced them to remove to the south and west of the island, which thus came to be called Sicily instead of Sicania, and after they crossed over continued to enjoy the richest parts of the country for near three hundred years before any Hellenes came to Sicily; indeed they still hold the centre and north of the island. There were also Phoenicians living all round Sicily, who had occupied promontories upon the sea coasts and the islets adjacent for the purpose of trading with the Sicels. But when the Hellenes began to arrive in considerable numbers by sea, the Phoenicians abandoned most of their stations, and drawing together took up their abode in Motye, Soloeis, and Panormus, near the Elymi, partly because they confided in their alliance, and also because these are the nearest points for the voyage between Carthage and Sicily.

[3] These were the barbarians in Sicily, settled as I have said. Of the Hellenes, the first to arrive were Chalcidians from Euboea with Thucles, their founder. They founded Naxos and built the altar to Apollo Archegetes, which now stands outside the town, and upon which the deputies for the games sacrifice before sailing from Sicily. Syracuse was founded the year afterwards by Archias, one of the Heraclids from Corinth, who began by driving out the Sicels from the island upon which the inner city now stands, though it is no longer surrounded by water: in process of time the outer town also was taken within the walls and became populous. Meanwhile Thucles and the Chalcidians set out from Naxos in the fifth year after

the foundation of Syracuse, and drove out the Sicels by arms and founded Leontini and afterwards Catana; the Catanians themselves choosing Euarchus as their founder.

[4] About the same time Lamis arrived in Sicily with a colony from Megara, and after founding a place called Trotilus beyond the river Pantacyas, and afterwards leaving it and for a short while joining the Chalcidians at Leontini, was driven out by them and founded Thapsus. After his death his companions were driven out of Thapsus, and founded a place called the Hyblaeon Megara; Hyblon, a Sicel king, having given up the place and inviting them thither. Here they lived two hundred and forty-five years; after which they were expelled from the city and the country by the Syracusan tyrant Gelo. Before their expulsion, however, a hundred years after they had settled there, they sent out Pamillus and founded Selinus; he having come from their mother country Megara to join them in its foundation. Gela was founded by Antiphemus from Rhodes and Entimus from Crete, who joined in leading a colony thither, in the forty-fifth year after the foundation of Syracuse. The town took its name from the river Gelas, the place where the citadel now stands, and which was first fortified, being called Lindii. The institutions which they adopted were Dorian. Near one hundred and eight years after the foundation of Gela, the Geloans founded Acragas (Agrigentum), so called from the river of that name, and made Aristonous and Pystilus their founders; giving their own institutions to the colony. Zancle was originally founded by pirates from Cuma, the Chalcidian town in the country of the Opicans: afterwards, however, large numbers came from Chalcis and the rest of Euboea, and helped to people the place; the founders being Perieres and Crataemenes from Cuma and Chalcis respectively. It first had the name of Zancle given it by the Sicels, because the place is shaped like a sickle, which the Sicels call *zanclos*; but upon the original settlers being afterwards expelled by some Samians and other Ionians who landed in Sicily flying from the Medes, and the Samians in their turn not long afterwards by Anaxilas, tyrant of Rhegium, the town was by him colonised with a mixed population, and its name changed to Messina, after his old country.

[5] Himera was founded from Zancle by Euclides, Simus, and Sacon, most of those who went to the colony being Chalcidians; though they were joined by some exiles from Syracuse, defeated in a civil war, called the Myletidae. The language was a mixture of Chalcidian and Doric, but the institutions which prevailed were the Chalcidian. Acrae and Casmenae were founded by the Syracusans; Acrae seventy years after Syracuse, Casmenae nearly twenty after Acrae. Camarina was first founded by the Syracusans, close upon a hundred and thirty-five years after the building of Syracuse; its founders being Daxon and Menecolus. But the Camarinaeans being expelled by arms by the Syracusans for having revolted, Hippocrates, tyrant of Gela, some time later receiving their land in ransom for some Syracusan prisoners, resettled Camarina, himself acting as its founder. Lastly, it was again depopulated by Gelo, and settled once more for the third time by the Geloans.

Reading 3.2 Aristoxenes

(Source: Aristoxenes in C. Burton Gulick (trans.) (1937) *Athenaeus: The Deipnosophists*, vol.6, London: Heinemann and Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, p.409–11)

Hence Aristoxenus in his *Drinking-Miscellany* says: 'We act like the people of Poseidonia, who dwell on the Tyrrhenian Gulf. It so happened that although they were originally Greeks, they were completely barbarized, becoming Tuscans or Romans; they changed their speech and their other practices, but they still celebrate one festival that is Greek to this day, wherein they gather together and recall those

ancient words and institutions, and after bewailing them and weeping over them in one another's presence they depart home. In like manner we also, says Aristoxenus, now that our theatres have become utterly barbarized and this prostituted music has moved on into a state of grave corruption, will get together by ourselves, few though we be, and recall what the art of music used to be.' So much for what Aristoxenus says.

Reading 3.3 Strabo

(Source: Jones, H.L. (trans.) (1960, 1961) Strabo: *The Geography of Strabo*, vols II and III, London: Heinemann, p.469 and p.3)

Strabo 5.4.13

After Campania, and the Samnite country (as far as the Frentani), on the Tyrrhenian Sea dwells the tribe of the Picentini, a small offshoot of those Picentini who dwell on the Adriatic, which has been transplanted by the Romans to the Poseidonian Gulf; this gulf is now called the Paestan Gulf; and the city of Poseidonia, which is situated in the centre of the gulf, is now called Paestus. The Sybaritae, it is true, had erected fortifications on the sea, but the settlers removed them farther inland; later on, however, the Leucani took the city away from the Sybaritae, and, in turn, the Romans took it away from the Leucani. But the city is rendered unhealthy by a river that spreads out into marshes in the neighbourhood.

Strabo 6.1.1

After the mouth of the Silaris one comes to Leucania, and to the temple of the Argoan Hera, built by Jason, and near by, within fifty stadia, to Poseidonia.

Reading 3.4 Herodotus, *The Histories*, 1.161–67

(Source: de Sélincourt, A. (trans.) revised by J. Marincola (2003) Herodotus: *The Histories*, 1.161–67, London: Penguin, p.72–74)

161 After Pactyes had been given up by the Chians, Mazares began a campaign against the men who had taken part in besieging Tabalus. He sold the inhabitants of Priene into slavery, overran and plundered the district of Magnesia and the plain of the Maeander.

162 Then he fell ill and died. The command was taken over by Harpagus, another Mede – the same man who was given the abominable supper by the Median King Astyages, and helped to put Cyrus on the throne. On his appointment by Cyrus to the command, he marched into Ionia and set about taking the towns by means of earthworks. His method was to force the defenders inside their fortifications, raise a mound of earth close up against the wall, and so get an entrance and carry the town. The first Ionian town he attacked was Phocaea.

163 The Phocaeans were the first Greeks to make long sea voyages; it was they who showed the way to the Adriatic, Tyrrhenia, Iberia, and Tartessus. They used to sail not in deep, broad-beamed merchant vessels but in fifty-oared galleys. When they went to Tartessus they made themselves agreeable to Arganthonius, the king, who had ruled the place for eighty years, and lived to be a hundred and twenty. Indeed, this person took such a fancy to them that he asked them to quit Ionia permanently and settle wherever they liked on his own land; the Phocaeans, however, refused the offer, whereupon the king, hearing that the Median power was on the increase in their part of the world, gave them money to build a wall round their town. And he must have given a great deal, for the wall at Phocaea is of pretty considerable extent, and constructed of large stone blocks well fitted together.

164 Harpagus, then, brought his troops to Phocaea, whose defences were built in the way I have described, and began a siege, proclaiming to the Phocaeans that he would be satisfied if they consented to pull down a single tower in the fortifications and sacrifice one house. The Phocaeans, however, indignant at the thought of slavery, asked for one day in which to consider the proposal before answering; stipulating at the same time that Harpagus should withdraw his forces during their deliberations. This Harpagus consented to do, though he said he was perfectly aware of their intention. So the troops were withdrawn, and the Phocaeans at once launched their galleys, put aboard their women and children and moveable property, including the statues and other sacred objects from their temples – everything, in fact, except paintings, and images made of bronze or marble – and sailed for Chios. So the Persians on their return took possession of an empty town.

165 The Phocaeans made an offer for the islands known as the Oenussae, but the Chians, who were afraid that they might be turned into a new centre of trade to the exclusion of their own island, refused to sell; so the Phocaeans prepared to sail to Corsica, where twenty years previously on the advice of an oracle they had founded a city called Alalia. At the time Arganthonius was already dead. But before starting on the voyage, they returned to Phocaea and killed the Persian garrison left there by Harpagus. Then they laid fearful curses upon any man who should fail to accompany them. They also dropped a lump of iron into the sea and swore never to return to Phocaea until it floated up again. But at the very beginning of the voyage to Corsica more than half of them were seized with such passionate longing to see their city and their old homes once more, that they broke their oath and sailed back to Phocaea. The others kept their oath, and continuing the voyage from the Oenussae, arrived

166 safely in Corsica. For five years they lived at Alalia with the former settlers and built temples in the town; but during that period they caused so much annoyance to their neighbours by plunder and pillage, that the Tyrrhenians and Carthaginians agreed to attack them with a fleet of sixty ships apiece. The Phocaeans manned their own vessels, also sixty in number, and sailed to meet them in the Sardinian sea, as it is called. In the engagement which followed the Phocaeans won; but it was a Cadmeian sort of victory with more loss than gain, for forty of their vessels were destroyed and the remaining twenty had their rams so badly bent as to render them unfit for service. The survivors returned to Alalia, took aboard their women and children and such of their property as there was room for, and sailed from Corsica to Rhegium. The

167 Carthaginians and Tyrrhenians drew lots for the possession of the prisoners from the ships which were sunk. Of the Tyrrhenians, the people of Agylla got by far the largest number, and they took them all ashore and stoned them to death. The result of this outrage was that when any living thing – sheep, ox, or man – subsequently passed the place where the Phocaeans had lain, its body became twisted and crippled by a paralytic stroke. Wishing to expiate the crime of the murder, the men of Agylla sent to Delphi, and were told by the Priestess to begin the custom, which they still observe today, of honouring the dead men with a grand funeral ceremony and the holding of athletic and equestrian contests.

Such was the fate of this section of the Phocaeans. Those who went off to Rhegium made it the base from which they afterwards sent men to found a new city in Oenotria. It is known today as Velia. It was found on the advice of a man of Posidonia, who suggested that when the oracle said ‘Cyrnus’ – or Corsica – it meant not the island but the hero of that name, whose worship they were to institute.

Reading 3.5 Appian 1.7

(Source: Carter, J. (trans.) (1966) *Appian, The Civil Wars*, London: Penguin, pp.4–5)

1.7 As they subdued successive parts of Italy by war, the Romans confiscated a portion of the land and founded towns, or chose settlers from their own people to go to existing towns – this being the alternative they devised to garrisons. In the case of the captured land which became theirs on each occasion, they distributed the cultivated area at once to settlers, or sold or leased it; but since they did not have time to allocate the very large quantity that was then lying uncultivated as a result of hostilities, they announced that this could for the moment be worked by anyone who wished at a rent of one tenth of the produce for arable land and one fifth for orchards. Rents were also set for those who pastured larger and smaller beasts. This they did to increase the numbers of the people of Italy, whom they considered exceptionally tough, so that they would have their kin to fight alongside them. But the result was the opposite. The rich gained possession of most of the undistributed land and after a while were confident that no one would take it back from them. They used persuasion or force to buy or seize property which adjoined their own, or any other smallholdings belonging to poor men, and came to operate great ranches instead of single farms. They employed slave hands and shepherds on these estates to avoid having free men dragged off the land to serve in the army, and they derived great profit from this form of ownership too, as the slaves had many children and no liability to military service and their numbers increased freely. For these reasons the powerful were becoming extremely rich, and the number of slaves in the country was reaching large proportions, while the Italian people were suffering from depopulation and a shortage of men, worn down as they were by poverty and taxes and military service. And if they had any respite from these tribulations, they had no employment, because the land was owned by the rich who used slave farm workers instead of free men.

Reading 3.6 Polybius' account of the republican constitution

(Source: Scott-Kilvert, I. (trans.) (1979) *Polybius, The Rise of the Roman Empire*, London, Penguin, pp. 312, 313–15, 317–18)

6.11 Now the elements by which the Roman constitution was controlled were three in number, all of which I have mentioned before, and all the aspects of the administration were, taken separately, so fairly and so suitably ordered and regulated through the agency of these three elements that it was impossible even for the Romans themselves to declare with certainty whether the whole system was an aristocracy, a democracy or a monarchy. In fact it was quite natural that this should be so, for if we were to fix our eyes only upon the power of the consuls, the constitution might give the impression of being completely monarchical and royal; if we confined our attention to the Senate it would seem to be aristocratic; and if we looked at the power of the people it would appear to be a clear example of a democracy. ...

6.13 Let us now consider the Senate. This body has control of the treasury and regulates the flow of all revenue and expenditure; the quaestors require a decree of the Senate to enable them to authorize expenditure on any given project, with the exception only of payments made to the consuls. The Senate also controls what is by far the largest and most important item of expenditure – that is, the programme which is laid down by the censors every five years to provide for the repair and construction of public buildings – and it makes a grant to the censors for this purpose. Similarly any crimes committed in Italy which require a public

investigation, such as treason, conspiracy, poisoning and assassination, also come under the jurisdiction of the Senate. Again, if any private person or community in Italy requires arbitration for a dispute, or is in need of formal censure, or seeks help or protection, it is the Senate which deals with all such cases. It is also responsible for dispatching embassies or commissions to countries outside Italy, either to settle differences, to offer advice, to impose demands, to receive submissions, or to declare war; and in the same way whenever any foreign delegations arrive in Rome, it decides how they should be received, and what answer should be given them. All these matters are in the hands of the Senate and the people have nothing to do with them.

Thus to anyone who happened to be living in Rome when the consuls were away from the city the constitution might well appear to be completely aristocratic, and this is the impression which prevails among many of the Greek states and of the kings of other countries, since the Senate handles almost all the business of state which concerns them.

6.14 So when we consider that the Senate exercises authority over all the detailed functions which I have described, and, most important of all, has complete control of expenditure and revenue, and that the consuls hold absolute power in respect of military preparations and operations in the field, we are naturally inclined to ask what place in the constitution is left for the people. The answer is that there is undoubtedly a role for the people to play, and a very important one at that. For it is the people alone who have the right to award both honours and punishments, the only bonds whereby kingdoms, states and human society in general are held together. The fact is that in states where the distinction between these is not recognized, or is recognized in theory but ill-applied in practice, none of the business in hand can be properly administered, for how can this be done if the good and the wicked are held in equal estimation? The people, then, are empowered to try many of the cases in which the offence is punishable by a fine, when the penalty for an offence is a serious one and especially when the accused have held the highest offices of state; and they are the only court which may try on capital charges. As regards this last, they have one custom which is particularly praiseworthy and deserves mention. This allows men who are on trial for their lives, if they are in the process of being condemned, to leave the country openly and thus to inflict a voluntary exile upon themselves – so long as one of the tribes which pronounce the verdict has not yet voted. Such exiles may take refuge in the territories of Neapolis, Praeneste, Tibur and certain other towns, with which this arrangement has been made by treaty. On the same principle it is also the people who bestow offices on those who deserve them, and these are the noblest rewards of virtue the state can provide. Besides this, the people have the power to approve or reject laws, and most important of all, they deliberate and decide on questions of peace or war. Furthermore, on such issues as the making of alliances, the termination of hostilities and the making of treaties, it is the people who ratify or reject all of these. And so from this point of view one could reasonably argue that the people have the greatest share of power in the government, and that the constitution is a democracy. ...

6.18 These, then, are the powers which each of the three elements in the system possesses to help or to harm the others; the result is a union which is strong enough to withstand all emergencies, so that it is impossible to find a better form of constitution than this. For whenever some common external threat compels the three to unite and work together, the strength which the state then develops becomes quite extraordinary. No requirement is neglected, because all parties vie with one another to find ways of meeting the needs of the hour, and every decision

taken is certain to be executed promptly, since all are cooperating in public and in private alike to carry through the business in hand.

The consequence is that this peculiar form of constitution possesses an irresistible power to achieve any goal it has set itself. The time then comes when the people are freed from these external threats and reap the good fortune and prosperity which their successes have earned them, and then as they enjoy this affluence they are corrupted by flattery and idleness and become insolent and overbearing. This happens often enough, and yet it is at such moments above all that the constitution reveals its power to correct such abuses. Whenever one of the three elements swells in importance, becomes overambitious and tends to encroach upon the others, it becomes apparent for the reasons given above that none of the three is completely independent, but that the designs of any one can be blocked or impeded by the rest, with the result that none will unduly dominate the others or treat them with contempt. Thus the whole situation remains in equilibrium since any aggressive impulse is checked, and each estate is apprehensive from the outset of censure from the others.

Reading 3.7 Sallust, *The Conspiracy of Catiline* 1.10–13

(Source: Handford, S. A. (trans.) (1963) Sallust, *The Jugurthine War/The Conspiracy of Catiline*, London: Penguin, pp.181–83)

Thus by hard work and just dealing the power of the state increased. Mighty kings were vanquished, savage tribes and huge nations were brought to their knees; and when Carthage, Rome's rival in her quest for empire, had been annihilated (146 BCE) every land and sea lay open to her. It was then that fortune turned unkind and confounded all her enterprises. To the men who had so easily endured toil and peril, anxiety and adversity, the leisure and riches which are generally regarded as so desirable proved a burden and a curse. Growing love of money, and the lust for power which followed it, engendered every kind of evil. Avarice destroyed honour, integrity, and every other virtue, and instead taught men to be proud and cruel, to neglect religion, and to hold nothing too sacred to sell. Ambition tempted many to be false, to have one thought hidden in their hearts, another ready on their tongues, to become a man's friend or enemy not because they judged him worthy or unworthy but because they thought it would pay them, and to put on the semblance of virtues that they had not. At first these vices grew slowly and sometimes met with punishment; later on, when the disease had spread like a plague, Rome changed: her government, once so just and admirable, became harsh and unendurable.

At first, however, it was not so much avarice as ambition that disturbed men's minds – a fault which after all comes nearer to being a virtue. For distinction, preferment, and power are the desire of good and bad alike – only, the one strives to reach his goal by honourable means, while the other, being destitute of good qualities, falls back on craft and deceit. Avarice is different: it means setting your heart on money, a thing that no wise man ever did. It is a kind of deadly poison, which ruins a man's health and weakens his moral fibre. It knows no bounds and can never be satisfied: he that has not, wants; and he that has, wants more. After Sulla had used armed force to make himself dictator, and after a good beginning turned out a bad ruler, there was universal robbery and pillage. One man coveted a house, another an estate; and the victors behaved without restraint or moderation, committing foul and inhuman outrages against their fellow citizens. To make matters worse, Sulla had sought to secure the loyalty of the army he commanded in Asia by allowing it a degree of luxury and indulgence that would not have been tolerated by his predecessors, and the pleasures they enjoyed during leisure hours in those attractive lands soon enervated the men's warlike spirit. It was there that

Roman soldiers first learnt to indulge in wine and women, and to cultivate a taste for statues, pictures, and embossed plate, which they stole from private houses and public buildings, plundering temples and profaning everything sacred and secular alike. When victory was won, as might be expected of such troops, they stripped their enemy bare. Since even philosophers cannot always resist the temptations of success, how should these demoralized men show restraint in their hour of triumph?

As soon as wealth became a mark of distinction and an easy way to renown, military commands, and political power, virtue began to decline. Poverty was now looked on as a disgrace and a blameless life as a sign of ill nature. Riches made the younger generation a prey to luxury, avarice, and pride. Squandering with one hand what they grabbed with the other, they set small value on their own property while they coveted that of others. Honour and modesty, all laws divine and human, were alike disregarded in a spirit of recklessness and intemperance. To one familiar with mansions and villas reared aloft on such a scale that they look like so many towns, it is instructive to visit the temples built by our godfearing ancestors. In those days piety was the ornament of shrines; glory, of men's dwellings. When they conquered a foe, they took nothing from him save his power to harm. But their base successors stuck at no crime to rob subject peoples of all that those brave conquerors had left them, as though oppression were the only possible method of ruling an empire.

Reading 3.8 Cato, *De Agri Cultura*

(Source: Hooper, W. D. (trans.) revised by H. Boyd Ash (1934) *Marcus Porcius Cato on Agriculture*, *Marcus Terentius Varro on Agriculture*, London: Heinemann and Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, p.7)

II. When the master arrives at the farmstead, after paying his respects to the god of the household, let him go over the whole farm, if possible, on the same day; if not, at least on the next. When he has learned the condition of the farm, what work has been accomplished and what remains to be done, let him call on his overseer the next day and inquire of him what part of the work has been completed, what has been left undone; whether what has been finished was done betimes, and whether it is possible to complete the rest; and what was the yield of wine, grain, and all other products. Having gone into this, he should make a calculation of the labourers and the time consumed. If the amount of work does not seem satisfactory, the overseer claims that he has done his best, but that the slaves have not been well, the weather has been bad, slaves have run away, he has had public work to do; when he has given these and many other excuses, call the overseer back to your estimate of the work done and the hands employed. If it has been a rainy season, remind him of the work that could have been done on rainy days: scrubbing and pitching wine vats, cleaning the farmstead ... thorns rooted out, spelt ground, and general cleaning done. When the slaves were sick, such large rations should not have been issued. After this has been gone into calmly, give orders for the completion of what work remains; run over the cash accounts, grain accounts, and purchases of fodder; run over the wine accounts, the oil accounts – what has been sold, what collected, balance due, and what is left that is saleable; where security for an account should be taken, let it be taken; and let the supplies on hand be checked over. Give orders that whatever may be lacking for the current year be supplied; that what is superfluous be sold; that whatever work should be let out be let. Give directions as to what work you want done on the place, and what you want let out, and leave the directions in writing. Look over the live stock and hold a sale. Sell your oil if the price is satisfactory, and sell the surplus of your wine and grain. Sell worn-out oxen, blemished cattle, blemished sheep, wool, hides, an old wagon, old tools, an old

slave, a sickly slave, and whatever else is superfluous. The master should have the selling habit, not the buying habit.

Reading 3.9 Plutarch, *Life of Cato the Elder*

(Source: Scott-Kilvert, I. (trans.) (1988) *Makers of Rome, Nine Lives by Plutarch*, London: Penguin, pp.123–24, 125, 141–42, 143, 146)

4 All this while Cato's speeches continued to add greatly to his reputation, so that he came to be known as the Roman Demosthenes, but what created an even more powerful impression than his eloquence was his manner of living. His powers of expression merely set a standard for young men, which many of them were already striving their utmost to attain. But a man who observed the ancestral custom of working his own land, who was content with a cold breakfast, a frugal dinner, the simplest clothing, and a humble cottage to live in, and who actually thought it more admirable to renounce luxuries than to acquire them – such a person was conspicuous by his rarity. The truth was that by this date the Roman republic had grown too large to preserve its original purity of spirit, and the very authority which it exercised over so many realms and peoples constantly brought it into contact with, and obliged it to adapt itself to an extraordinary diversity of habits and modes of living. So it was natural enough that everybody should admire Cato when they saw others prostrated by their labours or enervated by their pleasures, while he remained unaffected by either. What was even more remarkable was that he followed the same habits, not merely while he was young and full of ambition, but even when he was old and grey-headed and had served as a consul and celebrated a triumph, and that he continued, like some champion athlete, to observe the rules of his training and maintain his self-discipline to the end.

He tells us that he never wore a garment which cost more than a hundred drachmas, that even when he was praetor or consul he drank the same wine as his slaves, that he bought the fish or meat for his dinner in the public market and never paid more than thirty asses for it, and that he allowed himself this indulgence for the public good in order to strengthen his body for military service. He also mentions that when he was bequeathed an embroidered Babylonian robe, he immediately sold it, that none of his cottages had plastered walls, that he never paid more than 1,500 drachmas for a slave, since he was not looking for the exquisite or handsome type of domestic servant, but for sturdy labourers such as grooms and herdsmen, and that when they became too old to work, he felt it his duty to sell them rather than feed so many useless mouths. In general he considered that nothing is cheap if it is superfluous, that what a man does not need is dear even if it cost only a penny, and that one should buy land for tilling and grazing, not to make into gardens, where the object is merely to sprinkle the lawns and sweep the paths.

5 Some people attributed these actions to sheer meanness of spirit on Cato's part, while others upheld them on the grounds that he practiced this austere and close-fisted way of life so as to correct and restrain the extravagance of others. For my own part I regard his conduct towards his slaves in treating them like beasts of burden, exploiting them to the limits of their strength, and then, when they were old, driving them off and selling them, as the mark of a thoroughly ungenerous nature, which cannot recognize any bond between man and man but that of necessity. And yet we see that kindness possesses a far wider sphere of action than justice, for it is in the nature of things that law and justice are confined to our dealings with our fellow men, whereas kindness and charity, which often flow from a gentle nature like water from an abundant spring, may be extended even to dumb animals. A kindly man will take good care of his horses even when they are worn

out in his service, and will look after his dogs not only when they are puppies, but when they need special attention in their old age.

20 He was also a good father, a kind husband, and a most capable manager of his own household, since he was far from regarding this side of his affairs as trivial or allowing it to suffer from neglect. For this reason I think I should give some examples of his conduct in his private life. He chose his wife for her family rather than her fortune, for he believed that while people of great wealth or high position cherish their own pride and self-esteem, nevertheless women of noble birth are by nature more ashamed of any disgraceful action and so are more obedient to their husbands in everything that is honourable. He used to say that a man who beats his wife or child is laying sacrilegious hands on the most sacred thing in the world. He considered that it was more praiseworthy to be a good husband than a great senator, and was also of the opinion that there was nothing much else to admire in Socrates of old, except for the fact that he was always gentle and considerate in his dealings with his wife, who was a scold, and his children, who were half-witted. When his son was born, Cato thought that nothing but the most important business of state should prevent him from being present when his wife gave the baby its bath and wrapped it in swaddling clothes. His wife suckled the child herself and often did the same for her slaves' children, so as to encourage brotherly feelings in them towards her own son. As soon as the boy was able to learn, his father took charge of his schooling and taught him to read, although he had in the household an educated slave called Chilo who was a schoolmaster and taught many other boys. However, Cato did not think it right, so he tells us, that his son should be scolded or have his ears pulled by a slave, if he were slow to learn, and still less that he should be indebted to his slave in such a vital matter as his education. So he took it upon himself to teach the boy, not only his letters, but also the principles of Roman law. He also trained him in athletics, and taught him how to throw the javelin, fight in armour, ride a horse, use his fists in boxing, endure the extremes of heat and cold, and swim across the roughest and most swiftly flowing stretches of the Tiber. He tells us that he composed his history of Rome, writing it out with his own hand and in large characters, so that his son should possess in his own home the means of acquainting himself with the ancient annals and traditions of his country. He also mentions that he was as careful not to use any indecent expression before his son as he would have been in the presence of the Vestal Virgins, and that he never bathed with him. This last seems to have been the general custom among the Romans, and even fathers-in-law avoided bathing with their sons-in-law, because they were ashamed to show themselves naked. In later times, however, the Romans adopted from the Greeks the practice of stripping in the presence of other men, and they in turn taught the Greeks to do the same even in the presence of women ...

21 Cato possessed a large number of slaves, whom he usually bought from among the prisoners captured in war, but it was his practice to choose those who, like puppies or colts, were young enough to be trained and taught their duties. None of them ever entered any house but his own, unless they were sent on an errand by Cato or his wife, and if they were asked what Cato was doing, the reply was always that they did not know. It was a rule of his establishment that a slave must either be doing something about the house, or else be asleep. He much preferred the slaves who slept well, because he believed that they were more even-tempered than the wakeful ones, and that those who had had enough sleep produced better results at any task than those who were short of it. And as he was convinced that slaves were led into mischief more often on account of love affairs than for any other reason, he made it a rule that the men could sleep with the

women slaves of the establishment, for a fixed price, but must have nothing to do with any others ...

23 And in the effort to turn his son against Greek culture, he allowed himself an utterance which was absurdly rash for an old man: he pronounced with all the solemnity of a prophet that if ever the Romans became infected with the literature of Greece, they would lose their empire. At any rate time has exposed the emptiness of this ominous prophecy, for in the age when the city rose to the zenith of her greatness, her people had made themselves familiar with Greek learning and culture in all its forms.

However, Cato's dislike of the Greeks was not confined to philosophers: he was also deeply suspicious of the Greek physicians who practised in Rome. He had heard of Hippocrates's celebrated reply, when he was called upon to attend the king of Persia for a fee amounting to many talents, and declared that he would never give his services to barbarians who were enemies of Greece. Cato maintained that all Greek physicians had taken an oath of this kind, and urged his son not to trust any of them. He himself had compiled a book of recipes and used them for the diet or treatment of any members of his household who fell ill. He never made his patients fast, but allowed them to eat herbs and morsels of duck, pigeon, or hare. He maintained that this diet was light and thoroughly suitable for sick people, apart from the fact that it often produced nightmares, and he claimed that by following it he kept both himself and his family in perfect health.

Reading 3.10 Livy 2.10–13

(Source: de Sélincourt, A. (trans.) (1967) *The Early History of Rome, Books I–IV of The History of Rome from its Foundation*, London: Penguin, pp.98–104)

The Tarquins, meanwhile, had taken refuge at the court of Lars Porsena, the king of Clusium. By every means in their power they tried to win his support, now begging him not to allow fellow Etruscans, men of the same blood as himself, to continue living in penniless exile, now warning him of the dangerous consequences of letting republicanism go unavenged. The expulsion of kings, they urged, once it had begun, might well become common practice; liberty was an attractive idea, and unless reigning monarchs defended their thrones as vigorously as states now seemed to be trying to destroy them, all order and subordination would collapse; nothing would be left in any country but flat equality; greatness and eminence would be gone for ever. Monarchy, the noblest thing in heaven or on earth, was nearing its end. Porsena, who felt that his own security would be increased by restoring the monarchy in Rome, and also that Etruscan prestige would be enhanced if the king were of Etruscan blood, was convinced by these arguments and lost no time in invading Roman territory.

Never before had there been such consternation in the Senate, so powerful was Clusium at that time and so great the fame of Porsena. Nor was the menace of Porsena the only cause for alarm: the Roman populace itself was hardly less to be feared, for they might well be scared into admitting the Tarquins into the city and buying peace even at the price of servitude. To secure their support, therefore, the Senate granted them a number of favours, especially in the matter of food supplies. Missions were sent to Cumae and the Volscians to purchase grain; the monopoly in salt, the price of which was high, was taken from private individuals and transferred wholly to state control; the commons were exempted from tolls and taxes, the loss of revenue being made up by the rich, who could afford it; the poor, it was said, made contribution enough if they reared children. These concessions proved wonderfully effective, for during the misery and privation of the subsequent blockade the city remained united – so closely, indeed, that the poorest in Rome

hated the very name of 'king' as bitterly as did the great. Wise government in this crisis gave the Senate greater popularity, in the true sense of the word, than was ever won by a demagogue in after years.

On the approach of the Etruscan army, the Romans abandoned their farmsteads and moved into the city. Garrisons were posted. In some sections the city walls seemed sufficient protection, in others the barrier of the Tiber. The most vulnerable point was the wooden bridge, and the Etruscans would have crossed it and forced an entrance into the city, had it not been for the courage of one man, Horatius Cocles – that great soldier whom the fortune of Rome gave to be her shield on that day of peril. Horatius was on guard at the bridge when the Janiculum was captured by a sudden attack. The enemy forces came pouring down the hill, while the Roman troops, throwing away their weapons, were behaving more like an undisciplined rabble than a fighting force. Horatius acted promptly: as his routed comrades approached the bridge, he stopped as many as he could catch and compelled them to listen to him. 'By God,' he cried, 'can't you see that if you desert your post escape is hopeless? If you leave the bridge open in your rear, there will soon be more of them in the Palatine and the Capitol than on the Janiculum.' Urging them with all the power at his command to destroy the bridge by fire or steel or any means they could muster, he offered to hold up the Etruscan advance, so far as was possible, alone. Proudly he took his stand at the outer end of the bridge; conspicuous amongst the rout of fugitives, sword and shield ready for action, he prepared himself for close combat, one man against an army. The advancing enemy paused in sheer astonishment at such reckless courage. Two other men, Spurius Lartius and Titus Herminius, both aristocrats with a fine military record, were ashamed to leave Horatius alone, and with their support he won through the first few minutes of desperate danger. Soon, however, he forced them to save themselves and leave him; for little was now left of the bridge, and the demolition squads were calling them back before it was too late. Once more Horatius stood alone; with defiance in his eyes he confronted the Etruscan chivalry, challenging one after another to single combat, and mocking them all as tyrants' slaves who, careless of their own liberty, were coming to destroy the liberty of others. For a while they hung back, each waiting for his neighbour to make the first move, until shame at the unequal battle drove them to action, and with a fierce cry they hurled their spears at the solitary figure which barred their way. Horatius caught the missiles on his shield and, resolute as ever, straddled the bridge and held his ground. The Etruscans moved forward, and would have thrust him aside by the sheer weight of numbers, but their advance was suddenly checked by the crash of the falling bridge and the simultaneous shout of triumph from the Roman soldiers who had done their work in time. The Etruscans could only stare in bewilderment as Horatius, with a prayer to Father Tiber to bless him and his sword, plunged fully armed into the water and swam, through the missiles which fell thick about him, safely to the other side where his friends were waiting to receive him. It was a noble piece of work – legendary, maybe, but destined to be celebrated in story through the years to come.

For such courage the country showed its gratitude. A statue of Horatius was placed in the Comitium, and he was granted as much land as he could drive a plough round in a day. In addition to public honours many individuals marked their admiration of his exploit in the very hard times which were to follow, by going short themselves in order to contribute something, whatever they could afford, to his support.

Thwarted in his attempt to take the city by assault, Porsena now turned to siege operations. He garrisoned the Janiculum, took up a position on the flat ground near the river, and collected a number of vessels to prevent supplies from

being brought into Rome and also to ferry troops across whenever, or wherever, an opportunity for a raid should present itself. His control over the whole outlying territory was soon so complete that, in addition to other sorts of property, all cattle had to be brought within the defences of the city, and nobody dared to drive them out to pasture. In point of fact, however, these excessive precautions were dictated by policy as much as by fear; for Valerius was awaiting his chance of really effective counter-measures, and was prepared to ignore minor raids by the enemy in the hope of striking a heavier blow, should he succeed in surprising a large body of them when they were intent only on their depredations and not expecting an attack. With this in mind, he gave orders that on the following day cattle should be driven out in large numbers through the Esquiline gate – the furthest from the enemy lines; the Etruscans, he was convinced, would soon know what was happening, as slaves were constantly deserting to escape the shortages of the blockade. Nor was he mistaken; a deserter took the information to the Etruscan lines, with the result that they crossed the river in much greater force than usual, expecting a grand haul. Valerius then issued his orders: Titus Herminius was to lie concealed with a small body of troops two miles out on the Gabinian Road, and Spurius Lartius was to take a company of lightly armed men to the Colline Gate, wait there till the enemy passed, and then cut off their line of retreat to the river. The consul Lucretius went out with a few companies by the Naevian Gate, and Valerius with a picked force, by the Caelian. The consuls and their parties were the first to be seen by the enemy.

Immediately the engagement began, Herminius fell upon the rear of the Etruscans, who had turned to meet Lucretius. From the Colline and Naevian Gates the battle-cry was raised. The raiders were surrounded; and, being no match for the Roman troops and unable to evade them, were cut to pieces. The Etruscans learned their lesson and attempted no further raids on a similar scale.

The siege none the less continued; food in the city was scarce and dear, and Porsena's hopes rose of being able to starve it into submission without risking an assault. It was in these circumstances that the young aristocrat Caius Mucius performed his famous act of heroism. In the days of her servitude under the monarchy Rome had never, in any war, suffered the humiliation of a siege, and Mucius was so deeply conscious of the shame of the present situation, when, after winning their liberty, the Romans were blockaded by – of all people – the Etruscans, whom they had so often defeated in the field, that he determined to vindicate the national pride by a bold stroke. His first thought was to make his way, on his own initiative, into the enemy lines; but there was a risk, if he attempted this without anybody's knowledge and without the authorization of the consuls, of being arrested by the guards as a deserter – a charge only too plausible, conditions in Rome being what they were. Accordingly he changed his mind, and presented himself in the Senate. 'I wish,' he said, 'to cross the river and to enter, if I can, the enemy's lines. My object is neither plunder nor reprisals, but, with the help of God, something more important than either.'

The Senate granted him permission to proceed and he started on his way, a dagger concealed in his clothing. Arrived at the Etruscan camp, he took his stand, in the crowd, close to the raised platform where the king was sitting. A great many people were present, as it was pay-day for the army. By the side of the king sat his secretary, very busy; he was dressed much like his master, and, as most of the men addressed themselves to him, Mucius could not be sure which was the secretary and which the king. Fearing to inquire, lest his ignorance should betray him, he took a chance – and stabbed the secretary. There was a cry of alarm; he was seized by the guards as he tried to force his way through the crowd with his blood-stained dagger, and dragged back to where Porsena was sitting. Help there was none, and his

situation was desperate indeed: but he never flinched and, when he spoke, his proud words were those of a man who inspires fear, but feels none. 'I am a Roman,' he said to the king; 'my name is Caius Mucius. I came here to kill you – my enemy. I have as much courage to die as to kill. It is our Roman way to do and to suffer bravely. Nor am I alone in my resolve against your life; behind me is a long line of men eager for the same honour. Gird yourself, if you will, for the struggle – a struggle for your life from hour to hour, with an armed enemy always at your door. That is the war we declare against you: you need fear no action in the field, army against army; it will be fought against you alone, by one of us at a time.'

Porsena in rage and alarm ordered the prisoner to be burnt alive unless he at once divulged the plot thus obscurely hinted at, whereupon Mucius, crying: 'See how cheap men hold their bodies when they care only for honour!' thrust his right hand into the fire which had been kindled for a sacrifice, and let it burn there as if he were unconscious of the pain. Porsena was so astonished by the young man's almost superhuman endurance that he leapt to his feet and ordered his guards to drag him from the altar. 'Go free,' he said; 'you have dared to be a worse enemy to yourself than to me. I should bless your courage, if it lay with my country to dispose of it. But, as that cannot be, I, as an honourable enemy, grant you pardon, life, and liberty.'

'Since you respect courage,' Mucius replied, as if he were thanking him for his generosity, 'I will tell you in gratitude what you could not force from me by threats. There are three hundred of us in Rome, all young like myself, and all of noble blood, who have sworn an attempt upon your life in this fashion. It was I who drew the first lot; the rest will follow, each in his turn and time, until fortune favour us and we have got you.'

The release of Mucius (who was afterwards known as Scaevola, or the Left-Handed Man, from the loss of his right hand) was quickly followed by the arrival in Rome of envoys from Porsena. The first attempt upon his life, foiled only by a lucky mistake, and the prospect of having to face the same thing again from every one of the remaining conspirators, had so shaken the king that he was coming forward with proposals for peace. The proposals contained a demand for the restoration of the Tarquins. Porsena knew well enough that it would be refused – as indeed it was – but out of deference to the Tarquin family he could hardly avoid making it. He was successful, however, in obtaining the return of captured territory to Veii, and in forcing the Romans to give hostages if they wanted the Etruscan garrison withdrawn from the Janiculum. Peace was made on these terms: Porsena withdrew his troops from the Janiculum and evacuated Roman territory. Caius Mucius was rewarded by the Senate with a grant of land west of the river; it was known subsequently as the Mucian Meadows.

The public recognition of Mucius's heroism inspired even the women of Rome to emulate him. A notable instance is the story of Cloelia. Cloelia, an unmarried girl, was one of the hostages, held, as it happened, in the Etruscan lines not far from the Tiber; one day with a number of other girls who had consented to follow her, she eluded the guards, swam across the river under a hail of missiles, and brought her company safe to Rome, where they were all restored to their families. Porsena was furious, and sent to Rome to demand Cloelia's return – adding that the loss of the other girls did not trouble him; soon however, his anger gave way to admiration of her more than masculine courage: Horatius and Mucius, he declared, were not to be compared with her, and he made it clear that though he would regard the treaty as broken if she were not returned, he would nevertheless, if the Romans surrendered her, himself restore her safe and sound to her family. Both sides acted honourably: the Romans, as the terms of the treaty required, sent the hostage back, and Porsena not only protected the brave girl but praised her

publicly, and marked his appreciation of her exploit by handing over to her discretion a certain number of the other hostages, to be chosen by herself. She is said to have chosen the young boys, a choice in accordance with her maiden modesty: the other hostages, moreover, agreed that in liberating them from the enemy those should be first considered who were most subject to injurious treatment. Friendly relations were thus restored, and the Romans paid tribute to Cloelia's courage, unprecedented in a woman, by an equally unprecedented honour: a statue representing her on horseback was set up at the top of the Sacred Way.

Reading 3.11 Livy 26.41

(Source: de Sélincourt, A. (trans.) (1983) *The War with Hannibal, Books XXI–XXX of The History of Rome from its Foundation*, London: Penguin, pp.409–11)

In Spain at the beginning of spring Scipio got his ships afloat again; then, having summoned the allied auxiliaries to Tarraco, he ordered the fleet, warships and transports, to the mouth of the Ebro. The legions were ordered to leave their winter quarters and assemble at the same point, and Scipio himself with 5,000 allied troops marched from Tarraco to join them. On his arrival, wishing particularly to speak a word to the veterans who had survived such grave defeats, he had them paraded and delivered the following address: 'I am the first newly appointed commander-in-chief who has been in a position to express deserved and justifiable thanks to his men before he has experienced what they can do for him. Even before I saw the camp or the country in which my duties were to lie, Fortune had made a bond between you and me: I was grateful, first for the devotion you showed to my father and my uncle both before and after their deaths; and secondly, for your soldierly qualities in holding intact for me, their successor, and for the Roman people the possession of this province which had been so disastrously lost. But since now, by God's blessing, the object before us is not to stay in Spain ourselves but to push the Carthaginians out of it – not to stand in front of the Ebro and keep the enemy from crossing it, but to cross it ourselves and take the initiative on the other side – I fear that some of you may feel that such a plan is beyond the capacity of a commander so young as I am, and too bold when we remember those recent defeats. No one could be less able than I am to forget our defeats in Spain: within thirty days my father and my uncle were killed, two grievous losses in succession for my family to bear. But though, as an individual, to be all but orphaned and left desolate is enough to break my spirit, yet the Fortune of our country and her valour forbid me to despair of the final issue. The destiny granted us by some inscrutable providence is, that in all our great wars we have emerged victorious from defeat.

'I will not speak of the distant past, of Porsenna, the Gauls, the Samnites – let me begin with Carthage. How many fleets, generals, armies were lost in the first Punic war? And what of the present one? I was present myself at all our defeats, or if I was not, they touched me more closely than anyone else. Trebia, Trasimene, Cannae, what are those names but records of the destruction of Roman armies and the deaths of consuls? Then think of the defection of a large part of Italy and Sicily and of Sardinia, and then of that moment of ultimate horror when the Carthaginians lay in camp between the Anio and Rome, and victorious Hannibal was seen almost within the gates. When everything, it seemed, was falling about us in ruin, one thing alone stood firm – the inviolable, the unshakeable courage of the Roman people. This it was that raised up again the scattered fragments of our fallen fortunes. You, soldiers, under the auspices of your general my father, were the first to check the advance of Hasdrubal to the Alps and Italy, after the defeat at Cannae; and if Hasdrubal had joined forces with his brother, the Roman name

would now have ceased to exist. This success of yours was the prop to sustain us in our reverses; and now, by the favour of the gods, all our affairs in Italy and Sicily are prospering, and the news is more cheerful and better every day. In Sicily, Syracuse and Agrigentum have been taken, the enemy has been expelled from the island, the province is restored to the control of Rome. In Italy Arpi has been recovered, Capua has fallen. Hannibal has been sent scurrying back along the road from Rome and driven into the remotest corner of Bruttium, where now he prays for nothing better than leave to escape with his life from his enemies' territory. What then, my soldiers, could be more unreasonable than that you should be faint-hearted now, when everything in Italy smiles upon our triumphs, you, who with my parents – let them share that honourable name – upheld the tottering fortunes of the Roman people when disaster after disaster was being heaped upon them and the gods themselves, it seemed, fought on Hannibal's side?...¹

'And now the immortal gods, guardians of our empire, who at the elections inspired the people to vote unanimously for my appointment to the command, are by auguries and auspices and visions in the night foreshowing nothing but prosperity and success. My own mind too, always my most trusted seer, foresees that Spain is ours and that every Carthaginian will soon be gone, their fleeing armies covering the land as their ships the sea. What the mind of itself divines is suggested no less by sound reasoning: their allies are weary of their burdens and are beginning to beg for our protection; their three army-commanders are so much at odds that each is almost a traitor to his colleagues, and the three divisions of their force are widely separated. The ill fortune which so short a time ago crushed us is now gathering its strength against them: they are being deserted by their friends, as we were by the Celtiberians; they have divided their forces, the very thing that brought disaster upon my father and uncle; their private differences will not let them unite, while separately none of them will be able to stand against us. All I ask you, my men, is that you give your loyalty to the name of Scipio, to the scion of your lost commanders, growing again from the lopped branch. Come, my veterans, take with you across the Ebro a new army and a new commander; take them into territory you have so often trod, fighting like the brave men you are. Already you recognize in me something of my father and uncle, in my face, my look, the turn of my body; soon I shall strive to give you back an image of their hearts as well, of their loyalty and courage, so that each of you may say that Scipio, his beloved general, has risen from the dead or been born again.'

Reading 3.12 Polybius 6.53

(Source: Scott-Kilvert, I. (trans.) (1979) *Polybius, The Rise of the Roman Empire*, London: Penguin, pp.346–47)

6.53 Whenever one of their celebrated men dies, in the course of the funeral procession his body is carried with every kind of honour into the Forum to the so-called Rostra, sometimes in an upright position so as to be conspicuous, or else, more rarely, recumbent. The whole mass of the people stand round to watch, and his son, if he has left one of adult age who can be present, or if not some other relative, then mounts the Rostra and delivers an address which recounts the virtues and the successes achieved by the dead man during his lifetime. By these means the whole populace – not only those who played some part in these exploits, but those who did not – are involved in the ceremony, so that when the facts of the dead man's career are recalled to their minds and brought before their eyes, their sympathies are so deeply engaged that the loss seems not to be confined to the

¹ There is a break in the Latin text here.

mourners but to be a public one which affects the whole people. Then after the burial of the body and the performance of the customary ceremonies, they place the image of the dead man in the most conspicuous position in the house, where it is enclosed in a wooden shrine. This image consists of a mask, which is fashioned with extraordinary fidelity both in its modelling and its complexion to represent the features of the dead man. On occasions when public sacrifices are offered, these masks are displayed and are decorated with great care. And when any distinguished member of the family dies, the masks are taken to the funeral, and are there worn by men who are considered to bear the closest resemblance to the original, both in height and in their general appearance and bearing. These substitutes are dressed according to the rank of the deceased: a toga with a purple border for a consul or praetor, a completely purple garment for a censor, and one embroidered with gold for a man who had celebrated a triumph or performed some similar exploit.

Reading 3.13 T. P. Wiseman: 'Legendary Genealogies in Late-Republican Rome'

(Source: Wiseman, T. P. (1974) 'Legendary Genealogies in Late-Republican Rome' in *Greece and Rome*, 2nd series, vol.21, no.2, pp.153–64)

On her mother's side Iulia, my aunt, was sprung from kings, and on her father's connected with the immortal gods. For the Marcii Reges (that was her mother's name) descend from Ancus Marcius, and the Iulii, to whom my family belongs, descend from Venus.

WHEN the quaestor C. Iulius Caesar began his aunt's funerary *laudatio* with these words in 69 B.C.,¹ he was not claiming any unique glory appropriate only to 'imperial Caesar', but indulging a form of family pride shared by many aristocrats in the late Republic.

Iulus, from whom the Iulii claimed descent, was normally identified with Ascanius the son of Aeneas. There were other versions, however, one of which made him Ascanius' son, with a brother Aemylos, the eponymous ancestor of the patrician Aemilii.² Quite apart from Aeneas' mother Venus, the Trojan royal house, and therefore also the dynasty of Alba Longa founded by Ascanius, was descended from Jupiter through Dardanus, Erichthonius, and Tros;³ hence a later version of the origin of the Aemilii, deriving them from Amulius the king of Alba, makes them descendants of Jupiter via Assaracus, the son of Tros and great-grandfather of Aeneas.⁴ It must have been by a similar argument that the emperor Galba, the last of the patrician Sulpicii, began his family tree with Jupiter, for a Sulpician moneyer at the end of the second century B.C. chose for his coin design the sow of Lavinium, which may imply a claimed descent from Troy and the Alban kings.⁵

¹ Suet. *Dŷ* 6. 1.

² Livy i. 3. 2, with R. M. Ogilvie's commentary (Oxford, 1965), 42–3. Festus (Paulus) 22 L: 'quod ab Ascanio descendat [sc. Aemilia gens] qui duos habuerit filios, Iulum et Aemylon.'

³ Homer, *Iliad* xx. 215 ff. Alban dynasty: Livy i. 3. 6–10; Dion. Hal. i. 71; Virg. *Aen.* vi. 760 ff., etc.

⁴ Sil. It. *Punica* viii. 294–6: 'numerare parentem / Assaracum retro praestabat Amulius auctor, / Assaracusque Iovem.'

⁵ Suet. *Galba* 2. M. H. Crawford, *Roman Republican Coinage*, i (Cambridge, 1974), no. 312; Mr. Crawford's numeration will be used for all coins mentioned below. Lavinium: Virg. *Aen.* viii. 42–8; Livy i. 1. 10; Dion. Hal. i. 59. 3.

Not all Trojans were *Aeneades*, of course. Gyas and Clonius were among Aeneas' followers, and founded the Geganii and the Cloelii, two of the Alban families supposedly admitted to the patriciate by Tullus Hostilius.⁶ The patrician Sergii descended from the Trojan Sergestus, and the Nautii from Nautes, who received the Palladium from Diomedes and thus originated the cult of Minerva (i.e. Pallas) for which the Nautii had been responsible.⁷ No patrician Nautius is known in the Senate after the consul of 287, and no Geganius after the middle of the fourth century, so the story of their Trojan origin probably goes back a long way.

The greatest of the patrician houses, at least in its own estimation,⁸ was that of the Fabii, whose view of their own origin was very different. Their ancestor was supposed to have been the first man to dig pitfalls (*foveae*) for the capture of wild animals, and after him they were originally called Fovii or Fodii⁹. The explanation is odd enough to be true, but was much too close to the soil to remain unimproved. It was attached to the legend of Hercules' visit to the site of Rome (then occupied by Evander and his Arcadians) on his return from his tenth labour with the cattle of Geryon: in such a pit, by the banks of the Tiber, he fathered the proto-Fabius on 'either a nymph or a local woman', specified in some versions as Evander's daughter.¹⁰ The Pinarii too were connected with Hercules' visit to Evander; they did not claim descent from the hero himself, but from one of the two Arcadians to whom he entrusted his own cult.¹¹ Like that of the Nautii, this story was aetiological, explaining the responsibility for Hercules' worship at the Ara Maxima which the Pinarii and Potitii shared until the late fourth century.

All the families we have considered so far were patrician, but the rise of the plebeian nobility had naturally given birth to similar stories glorifying its members. The Iunii not only claimed the first consul of the Republic but gave him a Trojan ancestry.¹² For plebeian houses, however, a native Roman (or Sabine) origin was easier to justify. The Marcii, as Caesar pointed out, traced their origin to Ancus Marcius – and further back than that, since Ancus' maternal grandfather was Numa Pompilius, who had therefore married his daughter to a Marcius. Marcian moneyers put Numa as well as Ancus on their coins, and later historians brought in a kinsman of Numa called Marcius who urged him to accept the offer of the Roman kingship.¹³ According to some writers, besides the daughter whom Marcius married Numa had four sons, Pompon, Pinus, Calpus, and Mamercus. Pinus gave the Pinarii an alternative genealogy to the Arcadian one mentioned above, while Pompon and Calpus enabled the Pomponii and the Calpurnii Pisones, two influential plebeian *gentes*, to celebrate a regal origin on their coins.¹⁴ As for Mamercus, although Plutarch says that he founded the Mamercii, who used the

⁶ Serv. *Aen.* v. 117; Festus (Paulus) 48 L. Livy i. 30. 2: 'Iulios [MSS. Tullios], Servilios, Quinctios, Geganius, Curiatios, Cloelios'; Dion. Hal. iii. 29. 7 has Quinctilii for Quinctii, and adds Metilii (see below).

⁷ Virg. *Aen.* v. 121; Varro ap. Serv. *Aen.* ii. 166 and v. 704; Dion. Hal. vi. 69. 1, etc.

⁸ Cf. H. Peter, *Historicorum Romanorum Fragmenta*, i (Stuttgart, 1914), xliii-1.

⁹ Festus (Paulus) 77 L; Plut. *Fabius* 1. 2.

¹⁰ Festus (Paulus) 77 L; Plut. *Fabius* 1. 2; cf. Ovid, *Fasti* ii. 237, *ex Pont.* iii. 3. 99 f.; Juv. viii. 14. Evander's daughter: Sil. It. *Punica* vi. 627-36; cf. ii. 3, vii. 35, 43 f. Evander and Hercules: Livy i. 7. 4; Dion. Hal. i. 35. 2 (from Hellanicus), 39. 1, etc.

¹¹ Festus 270 L; Livy i. 7. 12-13; Dion. Hal. i. 40. 4; Serv. *Aen.* viii. 270, etc.

¹² Dion. Hal. iv. 68. 1.

¹³ Livy i. 32. 1; Dion. Hal. ii. 76. 5 (from Cn. Gellius), iii. 35. 3; Plut. *Numa* 21. 4-6; Crawford nos. 346 (c. 88 B.C.), 425 (c. 56 B.C.); Plut. *Numa* 5. 4, 6. 1, 21. 5.

¹⁴ Plut. *Numa* 21. 2-3; Dion. Hal. ii. 76. 5. Crawford nos. 334 (L. Pomponius Molo, c. 97 B.C.), 446 (Cn. Calpurnius Piso, c. 49 B.C.). Calpus: Festus (Paulus) 41 L; cf. *Laus Pisonis* 5, 15; Hor. *AP* 292.

cognomen 'Rex' (clearly a confused reference to the Marcii), the name was in fact used as a *praenomen* by the patrician Aemilii. It was explained as that of a son of Pythagoras, who was such a thoroughly agreeable person that he was given as a nickname the Greek adjective *haimylos* – whence Aemilius.¹⁵ Those writers who believed that Numa was a disciple of Pythagoras combined the stories by saying that Numa named *his* son Mamercus after that of his teacher.¹⁶

To return to the plebeian families: several of those which became influential at Rome in the late fourth and early third centuries originated from Latin cities now associated with or incorporated into the Roman state.¹⁷ Such communities had their own foundation legends, native or imported, to which their leading families were sometimes attached. The Praenestines, for instance, believed that their city's founder was Caeculus, a son of Vulcan so called from his tiny eyes; from him descended the Caecilii, whose first known senator at Rome was L. Caecilius Metellus Denter, consul in 284.¹⁸ The Greek version of the foundation of Praeneste connected it with Odysseus and Circe: the founder was either their son Telegonus or else an eponymous Praenestus, son of their son Latinus.¹⁹ Telegonus was much more firmly credited with the foundation of Tusculum, and his daughter Mamilia with that of the Mamilian house which reached the consulship at Rome in 265.²⁰

Diomedes, like Odysseus, wandered to distant lands after the fall of Troy; he was supposed to have founded Lanuvium. Perseus, like Hercules, performed heroic exploits far from home; he and his mother Danaë were supposed to have founded Ardea. Orestes, pursued by the Furies, came to Aricia; he was not its founder, but his illegitimate brother Halaesus was said to have founded Falerii, and one version of the foundation-legend of Pisae in Etruria attributed it to the family of Agamemnon.²¹ There was a strong tradition that the Latin city of Tibur was an Argive colony planted by Catillus and his brothers, the sons of Amphiaraus; here the motivation for their presence in Italy was less obvious, but other authorities got round this by making Catillus an Arcadian, in command of Evander's fleet.²² How many of these Hellenized foundation-legends had family genealogies attached to them, we do not know, but there may perhaps be the trace of such a claim in the coin type of Pegasus and Bellerophon chosen by L. Cossutius Sabula in the seventies B.C. Though Caesar nearly married one of them, the Cossutii were a

¹⁵ Festus (Paulus) 22 L: 'Aemiliam gentem appellatam dicunt a Mamercus, Pythagorae philosophi filio, cui propter unicam humanitatem cognomen fuerit Aemylos.' -αἰμυλία: Plut. *Aem. Paul.* 2.2.

¹⁶ Plut. *Numa* 8. 18 f.; cf. Cic. *rep.* ii. 28 f.

¹⁷ e.g. Fulvii and Coruncanii from Tusculum (Cic. *Planc.* 20, etc.), Atinii from Aricia (Cic. *Phil.* iii. 16), Anicii from Praeneste (Pliny, *NH* xxxiii. 17).

¹⁸ Solinus ii. 9 (from 'Praenestini libri'); Cato fr. 59 P; Serv. *Aen.* vii. 678, etc. Festus (Paulus) 38 L: 'Caeculus condidit Praeneste. Unde putant Caecilios ortos, quorum erat nobilis familia apud Romanos.' M. Metellus Q.f., probably the consul of 115, put Vulcan on his *doctrantes* (Crawford no. 263/2).

¹⁹ Plut. *Mor.* 316A (from Aristocles); Solinus ii. 9 (from Zenodotus of Troizen); Steph. Byz. s.v. Praenestos'. Latinus' parentage goes back to Hesiod (*Theogony* 1011–16).

²⁰ Hor. *epod.* 1. 29 f., *Odes* iii. 29. 8 (with Porph.); Prop. ii. 32. 4; Ovid, *Fasti* iii. 91, iv. 71; Stat. *Silv.* i. 3. 83 f.; Sil. It. *Punica* vii. 691–3, xii. 535; *CIL* xiv. 2649. Festus 116 L: 'Mamiliorum familia progenita sit a Mamilia Telegoni filia, quam Tusculi procreavit, quando id oppidum ipse condidisset.' Also Livy i. 49. 9; Dion. Hal. iv. 45. 1; Crawford nos. 149, 362.

²¹ Appian, *BC* ii. 20; Pliny, *NH* iii. 56; Serv. *Aen.* ii. 116, vi. 136; Pliny, *NH* iii. 51 (from Cato); Ovid, *Fasti* iv. 73 f.; Serv. *Aen.* vii. 723; Pliny, *NH* iii. 50; cf. Serv. *Aen.* x. 179.

²² Pliny, *NH* xvii. 237; Serv. *Aen.* vii. 670; cf. Hor. *Odes* ii. 6. 5; Ovid, *Fasti* iv. 71; Solinus ii. 7 (from Cato).

minor family by senatorial standards; they may well have chosen the wanderings of Bellerophon as a peg from which to hang their own or their town's origin.²³

The connection of family and foundation legend can probably be illustrated from the maternal side of the emperor Galba's family tree, which stretched back to Pasiphaë.²⁴ Among the children Pasiphaë bore to Minos was a son called Glaucus, who came to Italy looking for a kingdom; having introduced the rectangular shield among the people he tried to lead, he was called Labicus after the Greek word for a shield-handle, and they in turn were called Labici after him. Galba's mother was Mummia Achaica, a descendant of the sacker of Corinth, consul in 146 B.C. The consul's father, praetor in 177, is the first known Mummian senator, and it is quite possible that the family came from the Latin town of Labici (between Tusculum and Praeneste) and therefore traced their ancestry to 'Labicus'.²⁵ In this connection another late-republican coin-type may be relevant: L. Vol(teius?) Strabo, moneyer about 81 B.C., decorated his *denarii* with the story of Europa, whose son by Jupiter was Minos.²⁶

Several other families who had come to prominence in the second century B.C. boasted legendary genealogies as exotic as that of the Mummii – the Antonii from Antioch, a son of Hercules, the Memmii apparently from Menestheus, king of Athens, the Plautii Hypsaeci from the father-in-law of Neptune, whose name they took as their *cognomen*.²⁷ (In the same generation a branch of the Aurelii started calling themselves 'Orestes', but what connection this had with the wanderings of Agamemnon's son is not known.) And the Trojan legend still exerted its attraction: a late source attests the claim of the Acilii Glabriones, whose first senator was consul in 191 B.C., to descent from Aeneas. The Caecilii evidently abandoned their piggy-eyed ancestor Caeculus in favour of Caecus, a comrade of Aeneas, and by the time Lucretius invoked the *Aeneadum genetrix* in his poem for Memmius, his patron's descent was no longer from a king of Athens but from Menestheus, the Trojan.²⁸

The works *defamiliis Troianis* of Varro and Hyginus attest the interest aroused by the question of Trojan descent in the late Republic and the triumviral period.²⁹ Indeed, the fact that Hyginus wrote on the same subject so soon after Varro suggests a demand for a revised version from families whom Varro had left out. We can guess at the names of one or two of them. The Atii of Aricia, Octavian's mother's family, are a likely example: Virgil introduces a young Trojan called Atys, Iulus' beloved friend, 'from whom the Latin Atii traced their stock'. Also in *Aeneid* v is the Trojan Cloanthus, ancestor of 'Roman Cluentius' – good evidence that the family of Cicero's client A. Cluentius Habitus of Larinum had reached the Roman Senate by the early years of Augustus' principate.³⁰ Finally, Dionysius of Halicarnassus added the Metilii to the list of Alban – and therefore Trojan –

²³ Crawford no. 395; Suet. *DJ* 1.

²⁴ Suet. *Galba* 2; cf. Sil. It. *Punica* viii. 470 f., wrongly making it his paternal ancestry.

²⁵ Serv. *Aen.* vii. 796; Suet. *Galba* 3. 4.

²⁶ Crawford no. 377.

²⁷ Plut. *Ant.* 4. 2, 36. 7, 60. 5; Appian, *BC* iii. 16, 19; Crawford no. 304 (c. 108 B.C.), with Plut. *Theseus* 32, 35, and H. A. Grueber, *Coins of the Roman Republic in the British Museum*, ii (London, 1910), 299 n. 2; Crawford no. 420 (c. 60 B.C.), with Hyginus, *Fab.* 157 on the father of Leuconoe.

²⁸ Herodian ii. 3. 4; Festus (Paulus) 38 L; Virg. *Aen.* v. 117; cf. Lucr. i. 1. 'The Trojan woman' was a lady who acted as Cicero's agent in some confidential financial transactions in 62–1 (*Att.* i. 12. 1, 13. 6, 14. 7); perhaps the code-name alluded to her family's genealogy.

²⁹ Serv. *Aen.* v. 389 (Hyginus), 704 (Varro).

³⁰ Virg. *Aen.* v. 568, 123. No son of Cicero's client is mentioned in the *pro Cluentio*, but the family reappears eight generations later with the prefect of the first cohort of Batavians who dedicated one of the altars in the Carrawburgh Mithraeum on Hadrian's Wall (*RIB* 1545).

families admitted to the patriciate by Tullus Hostilius; one of his patrons was called Metilius Rufus.³¹

By that time, the imperial house had given Trojan descent a prestige far greater than any other. But in the last decades of the Republic, when the sons of Iulus were still just one of many houses sprung from kings, heroes, or gods, other threads which might attach a family to the world of legend were equally popular. The coin-types of Vol(teius?) Strabo and Cossutius Sabula, showing Europa and Bellerophon respectively, have been mentioned above; about 72 B.C. another moneyer from a new family, Q. Crepereius Rocus, put Neptune and Amphitrite on *his* coins, perhaps alluding to a supposed ancestor among the sea-god's innumerable offspring.³²

That particular line cannot be traced, but with the case of L. Aelius Lamia we are in a much better position. A friend of Cicero, leading light of the equestrian order, and himself ancestor of a distinguished family under the Empire, Aelius came from the Volscian town of Formiae, in the area at which the geographers agreed in placing Telepylus, the land of the Laestrygonians.³³ Lamus was king of the Laestrygonians, a son of Neptune according to some writers, and it was 'from ancient Lamus' that Aelius Lamia could claim a form of nobility.³⁴ 'Excessive, frivolous, and tainted by Hellenic myth', observes Professor Syme with distaste.³⁵ But was that how it appeared to contemporaries?

Serious historians knew that funerary eulogies of the sort Caesar delivered for his aunt could not be relied on for historical fact. The invention of triumphs and consulships was the most notorious part of their fictional content,³⁶ but according to Cicero they included false genealogies as well – 'as if I were to say I was descended from Manius Tullius the patrician, who was consul with Servius Sulpicius in the tenth year of the Republic'.³⁷ In a similar class were the histories written by Greek clients for their patrons: the number of genealogies that depend on Greek etymologies is striking,³⁸ and Plutarch has recorded the protest of some writers at the invention of Numa's four sons in order to gratify the families whose eponyms they were.³⁹ One such purist was Asclepiades of Myrlea, who about 100 B.C. divided history into three categories, the true, the seeming-true, and the false; in the last category, falser even than the 'seeming truth' of comedies and mimes, he put just one type – genealogy.⁴⁰

And yet even Polybius recognized as a kind of history that which dealt with genealogies, ties of kinship, the foundation of cities, and the sending of colonies. He

³¹ Dion. Hal. iii. 29. 7; *de comp. verb.* 3 for the patron.

³² Crawford no. 399. Poseidon's children take up five pages of Pauly-Wissowa: *RE* xxii (1953), cols. 469–78.

³³ Cic. *Att.* ii. 13. 2; Hor. *Odes* iii. 16. 35; Pliny, *NH* iii. 59; Sil. It. *Punica* vii. 276, 410, viii. 529 (Caieta). Descendants: Juv. iv. 154; cf. Cic. *Fam.* xi. 16. 2, etc.

³⁴ Schol. Homer, *Od.* x. 81; Hor. *Odes* iii. 17. 1–9 ('Aeli vetusto nobilis ab Lamo').

³⁵ R. Syme, *The Roman Revolution* (Oxford, 1939), 83.

³⁶ Livy viii. 40. 4; Cic. *Brut.* 62 ('falsi triumphi, plures consulatus...')

³⁷ Cic. *Brut.* 62—but he calls Servius Tullius 'meus gentilis' at *TD* i. 38.

³⁸ e.g. Serv. *Aen.* vii. 796 (Labicus), viii. 270 (Pinarii); Plut. *Aem. Paul.* 2. 2 (Aemilii).

³⁹ Plut. *Numa* 21. 4: ὡς χαριζομένων τοῖς γένεσι καὶ προστιθέντων οὐκ ἀληθῆ στέμματα τῆς ἀπὸ Νομᾶ διαδοχῆς.

⁴⁰ Sextus Empiricus, *adv. gramm.* i. 252: τῆς γὰρ ἱστορίας τὴν μὲν τινα ἀληθῆ εἶναί φησι [sc. Ἀσκληπιάδης] τὴν δὲ ψευδῆ τὴν δὲ ὡς ἀληθῆ, καὶ ἀληθῆ μὲν τὴν πρακτικὴν, ψευδῆ δὲ τὴν περὶ πλάσματα καὶ μύθους, ὡς ἀληθῆ δὲ οἷα ἔστιν ἡ κωμωδία καὶ οἱ μῖμοι . . . (253) τῆς δὲ ψευδοῦς, τοῦτέστι τῆς μυθικῆς, ἐν εἶδος μόνον ὑπάρχειν λέγει τὸ γενεαλογικόν.

rejected it for his own purpose, as being inferior to *pragmatike historia* and appealing only to 'those who like a story' – and he was quite right.⁴¹ But a respectable case could be made out for tales that 'mixed the human and divine', as Livy made it for the origins of Rome.⁴² Like him, a Roman aristocrat with a critical conscience might have said that the greatness of his *gens* made it appropriate, even if not strictly true, to trace it back to a divine founder.

But critical standards are not really to the point. As Livy said, such stories were more appropriate to poetry, and it was in that medium above all that a *Graeculus esuriens* might link his patron to Ilium or Olympus without causing any raised eyebrows. Heroic legend was the poet's natural subject, and the Greeks of the second and first centuries B.C. were writing in a Callimachean tradition of aetiological poetry that made it very natural to find 'origins' for families as well as for names and customs. And when it was a question of pleasing a patron, Callimachus' rule of 'singing nothing which is not attested' might perhaps be bent a little.⁴³ Did Caecias the Trojan owe his being to the poem Archias began in 61 B.C. for the Caecilii Metelli? Or Antioch the son of Heracles to Boethius of Tarsus' epic on the heroic campaign of Philippi?⁴⁴

We shall get closest to the spirit of the legendary genealogies if we try to imagine the audiences at which they were aimed – the dinner-guests at a great house, listening to the *anagnostes* read from a not too rigorous work of history;⁴⁵ the loungers in the exedra of the baths, as the poet recited his panegyric epic;⁴⁶ the Forum crowd, enjoying the splendour of a society funeral and listening to the orator declaim on the greatness of the deceased and of his family.⁴⁷ These were the *philekooi* whom Polybius had in mind when he contrasted genealogy with the sort of history he professed. Naturally, the highest historical standards were not to be expected, but that does not mean that these semi-fictional family trees were not taken seriously at their own level. They were meant to impress, and they evidently did impress. The citizens of Rome, or at least those of them who were accustomed to handling coins, must have been as familiar with these genealogical *jeux d'esprit* as they were with their own historical and religious traditions, to be able to appreciate the allusive scenes with which the moneyers decorated their *denarii*.⁴⁸

Numismatic art was like monumental sculpture: it used the same idioms and could be employed to convey the same type of visual message.⁴⁹ Just as the coin-types of Augustan 'propaganda' can be seen to have developed out of the techniques used by republican politicians for their self-advertisement, so too the

⁴¹ Polybius ix. I. 4 (cf. 2. I): ὁ γενεαλογικὸς τρόπος appeals to τὸν φιλήκοον, ὁ περὶ τὰς ἀποικίας καὶ κτίσεις καὶ συγγενείας appeals to τὸν πολυπράγμονα καὶ περιττόν.

⁴² Livy, *praef.* 7. So too Varro ap. Aug. *Civ. Dei* iii. 4.

⁴³ Cf. T. P. Wiseman, *Cinna the Poet and other Roman Essays* (Leicester, 1974), 36ff., 144ff., (writing for patrons), 54ff. (aetiological tradition). Callimachus fr. 612 (Pf.): ἀμάρτυρον οὐδὲν ἀείδω Cf. Cic. *leg.* i. 1–5 on poetry and truth.

⁴⁴ Cic. *Att.* i. 16. 15 ('nunc ad Caecilianam fabulam spectet'); Archias also wrote a poem on Marius (Cic. *Arch.* 19), but the derivation of the Marii from Mars (cf. Plut. *Mar.* 46. 8) presumably comes from a Latin source. Boethius: Strabo xiv. 674.

⁴⁵ Varro ap. Aulus Gellius i. 22. 5; Pliny, *ep.* v. 19. 3 ('orationes et historias et carmina'), etc. *Anagnostae*: Nepos, *Att.* 14. 1; Cic. *Att.* i. 12. 4, *Fam.* v. 9. 2.

⁴⁶ Hor. *Sat.* i. 4. 74–6; cf. Petr. *Sat.* 90. 1 (colonnades).

⁴⁷ Polybius vi. 53–4; Tac. *Ann.* iii. 76.

⁴⁸ There are of course many more examples than those cited above, often too allusive for us to understand.

⁴⁹ See J. M. C. Toynbee, 'Picture-Language in Roman Art and Coinage', *Essays in Roman Coinage presented to Harold Mattingly* (Oxford, 1956), 205–26.

reliefs of the Ara Pacis must have had their republican equivalents among the temples, porticoes, and triumphal arches put up by the great men of the second and first centuries B.C.,⁵⁰ who employed, to celebrate their greatness, not only Greek poets but Greek architects and Greek sculptors as well. There is, I think, one splendid example which has not been recognized for what it is.

Under the church of S. Salvatore in Campo and the old houses next to it lie the remains of an unidentified Roman temple, which stood in the southernmost part of the Campus Martius – about 200 m. inland from the Tiber, 120 m. south of Pompey's portico, and 240 m. west of the great *cloaca*, running south-south-west from the Piazza Mattei to the river, which is identified as the *amnis Petronia*.⁵¹ The church was built in 1639–40 under the direction of the architect Francesco Peparelli, who was engaged at the same time on the final stages of rebuilding the *palazzo* of the Santa Croce family, diagonally opposite S. Salvatore to the east. Thanks to some brilliant archival detective-work by Dr. Filippo Coarelli,⁵² we now know the story of a remarkable discovery which took place at that time.

During the excavation for the foundations of the church, which must have been undertaken in 1638 or even earlier, 110 pieces of marble were found and extracted; but in the bill for these operations, dated 12 June 1639, nos. 72–4 and 91–9 are missing. Meanwhile a splendid marble relief, in three pieces, had been inserted by 4 November 1637 into the *cortile* of the new Palazzo Santa Croce, and by 9 February 1639 it had been joined by another, more extensive, relief which consisted of nine pieces! Ill-gotten though they must have been, they remained in the Palazzo until 1811, when they were bought by Napoleon's uncle Cardinal Fesch.⁵³

The reliefs had formed the marble facing of a rectangular monument about 5.65 m. long and 1.75 m. wide, usually and incorrectly called 'the altar of Domitius Ahenobarbus' but in reality, as is clear from the find-spot, the base of the cult-statue (or group of statues) inside the *cella* of the temple. The first three pieces to be discovered formed one of the long sides, probably that facing the entrance to the temple on the east. Now in the Louvre, it shows the Roman census in the Campus Martius and the sacrifice at the altar of Mars which was its culminating ceremony. The other long side and the two short ones – nine pieces in all – are now in the Glyptothek in Munich; they show the marriage procession of Neptune and Amphitrite, whose carriage is pulled by two Tritons and escorted by Nereids riding on sea-monsters, with Cupids holding the reins.⁵⁴

In the census scene, the figure in the exact centre is not Mars but the sacrificing censor, which implies that a specific occasion is represented, to the honour and glory of the censor who actually performed the *lustrum* sacrifice.⁵⁵ Professor Kähler, in his detailed study of the reliefs, dates them on stylistic grounds to the second quarter of the first century B.C. and identifies the censor as either L. Gellius or Cn. Cornelius Lentulus Clodianus, both of whom held the office in 70–69 and both of whom subsequently took part in Pompey's campaign against the pirates – whence the representation of the god of the sea in the other scene. Dr.

⁵⁰ See the chronological index to S. B. Platner and T. Ashby's *Topographical Dictionary of Ancient Rome* (Oxford, 1929), 589–92.

⁵¹ Temple: E. Nash, *Pictorial Dictionary of Ancient Rome*, ii (London, 1968), 120–1. *Cloaca*: P. Narducci, *Sulla fognatura della città di Roma* (Rome, 1889), 36–7.

⁵² F. Coarelli, *Dialoghi di archeologia*, ii (1968), 318–25.

⁵³ Coarelli, loc. cit.; H. Kähler, *Seethiasos und Census: die Reliefs aus dem Palazzo Santa Croce in Rom* (Monumenta Artis Romae vi, Berlin, 1966), 7–8.

⁵⁴ Best illustrated in Kähler, op. cit. Dimensions: Kähler, op. cit. 11. Position: Coarelli, op. cit. 324–5.

⁵⁵ Kähler, op. cit. 10; Coarelli, op. cit. 338.

Coarelli, on the other hand, prefers a date some thirty years earlier on stylistic grounds, identifies the censor as M. Antonius (97 B.C.), who had campaigned against the pirates after his praetorship, and identifies the temple as that of Neptune *in circo Flaminio* – thus achieving a double reason for the Neptune and Amphitrite relief.⁵⁶ But neither solution is wholly satisfactory.

To begin with, it is most unlikely that S. Salvatore was *in circo Flaminio*, since none of the identifiable sites so described was west of the *amnis Petronia*. The position of the Circus Flaminius is fixed by the fragment of the Severan marble plan which belongs just west of the theatre of Marcellus and just south of the portico of Octavia;⁵⁷ S. Salvatore is as far away from that as the Capitoline *arx* or the Forum Boarium. So the temple was evidently not that of Neptune – nor, in any case, would one expect the god to be on the *back* of the statue-base in his own temple, especially with Mars on the front of it.⁵⁸ The explanation of the Neptune scene therefore depends on the campaigns against the pirates carried out by M. Antonius (Coarelli) or Gellius or Lentulus (Kähler). But though this would account for the god himself, it does not help with Amphitrite and the Cupids. Why are we shown the *marriage* of Neptune? After the first part of this paper, the answer will perhaps be clear: the scene presumably refers to the legendary genealogy of the censor's family.

Of the sixteen censors who held office between 120 and 50 B.C. (I do not presume to judge between the two stylistic datings) and at the end of whose period of office a *lustrum* was performed,⁵⁹ nine can be immediately ruled out as potential sons of Neptune. M. Antonius (97), the four Caecilii Metelli (120, 115, two in 102), L. Calpurnius Piso (120), Q. Fabius Maximus (108), L. Iulius Caesar (89), and L. Marcius Philippus (86) all had quite different genealogies. We can also eliminate certain men whose families evidently did *not* claim descent from Greek or Trojan heroes. The opening chapters of Suetonius' *Nero*, Plutarch's *Publicola*, and Plutarch's *Crassus* show that neither Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus (115) nor L. Valerius Flaccus (97) nor P. Licinius Crassus (89) boasted divine descent, and the third case enables us to rule out C. Licinius Getha (108) as well. The patrician Cornelii evidently had no divine or heroic ancestor either (Scipio Africanus was thought by some to have been the son of Jupiter, but that was a personal, not a family, legend); no heroic descent is alleged by Silius Italicus when he mentions a Sulla, a Cinna, a Cethegus, or a Lentulus.⁶⁰ So Cn. Cornelius Lentulus Clodianus (70) was evidently not the censor who advertised Neptune and Amphitrite as his ancestors. In fact, only two names are left – M. Perperna (86) and L. Gellius (70) – and in the case of one of them a link with Neptune can indeed be established.

The Gellii seem to have reached the Roman Senate in the second century B.C., a little later than the Herculean Antonii and the Minoan Mummii.⁶¹ Where they originated is unknown, but their tribe was the Tromentina, which included, among other places, the Volscian towns of Fabrateria and Fregellae (later Fabrateria Nova) in the Liris valley. The territory of Fabrateria Nova was bounded to the south by

⁵⁶ Kähler, *op. cit.* 30–5; Coarelli, *op. cit.* 302–18 (Neptune temple), 325–37 (chronological context), 338–43 (Antonius).

⁵⁷ See G. Lugli, *Itinerario di Roma antica* (Milan, 1970), 413–15. I have tried to deal in detail with the problems of the Circus Flaminius and its buildings in an article in *PBSR* xlii, forthcoming.

⁵⁸ Convincingly inferred by Coarelli, *op. cit.* 324 f.

⁵⁹ I have included both 89 and 86 B.C.: cf. *JRS* lix (1969), 63 f. No *lustrum* between 70–69 and 29–28: Augustus, *RG* 8. 2.

⁶⁰ Sil. It. *Punica* vii. 618, viii. 393 (Sulla); x. 476 (Cinna); viii. 575 (Cethegus); v. 231, x. 261 (Lentulus). Africanus: *vir. ill.* 49. 1; Aulus Gellius vi. 1; Sil. It. *Punica* xiii. 615 ff., etc.

⁶¹ Crawford no. 265 (moneyer); cf. Aulus Gellius xiv. 2. 21 (opponent of the elder Cato), xiii. 23. 13; Dion. Hal. ii. 31. 1 (historian).

the Monti Aurunci, on the far side of which lay Minturnae, part of the legendary kingdom of the Laestrygonians and a town at which the Gellii were well known: one of them was a local magistrate there in the early Empire.⁶²

As we have seen, the Laestrygonians and their king Lamus were the sons of Neptune. But the Gellii had a more specific link. The Libyan princess Lamia, who murdered young children in jealous revenge for the death of her own, was a daughter of Neptune in one version of the story.⁶³ This fact, and the coincidence of the name, made it natural for mythographers to identify her as queen of the Laestrygonians. Like Ascanius-Iulus, and no doubt for the same aetiological reason, she had a double nomenclature: the other name by which she was known was *Gello*.⁶⁴

One should really speak not of Neptune but of Poseidon, since the legend is entirely Greek; and so, in spirit and execution, is the monumental relief with which L. Gellius evidently proclaimed it – opposite the record of his tenure of that most dignified of Roman magistracies, the censorship – in the still unidentified temple which he must have built or restored. It is not surprising to discover that his grandson, who like him rose to the consulship, grew up in the fifties B.C. with a taste for Callimachus and the company of Hellenizing poets.⁶⁵ When Catullus attacked young Gellius for his incestuous habits, he turned his genealogy against him: the sin was too great to be washed away even by ‘primeval Tethys and Oceanus, father of the Nymphs’. As both men knew, Tethys and Oceanus were the grandparents of Amphitrite.⁶⁶

But the importance of interpreting the Palazzo Santa Croce reliefs is not the sidelight thrown on a line of verse, nor even the addition the censor’s portrait makes to Republican iconography. It shows us how a Roman statesman, and one thoroughly imbued with his ancestral traditions,⁶⁷ wished to project himself to the citizens of Rome – half as a censor, half as the descendant of Greek sea-nymphs. Although the coin-legends and such fragments of panegyric epic and history as we can piece together should have led us to expect it, this startling juxtaposition is a dramatic reminder of how the men of the late Republic lived simultaneously in two worlds, and took seriously the idioms of each.

For Lucius Gellius in particular, *vir clarissimus* but not *nobilis*,⁶⁸ the Greek convention was especially useful. With a god in the family tree, who needed consuls?

Glossary

Aeneades: descendants of Aeneas.

aeneadum genetrix: progenitor of the descendants of Aeneas.

⁶² Tribe: *ILLRP* 515. 4. Local magistrate: *CIL* x. 6017. Laestrygonian kingdom: Hor. *Odes* iii. 17. 6–8 with Porph. ad loc.

⁶³ Schol. Homer, *Od.* x. 81; Schol. Arist. *Wasps* 1035 and *Peace* 758 (from Duris of Samos); Diodorus xx. 41. 3–4; Plut. *Mor.* 398C; Paus. x. 12. 1.

⁶⁴ Schol. Theocr. xv. 40: Λαμία βασίλισσα λαιστρυγόνων, ἡ καὶ Γελλῶ λεγομένη, δυστυχοῦσα περὶ τὰ ἐαυτῆς τέκνα ὥς ἀποθνήσκοντα, ἤθελε καὶ τὰ λειπόμμενα φονεύειν.

⁶⁵ Catullus cxvi. 2, xci. 7. For this Gellius and his relatives, see the work cited above (p. 159 n. 3), 119 ff.

⁶⁶ Catullus lxxxviii. 5–6: ‘quantum non ultima Tethys / nec genitor Nympharum abluit Oceanus’. Their daughter Doris was the mother of the Nereids: Hesiod, *Theogony* 240–3 (cf. 337, 350); Apollodorus i. 2. 2, 7.

⁶⁷ Cic. *Brut.* 174 (‘nec Romanarum rerum immemor’); for his attitude to Greeks, cf. the story at Cic. *leg.* i. 53, which dates back to 93 B.C.

⁶⁸ Cic. *Cluent.* 119, *red. Quir.* 17, *Pis.* 6. He was himself the family’s first consul (72 B.C.).

aetiological: concerned with explaining the origin of something.

anagnostes: reader (of texts, out loud).

Ara Pacis: Latin = 'altar of peace'. This was an altar set up in Rome by Augustus and richly decorated with relief sculptures.

caeculus: Latin = blind.

cloaca: Latin = drain.

cortile: Italian = courtyard.

de familiis Trojanis: Latin = about the Trojan families.

exedra: a room, usually semi-circular in plan, in a public building (e.g. baths or a *porticus*). Used for readings, performances and other exhibitions.

graeculus esuriens: Latin = 'a hungry little Greek'. A derogatory reference to Greeks in Rome who were eager to both please and profit from Roman patrons.

haimylios: Greek = wily

in circo Flaminio: Latin = in the circus of Flaminius.

laudatio: the funeral oration praising the achievements and virtues of the deceased.

Laestrygonians: Cyclopes.

jeux d'esprit: French = playful or fanciful ideas.

denarii: silver coins.

moneyer: an official responsible for minting coins that often bore their name.

nobilis: Latin = noble.

palazzo: Italian = palace.

palladium: a wooden image of the armed Athena which protected Troy. It was stolen from Troy before its fall and ended up in Rome.

panegyric: a literary genre of oratory, poetry or prose used to praise individuals.

philekooi: people who are keen on or addicted to listening.

pragmatike historia: political history.

triumviral period: modern term for the period 62–31 BCE.

vir clarissimus: Latin = very famous man.

Reading 3.14 Appian 1.9–10

(Source: Carter, J. (trans.) (1966) *Appian, The Civil Wars*, London: Penguin, pp.5–7)

1.9 At this point Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, a man of noble birth, outstanding ambition, and formidable oratorical powers, and on all these counts very well known to everyone, became tribune and made a powerful speech about the people of Italy, saying that they were excellent fighters and related to the Romans by blood, but were declining slowly into poverty and depopulation and had not even the hope of a remedy. He expressed hostility to the slaves, because they made no military contribution and were never loyal to their masters, and blamed them for the recent calamity of the landowners in Sicily, which had been caused by slaves whose numbers had been swelled by the demands of agriculture, and for the war conducted by the Romans against them, which had been neither simple nor short but had dragged on – with all sorts of dangerous twists of fortune. So saying, he proposed to renew the law that no individual should hold more than 500 *iugera*, but modified its previous provisions by adding that children of occupiers

could have half this amount. The remainder of the land was to be distributed to the poor by three elected commissioners, who were to rotate annually.

1.10 It was this provision which particularly disturbed the rich, because the commissioners would prevent them from ignoring the law as previously, and they would be unable to buy the land from those who received allotments, since Gracchus had foreseen this and was proposing to forbid sale. They gathered in groups, deploring their situation and supporting their case against the poor by pointing to the work they had put in over many years, their planting, their building. Some had bought land from their neighbours – were they to lose the money as well as the land? Some had family tombs on the land or said that holdings had been treated as fully owned and divided up on inheritance. Others claimed that their wives' dowries had been invested in such land, or that it had been given to their daughters as dowry, and moneylenders could show loans made on this security. In short, there was a babel of protest and lamentation. For their part, the poor made equal complaint, that they had been reduced from prosperity to abject poverty, and from that to childlessness, since they could not rear children. They listed the campaigns on which they had served to win this land, and were indignant at being deprived of access to common property, and at the same time they berated the rich for choosing slaves, who were always treacherous and malevolent and on that account exempt from military service, instead of free men and citizens and soldiers. While the two sides were thus complaining and attacking each other, another large group, composed of people from the colonies, or from states enjoying equal political rights, or who had in some other way a share in this land, and had similar reasons for being afraid, came to Rome and gave their support to one side or the other. Emboldened by their numbers, they became rough and started a great many disturbances while they waited for the voting on the law, some being implacably opposed to its passing, others intending to secure it at any price. Apart from their personal interest, they were goaded on by the desire to defeat their opponents, and made preparations against each other for the appointed day.

Reading 3.15 Plutarch, *Tiberius Gracchus*

(Source: Scott-Kilvert, I. (trans.) (1988) *Makers of Rome, Nine Lives by Plutarch*, London: Penguin, pp.161–62, 163–67)

Tiberius Gracchus

9 He did not, however, draft his law by himself, but consulted a number of the most eminent and respected citizens, among them Crassus the Pontifex Maximus, Mucius Scaevola the jurist, who was then consul, and Appius Claudius who was Tiberius's own father-in-law. And certainly many will agree that no law directed against injustice and avarice was ever framed in milder or more conciliatory terms. For the men who deserved to be punished for breaking the law, and who should have been fined as well as obliged to surrender the land which they had been illegally enjoying, were merely required to give up their unjust acquisitions – for which they were compensated – and to allow the ownership to pass to those citizens who most needed the land. But even though this act of restitution showed such tenderness for the wrongdoers, the people were content to forget the past so long as they could be assured of protection against injustice for the future. The wealthy classes and the landowners, on the other hand, were bitterly opposed to these proceedings: they hated the law out of sheer greed, and its originator out of personal resentment and party prejudice, and they did their utmost to turn the people against the reform by alleging that Tiberius's object in introducing a redistribution of land was really to undermine the foundations of the state and stir up a general revolution.

However, these tactics achieved nothing. Tiberius was fighting for a measure which was honourable and just in itself, and he was able to summon up an eloquence which would have done credit to a far less worthy cause. The result was that whenever he mounted the rostra and pleaded the case of the poor with the people crowding around him to listen, the effect of his words was overwhelming and no other orator could stand against him.

‘The wild beasts that roam over Italy,’ he would tell his listeners, ‘have their dens and holes to lurk in, but the men who fight and die for our country enjoy the common air and light and nothing else. It is their lot to wander with their wives and children, houseless and homeless, over the face of the earth. And when our generals appeal to their soldiers before a battle to defend their ancestors’ tombs and their temples against the enemy, their words are a lie and a mockery, for not a man in their audience possesses a family altar; not one out of all those Romans owns an ancestral tomb. The truth is that they fight and die to protect the wealth and luxury of others. They are called the masters of the world, but they do not possess a single clod of earth which is truly their own.’

11 When the appointed day arrived and Tiberius was summoning the people to cast their votes, the party of the rich seized the voting urns, and the whole proceedings were thrown into confusion. However, Tiberius’s supporters were numerous enough to force the issue and they were mustering their strength to do this when Manlius and Fulvius, two men of consular rank, fell on their knees before Tiberius, clasped his hands, and implored him to stop the proceedings. Tiberius sensed that the situation had now reached a crisis, and out of respect for two such distinguished men asked them what they wished him to do. They replied that they had no competence to advise on so important a matter, but they earnestly entreated him to refer the whole problem to the Senate, and to this proposal Tiberius agreed.

However, the meeting of the Senate produced no solution because the rich were able to dominate the proceedings, and so Tiberius, since he could find no other way of putting his law to the vote, resorted to a measure which was neither constitutional nor just: he had Octavius deprived of his tribuneship. But before taking this action, he addressed Octavius in affectionate terms, clasped his hands, and pleaded with him in public to give way and gratify the wishes of the people, who after all were demanding nothing more than their just rights, and who would receive little enough in return for the dangers and sufferings which they endured to protect the state. Finally when Octavius rejected his appeal, Tiberius told him that, since they were colleagues in office who possessed equal authority but found themselves opposed on matters of vital importance, it was impossible for them to complete their term of office without an open conflict, and that he could see only one remedy for this situation, namely for one or the other to resign his position. He urged Octavius that the people should first give their vote on his own case, and promised that he would immediately retire into private life, if this was what the citizens desired. But Octavius rejected this proposal too, whereupon Tiberius announced that he would put the matter of Octavius’s deposition to the vote, unless his opponent were to change his mind after reflection.

12 Upon this understanding he dissolved the Assembly, but on the following day when the people had gathered again, he mounted the rostra and made yet another attempt to persuade Octavius. Finally, when his opponent still remained immovable, Tiberius proposed a motion depriving Octavius of his tribuneship and called upon the citizens to cast their votes at once. Now there were thirty-five tribes, and when seventeen of them had voted and the addition of one more would compel Octavius to become a private citizen once again, Tiberius stopped the voting and once more appealed to his opponent, throwing his arms around him, kissing him in full view of the people, and fervently entreating him not to allow himself to suffer

this humiliation, nor to oblige his fellow-tribune to incur the blame for introducing so harsh and odious a measure.

We are told that Octavius could not remain unmoved as he listened to this entreaty: his eyes filled with tears, and for a long while he did not utter a word. But presently when he looked up towards the rich men and landowners, who stood solidly grouped together, his awe of them and fear of losing their good opinion hardened his resolve, and he decided to risk the worst and tell Tiberius that he must do as he pleased. Accordingly the motion was passed, and Tiberius then ordered one of his freedmen to drag Octavius from the rostra. He was in the habit of employing his own freedmen instead of the public officers, and this made the sight of Octavius being ignominiously dragged along even more distressing. Worse still, the people then made a rush at the prisoner, and although his wealthy sympathizers ran all together to his help and spread out their hands to protect him, it was only with great difficulty that Octavius was pulled away and rescued from the mob. At the same time a faithful slave, who had planted himself in front of his master to protect him had his eyes torn out, in spite of the efforts of Tiberius, who as soon as he grasped what was happening, came running down and did his utmost to restrain the rioters.

13 After this, Tiberius's agrarian law was passed, and three men were appointed to survey and distribute the public land. These were Tiberius himself, Appius Claudius his father-in-law, and Gaius Gracchus his brother, who was not at that time in Rome, but was serving under Scipio in the campaign against the Numantines. Tiberius succeeded in carrying through all these measures peacefully and without opposition, and in addition he secured the election of a new tribune to replace Octavius. This man did not belong to any of the distinguished families: he was merely one of Tiberius's clients whose name was Mucius. The propertied classes, however, who were angered by all these measures and were becoming alarmed at the growth of Tiberius's power, took every opportunity of insulting him in the Senate. When he asked for a tent, which was normally provided at the public expense, for his work in dividing up the land, they refused to approve his request, although other men had often been granted this facility for much less urgent reasons, and in the same way his daily allowance for expenses was fixed at nine obols. The chief promoter of these affronts was Publius Nasica, who now abandoned himself completely to his hatred of Tiberius: he was one of the largest owners of public lands and felt bitterly resentful at being obliged to give them up.

These actions had the effect of enraging the people all the more, so that when a friend of Tiberius died suddenly and malignant spots appeared all over his body, the rumour spread that he had been poisoned. A huge crowd swiftly gathered to attend his funeral, and the people carried the bier on their shoulders and stood by to witness the last ceremonies. And here indeed it seemed that their worst suspicions were confirmed. For the corpse burst open and discharged such a mass of corrupt matter that the funeral pyre was completely extinguished. When it was lit again, the body still would not burn until it had been removed to another place, and it was only after a great deal of effort that the flames could be made to take hold. Thereupon Tiberius, who wished to stir up the people's anger still further, dressed himself in mourning, brought his two children before the Assembly, and implored the people to take care of them and of their mother, thus implying that he had given up his own life for lost.

14 Soon after this king Attalus Philometor died, and Eudemus of Pergamum brought to Rome his last will and testament, in which the Roman people were named as his heirs. Tiberius at once made a bid for popularity by introducing a law which provided that as soon as king Attalus's money arrived in Rome, it should be distributed among those citizens who had received allotments of public land so as to

help them stock and cultivate their farms. As for the cities which lay within the bounds of Attalus's kingdom, Tiberius declared that the Senate had no right to decide their destiny, but that he himself would submit a plan to the people on this subject. No proposal could have been better calculated to give offence to the Senate, and when Pompeius rose to speak he asserted that he was a neighbour of Tiberius and therefore knew that Eudemus of Pergamum had chosen a diadem and a purple robe out of the royal treasures, and presented them to him in the expectation that he would soon become king of Rome. Quintus Metellus also reproached Tiberius by reminding him that whenever the elder Gracchus, his father, was returning home after a supper while he was censor, the citizens of Rome would put out their lights, so that there should be no suspicion that they were indulging beyond reason in entertainments or drinking-bouts. Tiberius, by contrast, was constantly lighted on his way at night by the poorest and rowdiest elements among the people. Titus Annius also joined in the debate. He enjoyed no great reputation either for uprightness of character or for moderation, but was regarded as unrivalled for his skill in cross-examination, and he now challenged Tiberius to a judicial wager; he contended that by deposing Octavius Tiberius had committed an act of contempt against the person of his fellow-tribune, which by law was sacred and inviolable. This speech was loudly applauded by many of the senators, whereupon Tiberius rushed out of the Senate-house, summoned a meeting of the Assembly, and ordered Annius to be brought before the people with the intention of denouncing him. However, Annius, who knew that he was no match for Tiberius either in reputation or as an orator, took refuge in the technique of which he was a master and called upon Tiberius to answer a few questions before the argument began. Tiberius agreed and after silence had been restored, Annius formulated this question: 'Let us assume that you wish to depose me and heap insults upon me, that I appeal to one of your colleagues in office, that he mounts the rostra to defend me, and that you then fly into a passion. Will you then deprive him of his office?' Tiberius, we are told, was so disconcerted by this question that although normally no man was quicker in repartee or bolder in action, yet on this occasion he could make no reply.

Reading 3.16 Appian 1.14–17

(Source: Carter, J. (trans.) (1966) *Appian, The Civil Wars*, London: Penguin, pp.9–11)

1.14 It was now summer, when intending tribunes were declaring their candidacies; and the rich, as election day approached, were perfectly clearly supporting for office those who were most hostile to Gracchus. He feared that disaster was at hand if he did not become tribune for the next year also, and summoned the country people to come to vote. But they were busy with the harvest, and so under pressure from the short time still remaining before the day fixed for the election he resorted to the city population; he went round them in turn, begging each to choose him tribune for the following year because he was in danger on their account. When the voting took place, the first two tribes returned Gracchus. The rich protested that it was illegal for the same man to hold office in consecutive years. As Rubrius, the tribune who had been chosen by lot to preside over this assembly, hesitated over the point, Mummius, the man who had been chosen to be tribune in place of Octavius, urged him to hand over the meeting to himself. But when Rubrius did so, the other tribunes demanded that the presidency be settled by lot, arguing that if Rubrius who had drawn it stood down, it reverted again to selection by lot from amongst all of them. On this point also there was heated argument, and Gracchus, getting the worst of it, first of all put off the voting till the next day and then, giving everything up for lost, put on mourning in spite of

being still in office, and for the rest of the day led his son around the forum and presented him to everyone and asked them to protect him as though his own destruction at the hands of his enemies was imminent.

1.15 The poor were overwhelmed with a feeling of great pity, along with some reflections: that as for themselves, they were no longer citizens equal under the law, but slaves to the power of the rich, and as for Gracchus, his great fear and suffering were a result of his concern for them. They escorted him home in a body that evening, lamenting and encouraging him to be optimistic about the next day. He took heart, gathered together his partisans before it was yet light, and after indicating a signal to be used if it was necessary to fight, occupied the temple and the centre of the assembly-place on the Capitoline, where the voting was to take place. When he was obstructed by the tribunes and the rich, who would not allow the voting procedure on the law to begin, he gave the signal. A shout suddenly came from those who were in the secret and violence at once broke out. Some of Gracchus' supporters acted as a bodyguard to protect him, while others hitched up their clothing, snatched the rods and staves from the hands of the attendants, broke them in pieces, and drove the rich from the assembly. So great was the confusion and such the injuries that the tribunes deserted their places, the priests shut the temple, and large numbers of people ran wildly to escape. It was also erroneously alleged by some that Gracchus had deposed the other tribunes (a guess based on their invisibility), and by others that he was making himself tribune for the following year without election.

1.16 While this was happening the senate met in the temple of Fides. I am amazed that they never even thought of appointing a dictator, although they had often in crises of this sort found salvation in absolute power, and that the majority neither on that occasion, nor subsequently, so much as remembered this course of action which had proved most useful to their predecessors. After taking their decisions, they went up to the Capitol. The first among them, leading the way, was the chief priest, as he is called, Cornelius Scipio Nasica; he shouted that those who wanted to save their country should follow him, and threw the hem of his toga over his head. This may have been to induce more of them to accompany him by the distinctiveness of his dress, or to fashion for the onlookers some symbol of war like a helmet, or to hide from the gods his shame at what he proposed to do. When he came up to the sanctuary and rushed at the Gracchans, they gave way because they respected such a distinguished man and saw the senators following him; but the latter wrenched the staves from the very hands of the Gracchans, broke up the benches and other equipment which had been brought for an assembly, and struck and chased the Gracchans and drove them over the precipitous edges. In this rioting many of the Gracchans died, and Gracchus himself, trapped near the temple, was killed at the doorway beside the statues of the kings. All the bodies were thrown at night into the river.

1.17 Thus Gracchus, son of Gracchus who had been twice consul and of Cornelia, daughter of Scipio who had wrested supremacy from the Carthaginians, lost his life on the Capitol, while holding the office of tribune, as a result of an excellent scheme which he pushed forward by violent means. And this foul crime, the first perpetrated in the public assembly, was not the last, but from time to time something similar would always occur. The city was divided between grief and rejoicing at the murder of Gracchus, one group mourning for themselves and for him and for the present situation, which they saw not as ordered political life, but as violence and the rule of force, the others thinking that everything they had wished for had come about.

Reading 3.17 Plutarch, *Gaius Gracchus*

(Source: Scott-Kilvert, I. (trans.) (1988) *Makers of Rome, Nine Lives by Plutarch*, London: Penguin, pp.179–81, 182–83)

Gaius Gracchus

5 He now introduced a number of laws which he hoped would not only find favour with the people, but would also undermine the authority of the Senate. One of these concerned the public lands which he proposed to divide up among the poor citizens. Another related to the army, and laid it down that soldiers should be supplied with clothing at the public expense without any corresponding deduction being made from their pay, and that nobody should be conscripted below the age of seventeen. Yet another was devoted to the allies, and extended to the Italians the same voting rights as were already enjoyed by Roman citizens. A fourth dealt with supplies of grain and reduced the price at which it was to be sold to the poor, while the fifth regulated the appointment of jurymen. It was this law which did more than any other to reduce the power of the Senate. Up to this date only senators had been entitled to serve as jurors in criminal cases and it was this privilege above all which had made them feared both by the common people and by the equestrian order. The effect of Gaius's law was to add to the three hundred members of the Senate a further three hundred drawn from the equestrian order and to arrange that juries should be drawn from the whole six hundred. Gaius is said to have made even more strenuous efforts than usual to secure the passage of this law. But what was especially noticeable in his campaign was that, whereas in the past all popular leaders, whenever they rose to speak, had turned their faces to the right towards the Senate-house and the part of the Forum which is known as the Comitium, he now created a new precedent by turning, whenever he addressed the people, to the left towards the Forum proper, and he made a regular habit of this procedure. Thus, by a slight change of posture and deviation from the normal practice, he raised an issue of immense importance and in a sense transferred the whole character of Roman politics from an aristocratic to a democratic basis; for what his action really implied was that orators should address themselves to the people and not to the Senate.

6 The people not only passed this law, but also charged Gaius with the selection of the jurors who were to be drawn from the equestrian order, so that he found himself invested with almost monarchical powers, and even the Senate agreed to accept his advice. But whenever he gave this, it was always to support measures which reflected credit on that body, as for instance the extremely just and honourable resolution which was passed on the subject of the corn sent by Quintus Fabius the pro-praetor from Spain. Gaius prevailed upon the Senate to sell the corn and return the money to the cities which had originally supplied it, and, not content with this, he had Fabius censured for making the authority of Rome intolerably oppressive to a subject people. This decree, besides making Gaius popular, in the provinces, added greatly to his reputation.

He also introduced legislation which provided for the founding of colonies, the construction of roads, and the establishment of public granaries. He himself acted as director and supervisor of every project and never flagged for a moment in the execution of all these different and elaborate undertakings. On the contrary, he carried out each of them with an extraordinary speed and power of application, as if each concern were the only one he had to manage, so that even those who disliked and feared him most were amazed at his efficiency and his capacity to carry through every enterprise to which he set his hand. As for the people, the very sight of Gaius never failed to impress them, as they watched him attended by a host of contractors, craftsmen, ambassadors, magistrates, soldiers, and men of letters, all

of whom he handled with a courteous ease which enabled him to show kindness to all his associates without sacrificing his dignity, and to give every man the consideration that was his due. In this way he gave the clearest possible proof that those who had represented him as a tyrannical, overbearing, or violent man were uttering nothing but malicious slanders. He was in fact a more effective popular leader in his personal dealings with men and his handling of business than he was in his speeches from the rostra.

8 These services won him the wholehearted devotion of the people, and they were prepared to do almost anything in the world to show their goodwill. One day he mentioned in a speech that he intended to ask a favour of them, which he would value beyond words if they would grant it, though he would bear no ill will if they refused. Most people interpreted this as an allusion to the consulship, and expected that he would offer himself for election to the tribunate and the consulship at the same time. But when the consular elections were at hand and everyone was in a fever of anticipation that he would announce his candidature, he appeared leading Gaius Fannius into the Campus Martius and canvassed on his behalf together with Fannius's friends. This action turned the scale in Fannius's favour. He was duly elected consul and Gaius tribune for the second time, even though he had not presented himself as a candidate and did not campaign for office: he owed his election, in fact, entirely to the people's enthusiasm.

However, it soon became apparent that the Senate was uncompromisingly opposed to him, and when Fannius's goodwill also began to cool, Gaius devised a new-series of laws to rally the people to his side. In particular he proposed that new colonies should be founded at Tarentum and Capua and that the full rights and privileges of Roman citizens should now be extended to the Latins. It was at this point that the Senate, in their fear that Gracchus's influence would soon become irresistible, resorted to new and unconventional tactics in an effort to detach the people's support. They now adopted the method of competing with Gaius for the favour of the masses and granting their wishes regardless of the best interests of the state.

One of Gaius's colleagues in the tribunate was Livius Drusus. This was a man who possessed all the advantages of birth and upbringing, and who, in strength of character, in wealth, and oratorical power could compete with those who had raised themselves by such gifts to the highest and most honoured positions in the state. Accordingly, the aristocratic party approached him and invited him to attack Gaius and join forces with them in opposing him. Their plan was that he should on no account resort to violence nor risk any open clash with the people, but rather use his power to please them and grant concessions when it would have been more honourable to incur unpopularity by refusing them.

9 So Livius agreed to work for these objects and use his powers as tribune to serve the Senate's interests. He then proceeded to draw up laws which were neither creditable in themselves, nor beneficial to the community, since his sole object – like the rival demagogues in Aristophanes' comedy *The Knights* – was to outbid his opponent in flattering and gratifying the people. All this clearly indicated that the Senate did not disapprove of Gaius's policy in itself, but that it would stop at nothing to humiliate him personally and destroy him. Thus, for example, when Gaius introduced a measure to found two colonies, which were to be composed of the most reliable citizens, they accused him of trying to ingratiate himself with the people; but when Livius proposed to found twelve and send out three thousand of the poorest citizens to each, they approved his scheme wholeheartedly.

Reading 3.18 Appian 1.21–23

(Source: Carter, J. (trans.) (1966) *Appian, The Civil Wars*, London: Penguin, pp.12–14)

1.21 Even after this those who were in possession of the land put off its distribution on various pretexts for a long time. There was a proposal that all the allies, who were making the most vocal opposition over the land, should be enrolled as Roman citizens, so that out of gratitude for the greater favour they would no longer quarrel about the land. The Italians gladly accepted this, preferring the citizenship to their estates. Their most important ally by far in this scheme was Fulvius Flaccus, who was simultaneously consul and one of the land commissioners; but the senate resented the idea of giving their subjects political rights equal to their own, and so this attempt was abandoned and the populace, who had clung for so long to the hope of land, were in despair. Being in this frame of mind, they welcomed the candidature for the tribunate of one of the land commissioners, Gaius Gracchus, the younger brother of the author of the law, who had kept quiet for a long time after the disaster to his brother. Since many of the senators thought little of him, he put himself forward for election as a tribune. He was elected by a remarkable majority and immediately began to undermine the senate by making provision for the distribution to each citizen of a monthly grain ration, paid for from public funds – a practice never previously customary. Thus he quickly became the political leader of the people, with the support of Fulvius Flaccus. Immediately after this he was elected tribune for the following year also; for a law was already in existence that if there were not enough candidates the people could choose any Roman.

1.22 In this way, then, Gaius Gracchus became tribune for the second time; and exactly as he had the people in his pay, by another measure of this sort he became the leader of the equestrian class, whose status is intermediate between that of the senate and the people. He transferred the courts, which were suspect because of bribery, from the senators to the equestrians. He particularly castigated the former for some recent cases, in which Aurelius Cotta and Salinator and yet a third, Manius Aquillius the governor of Asia, had been acquitted by the jurors although they had clearly indulged in bribery and the delegations which had been sent to give evidence against them were still in Rome and going round stirring up ill-feeling by broadcasting the details. Extremely ashamed of this, the senate did not oppose the law, and the people ratified it. In this way the courts were transferred from the senate to the equestrians. It is reported that when the law had only just been passed Gracchus said that with one blow he had laid low the senate, and as its effects unfolded the truth of his assertion became ever more apparent. For the fact that the equestrians sat in judgement on all the Romans and Italians, and on the senators themselves, with the widest jurisdiction over property, civil rights, and exile, set them up as virtual rulers over the senators, who thus became no more than their subjects. At the elections the equestrians used to support the tribunes, and by getting in exchange from them whatever they wanted reached a point where the senators felt extremely threatened by them. Before long it came about that dominance in the state had been reversed, the senate possessing now only the prestige, but the equestrians the power. They went so far as not merely to exert influence, but openly and insultingly to abuse their power over the senators. They also took to accepting bribes, and having once tasted huge profits themselves indulged in them even more disgracefully and greedily. They set paid accusers on the wealthy, and by agreement amongst themselves and by the use of force did away with trials for bribery, so that the practice of operating this kind of safeguard fell into complete disuse, and the judiciary law gave rise to another factional

struggle, which lasted a long time and was no less severe than those which preceded it.

1.23 Gracchus also built long roads throughout Italy, putting a great number of contractors and workmen in his debt, ready to do his bidding, and he proposed the establishment of many colonies. He wished to confer on the Latins all the rights of Roman citizenship, arguing that the senate could not decently refuse them to their kinsmen. To the other allies, who were not allowed to cast a vote in the Roman assemblies, he proposed to give this privilege in future, so that they could help him in the voting on his laws. The senate was particularly alarmed at this, and instructed the consuls to make a proclamation that no non-voter should stay in Rome or approach within five miles of the city during the period when these laws were to be voted on. It prevailed on Livius Drusus, another one of the tribunes, to veto Gracchus' laws but not to tell the people his reasons (and there was no obligation for reasons to be given). The senators also authorized Drusus to conciliate the people by proposing twelve colonies, which so delighted them that they thought the laws put forward by Gracchus were contemptible.

Reading 3.19 Plutarch, *Life of Marius* 7–8

(Source: Warner, R. (trans.) (1972) *Fall of the Roman Republic, Six Lives by Plutarch*, London: Penguin, pp.18, 20)

[7] When Caecilius Metellus, as consul, was appointed commander-in-chief for the war against Jugurtha, he took Marius with him to Africa on his staff. Here, now that he had got the chance of a share in great actions and memorable battles, Marius, unlike the rest, took no trouble at all to increase the prestige of Metellus or to play up to him. It was not so much Metellus, he considered, who had appointed him an officer; rather it was Fortune who had presented him with a perfect opportunity, a great theatre in which to play an active part himself; and so he used it to give an exhibition of his military ability. It was a hard war, but he was not afraid of any undertaking, however great, and was not too proud to accept any task, however small. The advice he gave and his foresight into what was needed marked him out among the officers of his own rank, and he won the affection of the soldiers by showing that he could live as hard as they did and endure as much. Indeed it seems generally to be the case that our labours are eased when someone goes out of his way to share them with us; it has the effect of making the labour not seem forced. And what a Roman soldier likes most to see is his general eating his ration of bread with the rest, or sleeping on an ordinary bed, or joining in the work of digging a trench or raising a palisade. The commanders whom they admire are not so much those who distribute honours and riches as those who take a share in their hardships and their dangers; they have more affection for those who are willing to join in their work than for those who indulge them in going easy.

By these actions and in this way Marius won the hearts of the soldiers. First Libya and then Rome were soon full of his name and of his glory, and the men in the army wrote in their letters home that the African war could never be brought to a proper conclusion unless Marius were elected consul.

[8] ... After this Marius and Metellus were on terms of open hostility. It is said that on one occasion when Marius was present Metellus deliberately insulted him by saying, 'So you are going to abandon us, are you, my dear fellow? You intend to sail home and stand for the consulship? Wouldn't it be a better idea to wait until you can stand at the same time as this boy of mine?' (Metellus's son was at this time only a very young man.) Nevertheless Marius still pressed to be allowed to go, and, after many delays, about twelve days before the date of the consular elections, Metellus gave him leave. Marius completed the long journey from the camp to

Utica and the sea in two days and one night. Before he sailed he made a sacrifice, and the soothsayer is said to have told him that heaven had in store for him good fortune so great that it was beyond all belief and expectation. Encouraged by this prophecy he set sail, and with a following wind made the crossing in three days. His appearance was greeted with enthusiasm by the people. He was introduced to the assembly by one of the tribunes and, after making a number of damaging attacks on Metellus, he asked for the consulship, promising that he would either kill Jugurtha or capture him alive.

Reading 3.20 Sallust, *The Jugurthine War*, 85

(Source: Handford, S. A. (trans.) (1963) *Sallust, The Jugurthine War/The Conspiracy of Catiline*, London: Penguin, pp.120–22)

To live in luxury oneself while subjecting one's army to rigorous discipline is to act like a tyrant instead of a commander. It was by conduct such as I recommend that your ancestors won renown for themselves and for the state. Relying on that renown to shed a reflected glory on them, these noblemen, who are so different in character from those ancestors, despise us who emulate their virtues, and expect to receive all posts of honour at your hands, not because they deserve them, but as if they had a peculiar right to them. These proud men make a very big mistake. Their ancestors left them all they could – riches, portrait busts, and their own glorious memory. Virtue, they have not bequeathed to them, nor could they; for it is the only thing that no man can give to another or receive from another. They call me vulgar and unpolished, because I do not know how to put on an elegant dinner and do not have actors at my table or keep a cook who has cost me more than my farm overseer. All this, my fellow citizens, I am proud to admit. For I was taught by my father and other men of blameless life that while elegant graces befit a woman, a man's duty is to labour; that every good man should live for honour rather than for riches; that the weapons he carries in his hands, and not the furniture he keeps in his house, are the ornaments most worth having. Well then, let them continue to do what pleases them – the love-making and drinking that they set such store by; let them spend their old age as they spent their youth, in the pleasures of the table, the slaves of gluttony and lust. Let them leave the sweat, the dust, and the rest of it to us, to whom such things are better than a feast. But no: after covering themselves with infamy these rakes contrive to steal the rewards that are the due of honest men. Thus, in defiance of all justice, these foul vices of luxury and sloth are no hindrance to them in their careers; it is the innocent state that suffers ruin.

'Having said enough on that subject to defend my own character – though much less than their crimes deserve – I shall speak briefly of public affairs. In the first place, citizens, Numidia need cause you no anxiety. Hitherto Jugurtha has been saved from defeat by the greed, incompetence, or vanity of your generals; but you have now changed all this. Moreover you have an army there which knows the terrain, though its success has not been equal to its valiant efforts; for it has been gravely weakened by the corruption or rashness of its leaders. I therefore call upon all men of military age to co-operate with me in the service of our country. And no one need fear a repetition of the misfortunes which your comrades suffered under my arrogant predecessors. I shall be with you on the march and on the field of battle, to be your guide and to share your perils; and I shall claim no special privileges for myself. Rest assured that, with the gods' help, all the fruits of battle are ready to be plucked; victory, spoils, and glory await you – though even if these rewards were doubtful or remote, it would still be the duty of all patriots to rally to the aid of their fatherland. Cowardice will not enable a man to live for ever, and no parent ever prayed that his children might have immortality, but rather that they

might live virtuous and honourable lives. There is more that I might say, if faint-hearts could have courage put into them by words; for the brave, I think I have said quite enough.'

Satisfied that his speech had aroused the enthusiasm of the people, Marius hastened to load his ships with stores, money, arms, and other requisites, and ordered his lieutenant Aulus Manlius to set out with the convoy. Meanwhile he continued to sign on soldiers, not, in accordance with traditional custom, from the propertied classes, but accepting any man who volunteered – members of the proletariat for the most part. Some said he did this because he could not get enough of a better kind; others, that he wanted to curry favour with men of low condition, since he owed to them his fame and advancement. And indeed, if a man is ambitious for power, he can have no better supporters than the poor: they are not concerned about their own possessions, since they have none, and whatever will put something into their pockets is right and proper in their eyes. The result of this new method of enlistment was that Marius set sail with a force considerably larger than that authorized by the decree, and a few days later he put in to Utica, where the army already in Africa was handed over to him by the lieutenant Publius Rutilius; for Metellus had avoided meeting Marius, not wishing to see what he could not bear even to hear about.

Reading 3.21 Plutarch, *Life of Marius* 9

(Source: Warner, R. (trans.) (1972) *Fall of the Roman Republic, Six Lives by Plutarch*, London: Penguin, pp.20–21)

[9] He was triumphantly elected and at once began to raise troops. Contrary to law and custom he enrolled in his army poor men with no property qualifications, a class of people who used not to be accepted by commanders in the past, who gave arms, like other honours, only to those in the right income groups – the idea being that the possession of property guaranteed a man's loyalty to the state. But Marius made enemies in other ways than this; particularly in the violent speeches, full of contempt and arrogance, by which he offended the aristocracy. He had carried off the consulship, he would proclaim, as spoils of war from the effeminacy of the noble families and of the rich; and, he said, if he wanted to make an impression on the people, he would do it by showing the wounds on his own body rather than by an exhibition of sepulchral monuments or of other people's portraits. He would often refer by name to those generals who had come to grief in Libya (Bestia, for example, and Albinus), men of famous families, but unfortunate individuals, lacking in military ability, who had been defeated through want of experience; and he would ask his audience if they did not think that the ancestors of these people would have been more pleased to have had descendants like himself, seeing that they themselves had become famous not because of high birth but because of merit and noble deeds. These speeches of his were not mere exhibitionism. He was quite deliberately making himself hated by the upper classes, and the people, who were delighted when insulting language was used against the senate and who always measure the greatness of a man's spirit by his capacity to make much of himself in words, kept on encouraging him and urging him, if he wished to give pleasure to the masses, to show no mercy to important personages.

Reading 3.22 Appian 1.100

(Source: Carter, J. (trans.) (1966) *Appian, The Civil Wars*, London, Penguin, pp.55–56)

1.100 In a show of observing the traditional constitution Sulla permitted the people to vote for consuls, and Marcus Tullius and Cornelius Dolabella were elected. He

himself, as dictator, was like a king over them: the axes were carried in front of him, twenty-four for a dictator, the same number that preceded the old kings, and he surrounded himself with a large bodyguard. He repealed some laws and passed others, and he prohibited anyone from holding the praetorship before he had been quaestor, or holding the consulship before he had been praetor, or from holding the same office again before ten years had elapsed. He virtually abolished the tribunate of the people, enfeebling it and barring a tribune by law from holding any other office afterwards. For this reason those who laid claim to family or reputation avoided the office in future. I cannot say for sure whether it was Sulla who took the tribunician elections from the people and gave them to the senate, which is the present position. Because the senate had been much reduced in numbers by the civil disturbances and the wars, he enlarged it by adding to its membership about 300 from the most respected of the equestrians, taking a vote on each in the tribal assembly.

Reading 3.23 Cicero, *Marcus Caelius*

(Source: Grant, M. (trans.) (1987) *Selected Political Speeches of Cicero*, London: Penguin, pp.183–86, 187, 193–95)

Here is the first story: Caelius needed gold, took it from Clodia, took it without witnesses, kept it as long as he wanted to. A demonstration, you will tell me, that the two of them were remarkably intimate! The second story goes like this: he proposed to kill her, he procured poison, bribed collaborators, made the necessary arrangements, fixed a place, conveyed the poison there. Evidence, this time, of a violent rupture and overwhelming hatred!

Gentlemen, the whole of the case revolves round Clodia. She is a woman of noble birth; but she also has a notorious reputation. My observations about this lady will be limited to what is necessary to refute the charge. ... Indeed, my refutation would be framed in considerably more forcible terms if I did not feel inhibited by the fact that the woman's husband – sorry, I mean brother, I always make that slip – is my personal enemy. Since that is the situation, however, my language will be as moderate as I can make it, and I will go no farther than my conscience and the nature of the action render unavoidable. And indeed I never imagined I should have to engage in quarrels with women, much less with a woman who has always been widely regarded as having no enemies since she so readily offers intimacy in all directions.

However, there it is; and I shall begin by asking her a question. Does she prefer me to deal with her according to the stern, severe tradition of ancient times, or in a light-hearted, mild and civilized fashion instead?

If in the bleak old manner and style, then I must call up from the dead one of those personages with heavy beards – not the modern sort of neat little beard which she is so keen on, but the bristling kind that we see on antique statues and busts – to reprimand the woman and speak to her in my place (which has the advantage of directing her fury away from myself). So let me conjure up, then, some member of her own family. And why not the venerable Appius Claudius the Blind – who will suffer less than anybody else because he will not be able to see her?

If he returned to the scene, I imagine this is how he would treat her and what he would say. 'Woman, what business have you with Caelius, who is little more than a boy, and is none of yours? Why have you formed such a close friendship with him that you lend him gold, or such a deep enmity that you are afraid of poison? Did you not know, from what you have seen, that your father, and from what you have heard that your uncle, your grandfather, your great-grandfather, your great-great-grandfather, and your great-great-great-grandfather were all consuls? And did you

not recall that you had lately been married to Quintus Metellus, a notable, courageous and patriotic man who only had to set foot out of doors to outshine almost all his fellow-citizens in merit, glory and rank? When your marriage had transferred you from one illustrious house to another, what induced you to form so intimate a link with Caelius? Was he, by any chance, a blood-relative, or a marriage connexion, or a close friend of your husband? He was none of these things. What other reason, then, could there be except sheer uncontrollable lust?

'If the statues of the menfolk of our house did not stir your better feelings, were you not aware of promptings from my female descendant, the celebrated Quinta Claudia, to rival her glorious achievement which added to the renown of our House? Did you derive no inspiration from the noble Vestal Virgin Claudia, who during her father's Triumph gripped him tight and did not suffer him to be dragged down out of his chariot by a hostile tribune of the people? Why did you let the vices of your brother influence you more than the virtues of your father and your ancestors – virtues that have reappeared again and again ever since my own time, not only among the men of our family but among the women as well? Did I tear up that bargain with Pyrrhus merely in order that you should drive some disgusting sexual bargain every day? Did I bring water to Rome only that you should have something to wash yourself with after your impure copulations? Was the sole purpose of my Road that you should parade up and down it escorted by a crowd of other women's husbands?'

But I wonder why I introduced this personage at all: for his austere methods might seem to raise a dangerous possibility of the selfsame Appius suddenly turning round and using that famous censor's strictness on my client as well! However, that is a point which I shall be seeing to later on. And when I do, gentlemen, I am quite certain I shall be able to defend Marcus Caelius' way of life even to the sternest of judges ...

... I propose to dismiss that harsh, almost rustic old gentleman, and instead to take one of these modern young men. Indeed, I shall take your own youngest brother. His taste in that kind of thing is unerring. Besides, he loves you very much, and when he was a little boy suffered, I presume, from nerves and baseless night terrors since he always went to bed with you, his elder sister ...

... Surely that notorious neighbourhood on the Palatine gives us a whiff of what the true facts are. Popular rumour clearly has something to tell us – and so does Baiae. Yes, Baiae does not simply tell us a tale, but rings with the report that there is one woman so deeply sunk in her vicious depravities that she no longer even bothers to seek privacy and darkness and the usual veil of discretion to cover her lusts. On the contrary, she actually exults in displaying the most foully lecherous goings on amid the widest publicity and in the glaring light of day.

All the same, if anyone thinks young men ought to be forbidden affairs even with prostitutes, he is certainly very austere (that I would not deny), but he is out of touch with our present permissive age. Indeed, he is also not in harmony with the customs of our ancestors, and the allowances which even in those times people were quite accustomed to make. For name any epoch when this was not invariably the case. When was such behaviour ever censured or forbidden? When was the permitted thing not permitted?

I will just propound a general theme, without mentioning any particular woman by name – that much I will leave open. If a woman who has no husband throws open her home to every debauchee and publicly leads the life of a whore; if she makes a habit of being entertained by men who are total strangers; if she pursues this mode of existence in the city, in her own gardens, among all the crowds at Baiae; if, in fact, she behaves in such a way that not only her general demeanour but also her dress and associates, her hot eyes and uninhibited language, her

embraces and kisses, her beach parties and water parties and dinner parties, all show that she is not only a prostitute but a lewd and depraved prostitute at that; if a young man should happen to be found in the company of such a woman, then surely, Lucius Herennius, you would agree that this was not so much adultery as just plain sex – not an outrage to chastity, but mere satisfaction of appetite.

I am forgetting the injuries you have done me, Clodia. I am brushing aside the memory of what I suffered. Your cruel actions to my family while I was away I am deliberately not taking into account. And do not, please, suppose that what I have been saying was directed against yourself. However, since the prosecutors claim that you are the source of this charge and prepared to give evidence in its support, I am obliged to address to you one single question in your own person. What I ask you is this – if ever there *did* exist a woman of the type I have just described, bearing no resemblance to yourself, with the life and habits of a harlot, would you consider it very scandalous or wicked that a young man should have had some relationship with her?

Reading 3.24 Tony Harrison, 'Book Ends' II

(Source: Harrison, T. (1981) 'Book Ends' in *50 Sonnets from the School of Eloquence*, London: Rex Collings, p.73)

II

Though my mother was already two years dead
Dad kept her slippers warming by the gas,
put hot water bottles her side of the bed
and still went to renew her transport pass.

You couldn't just drop in. You had to phone.
He'd put you off an hour to give him time
to clear away her things and look alone
as though his still raw love were such a crime.

He couldn't risk my blight of disbelief
though sure that very soon he'd hear her key
scrape in the rusted lock and end his grief.
He *knew* she'd just popped out to get the tea.

I believe life ends with death, and that is all.
You haven't both gone shopping; just the same,
in my new black leather phone book there's your name
and the disconnected number I still call.

Reading 3.25 Horace, *Delicta maiorum* (English/Latin)

(Source: Shepherd, W. G. (trans.) (1983) *Horace: The Complete Odes and Epodes*, London: Penguin, pp.138–40; Bennett, C. E. (trans.) (1978) *Horace, the Odes and Epodes*, Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press and London, Heinemann)

(a) Odes Book III

6 *Delicta maiorum*

Though innocent you shall atone for the crimes
of your fathers, Roman, until you have restored
the temples and crumbling shrines of the Gods
and their statues grimy with smoke.

Acknowledge the rule of the Gods – and rule:
hence all things begin, to this ascribe the outcome.
Contemned, the Gods have visited many
evils on grieving Hesperia.

Already twice Monaeses and Pacorus' band
have crushed our ill-starred offensive
and preen themselves on having added
Roman spoils to their paltry gauds.

10

Our city busied with sedition has almost
suffered destruction by Egypt allied to Dacia,
the former renowned for her fleet, the latter
rather for hurtling arrows.

Teeming with sin, the times have sullied
first marriage, our children, our homes:
sprung from that source disaster has whelmed
our fatherland and our people.

20

The grown girl loves to be taught to be
artful and dance oriental dances,
obsessed to her dainty fingernails
with illicit amours.

She sniffs out young philand'ers at her
husband's feast, nor is she nice to choose
to whom she (hurriedly) grants her favours
when the lamps are removed,

but brazenly stands when called – with her
husband's assent – though some travelling
salesman or Spanish ship's captain
may be the agent of Shame.

30

The generation that dyed the Punic
sea with blood and laid low Pyrrhus,
Antiochus and Hannibal was not born
of parents such as these,

but of manly comrades, yeoman soldiers
taught to turn the soil with Sabine hoes
and carry cut firewood at a strict
mother's bidding when the Sun

40

advanced the shadows of the hills
and lifted the yokes from weary steers,
his departing chariot leading in
the hours of comfort.

What does corrupting time not diminish?
Our grandparents brought forth feebler heirs;
we are further degenerate; and soon will beget
progeny yet more wicked.

(b) Carminum Liber III

VI

Delicta maiorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris
aedesque labentes deorum et
foeda nigro simulacra fumo.

dis te minorem quod geris, imperas:
hinc omne principium; huc refer exitum.
di multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiae mala luctuosae.

iam bis Monaeses et Pacori manus
non auspicatos contudit impetus
nostros et adiecisse praedam
torquibus exiguis renidet.

10

paene occupatam seditionibus
delevit urbem Dacus et Aethiops,
hic classe formidatus, ille
missilibus melior sagittis.

fecunda culpa saecula nuptias
primum inquinavere et genus et domos:
hoc fonte derivata clades
in patriam populumque fluxit.

20

motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
matura virgo et fingitur artibus
iam nunc et incestos amores
de tenero meditatur ungui.

mox iuniores quaerit adulteros
inter mariti vina, neque eligit
cui donet impermissa raptim
gaudia luminibus remotis,

sed iussa coram non sine conscio
surgit marito, seu vocat institor
seu navis Hispanae magister,
dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

30

non his iuventus orta parentibus
infecit aequor sanguine Punico
Pyrrhumque et ingentem cecidit
Antiochum Hannibalemque dirum;

sed rusticorum mascula militum
proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
versare glaebas et severae
matris ad arbitrium recisos

40

portare fustes, Sol ubi montium
mutaret umbras et iuga demeret
bobus fatigatis, amicum
tempus agens abeunte curru.

damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
aetas parentum, peior avis, tulit
nos nequiores, mox daturos
progeniem vitiosiore.

Reading 3.26 Tennyson, 'In Quantity – Milton'

(Source: Tennyson, Lord A., 'In Quantity – Milton' (1863) http://www.everypoet.com/archive/poetry/Tennyson/tennyson_contents_in_quantity_milton.htm, accessed 8 February 2006)

Alcaics

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages;
Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,
Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
Rings to the roar of an angel onset –
Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuse and cedar arches
Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
Where some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
And crimson-hued the stately palmwoods
Whisper in odorous heights of even.

Reading 3.27 Shelley, 'Adonais'

(Source: Shelley, P.B. , 'Adonais' (1821) http://etext.library.adelaide.edu.au/s/shelley/percy_bysshe/s54cp/section81.html, accessed 8 February 2006)

ADONAI

I weep for Adonais – he is dead!
O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow, say: 'With me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!'

2

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies,

5

10

15

With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of Death.

Reading 3.28 Thomas Gray, 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard'

(Source: Gray, T. 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard' (1751) <http://www.bartleby.com/101/453.html>, accessed 8 February 2006)

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, 5
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain 10
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Reading 3.29 Sextus Propertius, *Elegies*

(Source: Katz, V. (trans.) (2004) *The Complete Elegies of Sextus Propertius*, Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, pp.104–05)

II.vii

Gauisa est certe sublatam Cynthia legem,
qua quondam edicta flemus uterque diu,
ni nos diuideret: quamuis diducere amantis
non queat inuitos Iuppiter ipse duos.
'At magnus Caesar.' sed magnus Caesar in armis: 5
deuictae gentes nil in amore ualent.
nam citius paterer caput hoc discedere collo
quam possem nuptae perdere more faces,
aut ego transirem tua limina clausa maritus,
respiciens udis prodita luminibus. 10
a mea tum qualis caneret tibi tibia somnos,
tibia, funesta tristior illa tuba!
unde mihi patriis natos praebere triumphis?
nullus de nostro sanguine miles erit.
quod si uera meae comitarem castra puellae, 15
non mihi sat magnus Castoris iret equus.
hinc etenim tantum meruit mea gloria nomen,
gloria ad hibernos lata Borysthenidas.
tu mihi sola places: placeam tibi, Cynthia, solus:
hic erit et patrio sanguine pluris amor. 20

Translation

2.7

Cynthia delights, certainly, that the law has been lifted,
those edicts we once cried so much over,
afraid they'd separate us, although Jupiter himself
is unable to divide two unwilling lovers.

'But Caesar is great.' But Caesar is great in war:
conquered nations are worth nothing in love.
I would sooner allow my head to be severed from my neck
than I'd bear wasting torches at some bride's command
or passing your bolted gate, a married man,
looking back with wet eyes at what I'd lost.
Ah, then what dirges my flute would sing for you,
flute, even sadder than the general bugle!

Where will I get sons to offer for triumphs of the state?
None from my blood will be a soldier.
But if I were lodging in real camps – my girl's –
Castor's great horse wouldn't go fast enough for me.
My glory from this service has earned my fame,
glory far and wide to northern Borysthenis.
You alone please me: may I alone, Cynthia, please you:
this love will be worth much more than the blood of my fathers.

Reading 3.30 Virgil, *Aeneid* 1.1–11 and Book 4

(Source: West, D. (trans.) (1991) *Virgil: The Aeneid, A New Prose Translation*, London: Penguin, pp.3, 80–103)

1 Storm and banquet

I sing of arms and of the man, fated to be an exile, who long since left the land of Troy and came to Italy to the shores of Lavinium; and a great pounding he took by land and sea at the hands of the heavenly gods because of the fierce and unforgetting anger of Juno. Great too were his sufferings in war before he could found his city and carry his gods into Latium. This was the beginning of the Latin race, the Alban fathers and the high walls of Rome. Tell me, Muse, the causes of her anger. How did he violate the will of the Queen of the Gods? What was his offence? Why did she drive a man famous for his piety to such endless hardship and such suffering? Can there be so much anger in the hearts of the heavenly gods?

4 Dido

But the queen had long since been suffering from love's deadly wound, feeding it with her blood and being consumed by its hidden fire. Again and again there rushed into her mind thoughts of the great valour of the man and the high glories of his line. His features and the words he had spoken had pierced her heart and love gave her body no peace or rest. The next day's dawn was beginning to traverse the earth with the lamp of Phoebus' sunlight and had moved the dank shadow of night from the sky when she spoke these words from the depths of her affliction to her loved and loving sister: 'O Anna, what fearful dreams I have as I lie there between sleeping and waking! What a man is this who has just come as a stranger into our house! What a look on his face! What courage in his heart! What a warrior! I do believe, and I am sure it is true, he is descended from the gods. If there is any baseness in a man, it shows as cowardice. Oh how cruelly he has been

hounded by the Fates! And did you hear him tell what a bitter cup of war he has had to drain? If my mind had not been set and immovably fixed against joining any man in the bonds of marriage ever since death cheated me of my first love, if I were not so utterly opposed to the marriage torch and bed, this is the one temptation to which I could possibly have succumbed. I will admit it, Anna, ever since the death of my poor husband Sychaeus, since my own brother spilt his blood and polluted the gods of our home, this is the only man who has stirred my feelings and moved my mind to waver: I sense the return of the old fires. But I would pray that the earth open to its depths and swallow me or that the All-powerful Father of the Gods blast me with his thunderbolt and hurl me down to the pale shades of Erebus and its bottomless night before I go against my conscience and rescind its laws. The man who first joined himself to me has carried away all my love. He shall keep it for himself, safe in his grave.'

The tears came when she had finished speaking, and streamed down upon her breast. But Anna replied: 'O sister, dearer to me than the light of life, are you going to waste away, living alone and in mourning all the days of your youth, without knowing the delight of children and the rewards of love? Do you believe this is what the dead care about when they are buried in the grave? Since your great sadness you have paid no heed to any man in Libya, or before that in Tyre. You have rejected Iarbas and other chiefs bred in Africa, this rich home of triumphant warriors. Will you now resist even a love your heart accepts? Have you forgotten what sort of people these are in whose land you have settled? On the one side you are beset by invincible Gaetulians, by Numidians, a race not partial to the bridle, and the inhospitable Syrtes; on the other, waterless desert and fierce raiders from Barca. I do not need to tell you about the war being raised against you in Tyre and your brother's threats. I for my part believe that it is with the blessing of the gods and the favour of Juno that the Trojan ships have held course here through the winds. Just think, O my sister, what a city and what a kingdom you will see rising here if you are married to such a man! To what a pinnacle of glory will Carthage be raised if Trojans are marching at our side! You need only ask the blessing of the gods and prevail upon them with sacrifices. Indulge your guest. Stitch together some reasons to keep him here while stormy seas and the downpours of Orion are exhausting their fury, while his ships are in pieces and it is no sky to sail under.'

With these words Anna lit a fire of wild love in her sister's breast. Where there had been doubt she gave hope and Dido's conscience was overcome. First they approached the shrines and went round the altars asking the blessing of the gods. They picked out yearling sheep, as ritual prescribed, and sacrificed them to Ceres the Lawgiver, to Phoebus Apollo, to Bacchus the Releaser and above all to Juno, the guardian of the marriage bond. Dido in all her beauty would hold a sacred dish in her right hand and would pour wine from it between the horns of a white cow or she would walk in state to richly smoking altars before the faces of the gods, renewing her offerings all day long, and when the bellies of the victims were opened she would stare into their breathing entrails to read the signs. But priests, as we know, are ignorant. What use are prayers and shrines to a passionate woman? The flame was eating the soft marrow of her bones and the wound lived quietly under her breast. Dido was on fire with love and wandered all over the city in her misery and madness like a wounded deer which a shepherd hunting in the woods of Crete has caught off guard, striking her from long range with steel-tipped shaft; the arrow flies and is left in her body without his knowing it; she runs away over all the wooded slopes of Mount Dicte, and sticking in her side is the arrow that will bring her death.

Sometimes she would take Aeneas through the middle of Carthage, showing him the wealth of Sidon and the city waiting for him, and she would be on the

point of speaking her mind to him but checked the words on her lips. Sometimes, as the day was ending, she would call for more feasting and ask in her infatuation to hear once more about the sufferings of Troy and once more she would hang on his lips as he told the story. Then, after they had parted, when the fading moon was dimming her light and the setting stars seemed to speak of sleep, alone and wretched in her empty house she would cling to the couch Aeneas had left. There she would lie long after he had gone and she would see him and hear him when he was not there for her to see or hear. Or she would keep back Ascanius and take him on her knee, overcome by the likeness to his father, trying to beguile the love she could not declare. The towers she was building ceased to rise. Her men gave up the exercise of war and were no longer busy at the harbours and fortifications making them safe from attack. All the work that had been started, the threatening ramparts of the great walls and the cranes soaring to the sky, all stood idle.

As soon as Saturnian Juno, the dear wife of Jupiter, realized that Dido was infected by this sickness and that passion was sweeping away all thought for her reputation, she went and spoke to Venus: 'You are covering yourselves with glory. These are the supreme spoils you are bringing home, you and that boy of yours – and what a noble and notable specimen of the divine he is – one woman has been overthrown by the arts of two gods! I do not fail to see that you have long been afraid of our walls and looked askance at the homes of lofty Carthage. But how is this going to end? Where is all this rivalry going to lead us now? Why do we not instead agree to arrange a marriage and live at peace for ever? You have achieved what you have set your whole heart on: Dido is passionately in love and the madness is working through her bones. So let us make one people of them and share authority equally over them. Let us allow her to become the slave of a Phrygian husband and to hand over her Tyrians to you as a dowry!'

Venus realized this was all pretence in order to divert the empire of Italy to the shores of Libya, and made this response to the Queen of Heaven: 'Who would be so insane as to reject such an offer and choose instead to contend with you in war? If only a happy outcome could attend the plan you describe! But I am at the mercy of the Fates and do not know whether Jupiter would wish there to be one city for the Tyrians and those who have come from Troy or whether he would approve the merging of their peoples and the making of alliances. You are his wife. It could not be wrong for you to approach him with prayers and test his purpose. You proceed and I shall follow.'

'That will be my task,' replied Juno. 'But now listen and I shall explain in a few words how the first part of the plan may be carried out. Aeneas and poor Dido are preparing to go hunting together in the forest as soon as tomorrow's sun first rises and the rays of the Titan unveil the world. When the beaters are scurrying about and putting nets round copses, I shall pour down a dark storm of rain and hail on them and shake the whole sky with thunder. Their companions will run away and be lost to sight in a pall of darkness. Dido and the leader of the Trojans will both take refuge in the same cave. I shall be there, and if your settled will is with me in this, I shall join them in lasting marriage and make her his. This will be their wedding.' This was what Juno asked and Venus of Cythera did not refuse her but nodded in assent. She saw through the deception and laughed.

Meanwhile Aurora rose from the ocean and when her light came up into the sky, a picked band of men left the gates of Carthage carrying nets, wide-meshed and fine-meshed, and broad-bladed hunting spears, and with them came Massylian horsemen at the gallop and packs of keen-scented hounds. The queen was lingering in her chamber and the Carthaginian leaders waited at her door. There, resplendent in its purple and gold, stood her loud-hoofed, high-mettled horse champing its foaming bit. She came at last with a great entourage thronging round

her. She was wearing a Sidonian cloak with an embroidered hem. Her quiver was of gold. Gold was the clasp that gathered up her hair and her purple tunic was fastened with a golden brooch. Nor was the Trojan company slow to move forward, Ascanius with them in high glee. Aeneas himself marched at their head, the most splendid of them all, as he brought his men to join the queen's. He was like Apollo leaving his winter home in Lycia and the waters of the river Xanthus to visit his mother at Delos, there to start the dancing again, while all around the altars gather noisy throngs of Cretans and Dryopes and painted Agathyrsians; the god himself strides the ridges of Mount Cynthus, his streaming hair caught up and shaped into a soft garland of green and twined round a band of gold, and the arrows sound on his shoulders – with no less vigour moved Aeneas and his face shone with equal radiance and grace. When they had climbed high into the mountains above the tracks of men where the animals make their lairs, suddenly some wild goats were disturbed on the top of a crag and came running down from the ridge. Then on the other side there were deer running across the open plain. They had gathered into a herd and were raising the dust as they left the high ground far behind them. Down in the middle of the valley young Ascanius was riding a lively horse and revelling in it, galloping past the deer and the goats and praying that among these flocks of feeble creatures he could come across a foaming boar or that a tawny lion would come down from the mountains.

While all this was happening a great rumble of thunder began to stir in the sky. Down came the rain and the hail, and Tyrian huntsmen, men of Troy and Ascanius of the line of Dardanus and grandson of Venus, scattered in fright all over the fields, making for shelter as rivers of water came rushing down the mountains. Dido and the leader of the Trojans took refuge together in the same cave. The sign was first given by Earth and by Juno as matron of honour. Fires flashed and the heavens were witness to the marriage while nymphs wailed on the mountain tops. This day was the beginning of her death, the first cause of all her sufferings. From now on Dido gave no thought to appearance or her good name and no longer kept her love as a secret in her own heart, but called it marriage, using the word to cover her guilt.

Rumour did not take long to go through the great cities of Libya. Of all the ills there are, Rumour is the swiftest. She thrives on movement and gathers strength as she goes. From small and timorous beginnings she soon lifts herself up into the air, her feet still on the ground and her head hidden in the clouds. They say she is the last daughter of Mother Earth who bore her in rage against the gods, a sister for Coeus and Enceladus. Rumour is quick of foot and swift on the wing, a huge and horrible monster, and under every feather of her body, strange to tell, there lies an eye that never sleeps, a mouth and a tongue that are never silent and an ear always pricked. By night she flies between earth and sky, squawking through the darkness, and never lowers her eyelids in sweet sleep. By day she keeps watch perched on the tops of gables or on high towers and causes fear in great cities, holding fast to her lies and distortions as often as she tells the truth. At that time she was taking delight in plying the tribes with all manner of stories, fact and fiction mixed in equal parts: how Aeneas the Trojan had come to Carthage and the lovely Dido had thought fit to take him as her husband; how they were even now indulging themselves and keeping each other warm the whole winter through, forgetting about their kingdoms and becoming the slaves of lust. When the foul goddess had spread this gossip all around on the lips of men, she then steered her course to king Iarbas to set his mind alight and fuel his anger.

Jupiter had ravished a Garamantian nymph and Iarbas was his son. Over his broad realm he had erected a hundred huge temples to the god and set up a hundred altars on which he had consecrated ever-burning fires to keep undying

holy vigil, enriching the earth with the blood of slaughtered victims and draping the doors with garlands of all kinds of flowers. Iarbas, they say, was driven out of his mind with anger when he heard this bitter news. Coming into the presence of the gods before their altars in a passion of rage, he offered up prayer upon prayer to Jupiter, raising his hands palms upward in supplication: 'Jupiter All-powerful, who now receives libations of wine from the Moorish people feasting on their embroidered couches, do you see all this? Or are we fools to be afraid of you, Father, when you hurl your thunderbolts? Are they unaimed, these fires in the clouds that cow our spirits? Is there no meaning in the murmur of your thunder? This woman was wandering about our land and we allowed her at a price to found her little city. We gave her a piece of shore to plough and laid down the laws of the place for her and she has spurned our offer of marriage and taken Aeneas into her kingdom as lord and master, and now this second Paris, with eunuchs in attendance and hair dripping with perfume and Maeonian bonnet tied under his chin, is enjoying what he has stolen while we bring gifts to temples we think are yours and keep warm with our worship the reputation of a useless god.'

As Iarbas prayed these prayers with his hand on the altar, the All-powerful god heard him and turned his eyes towards the royal city and the lovers who had lost all recollection of their good name. Then he spoke to Mercury and gave him these instructions: 'Up with you, my son. Call for the Zephyrs, glide down on your wings and speak to the Trojan leader who now lingers in Tyrian Carthage without a thought for the cities granted him by the Fates. Take these words of mine down to him through the swift winds and tell him that this is not the man promised us by his mother, the loveliest of the goddesses. It was not for this that she twice rescued him from the swords of the Greeks. She told us he would be the man to rule an Italy pregnant with empire and clamouring for war, passing the high blood of Teucer down to his descendants and subduing the whole world under his laws. If the glory of such a destiny does not fire his heart, if he does not strive to win fame for himself, ask him if he grudges the citadel of Rome to his son Ascanius. What does he have in mind? What does he hope to achieve dallying among a hostile people and sparing not a thought for the Lavinian fields and his descendants yet to be born in Ausonia? He must sail. That is all there is to say. Let that be our message.'

Jupiter had finished speaking and Mercury prepared to obey the command of his mighty father. First of all he fastened on his feet the golden sandals whose wings carry him high above land and sea as swiftly as the wind. Then, taking the rod which summons pale spirits out of Orcus or sends them down to gloomy Tartarus, which gives sleep and takes it away and opens the eyes of men in death, he drove the winds before him and floated through the turbulent clouds till in his flight he saw the crest and steep flanks of Atlas whose rocky head props up the sky. This is the Atlas whose head, covered in pine trees and beaten by wind and rain, never loses its dark cap of cloud. The snow falls upon his shoulders and lies there, then rivers of water roll down the old man's chin and his bristling beard is stiff with ice. This is where Mercury the god of Mount Cyllene first landed, fanning out his wings to check his flight. From here he let his weight take him plummeting to the wave tops, like a bird skimming the sea as it flies along the shore, among the rocks where it finds the fish. So flew the Cyllenian god between earth and sky to the sandy beaches of Libya, cleaving the winds as he swooped down from the mountain that had fathered his own mother, Maia.

As soon as his winged feet touched the roof of a Carthaginian hut, he caught sight of Aeneas laying the foundations of the citadel and putting up buildings. His sword was studded with yellow stars of jasper, and glowing with Tyrian purple there hung from his shoulders a rich cloak given him by Dido into which she had woven a fine cross-thread of gold. Mercury wasted no time: 'So now you are laying

foundations for the high towers of Carthage and building a splendid city to please your wife? Have you entirely forgotten your own kingdom and your own destiny? The ruler of the gods himself, by whose divine will the heavens and the earth revolve, sends me down from bright Olympus and bids me bring these commands to you through the swift winds. What do you have in mind? What do you hope to achieve by idling your time away in the land of Libya? If the glory of such a destiny does not fire your heart, spare a thought for Ascanius as he grows to manhood, for the hopes of this Iulus who is your heir. You owe him the land of Rome and the kingdom of Italy.'

No sooner had these words passed the lips of the Cyllenian god than he disappeared from mortal view and faded far into the insubstantial air. But the sight of him left Aeneas dumb and senseless. His hair stood on end with horror and the voice stuck in his throat. He longed to be away and leave behind him this land he had found so sweet. The warning, the command from the gods, had struck him like a thunderbolt. But what, oh what, was he to do? What words dare he use to approach the queen in all her passion? How could he begin to speak to her? His thoughts moved swiftly now here, now there, darting in every possible direction and turning to every possible event, and as he pondered, this seemed to him a better course of action: he called Mnestheus, Sergestus and brave Serestus and ordered them to fit out the fleet and tell no one, to muster the men on the shore with their equipment at the ready, and keep secret the reason for the change of plan. In the meantime, since the good queen knew nothing and the last thing she expected was the shattering of such a great love, he himself would try to make approaches to her and find the kindest time to speak and the best way to handle the matter. They were delighted to receive their orders and carried them out immediately.

But the queen – who can deceive a lover? – knew in advance some scheme was afoot. Afraid where there was nothing to fear, she was the first to catch wind of their plans to leave, and while she was already in a frenzy, that same wicked Rumour brought word that the Trojans were fitting out their fleet and preparing to sail away. Driven to distraction and burning with passion, she raged and raved round the whole city like a Bacchant stirred by the shaking of the sacred emblems and roused to frenzy when she hears the name of Bacchus at the biennial orgy and the shouting on Mount Cithaeron calls to her in the night. At last she went to Aeneas, and before he could speak, she cried: 'You traitor, did you imagine you could do this and keep it secret? Did you think you could slip away from this land of mine and say nothing? Does our love have no claim on you? Or the pledge your right hand once gave me? Or the prospect of Dido dying a cruel death? Why must you move your fleet in these winter storms and rush across the high seas into the teeth of the north wind? You are heartless. Even if it were not other people's fields and some home unknown you were going to, if old Troy were still standing, would any fleet set sail even for Troy in such stormy seas? Is it me you are running away from? I beg you, by these tears, by the pledge you gave me with your own right hand – I have nothing else left me now in my misery – I beg you by our union, by the marriage we have begun – if I have deserved any kindness from you, if you have ever loved anything about me, pity my house that is falling around me, and I implore you, if it is not too late for prayers, give up this plan of yours. I am hated because of you by the peoples of Libya and the Numidian kings. My own Tynans are against me. Because of you I have lost all conscience and self-respect and have thrown away the good name I once had, my only hope of reaching the stars. My guest is leaving me to my fate and I shall die. "Guest" is the only name I can now give the man who used to be my husband. What am I waiting for? For my brother Pygmalion to come and raze my city to the ground? For the Gaetulian Iarbas to drag me off in chains? Oh if only you had given me a child before you abandoned

me! If only there were a little Aeneas to play in my palace! In spite of everything his face would remind me of yours and I would not feel utterly betrayed and desolate.'

She had finished speaking. Remembering the warnings of Jupiter, Aeneas did not move his eyes and struggled to fight down the anguish in his heart. At last he spoke these few words: 'I know, O queen, you can list a multitude of kindnesses you have done me. I shall never deny them and never be sorry to remember Dido while I remember myself, while my spirit still governs this body. Much could be said. I shall say only a little. It never was my intention to be deceitful or run away without your knowing, and do not pretend that it was. Nor have I ever offered you marriage or entered into that contract with you. If the Fates were leaving me free to live my own life and settle all my cares according to my own wishes, my first concern would be to tend the city of Troy and my dear ones who are still alive. The lofty palace of Priam would still be standing and with my own hands I would have built a new citadel at Pergamum for those who have been defeated. But now Apollo of Gryneum has commanded me to claim the great land of Italy and "Italy" is the word on the lots cast at his Lycian oracle. That is my love, and that is my homeland. You are a Phoenician from Asia and you care for the citadel of Carthage and love the very sight of this city in Libya; what objection can there be to Trojans settling in the land of Ausonia? How can it be a sin if we too look for distant kingdoms. Every night when the earth is covered in mist and darkness, every time the burning stars rise in the sky, I see in my dreams the troubled spirit of my father Anchises coming to me with warnings and I am afraid. I see my son Ascanius and think of the wrong I am doing him, cheating him of his kingdom in Hesperia and the lands the Fates have decreed for him. And now even the messenger of the gods has come down through the swift winds – I swear it by the lives of both of us – and brought commands from Jupiter himself. With my own eyes I have seen the god in the clear light of day coming within the walls of your city. With my own ears I have listened to his voice. Do not go on causing distress to yourself and to me by these complaints. It is not by my own will that I still search for Italy.'

All the time he had been speaking she was turned away from him, but looking at him, speechless and rolling her eyes, taking in every part of him. At last she replied on a blaze of passion: 'You are a traitor. You are not the son of a goddess and Dardanus was not the first founder of your family. It was the Caucasus that fathered you on its hard rocks and Hyrcanian tigers offered you their udders. Why should I keep up a pretence? Why should I keep myself in check in order to endure greater suffering in the future? He did not sigh when he saw me weep. He did not even turn to look at me. Was he overcome and brought to tears? Had he any pity for the woman who loves him? Where can I begin when there is so much to say? Now, after all this, can mighty Juno and the son of Saturn, the father of all, can they now look at this with the eyes of justice? Is there nothing we can trust in this life? He was thrown helpless on my shores and I took him in and like a fool settled him as partner in my kingdom. He had lost his fleet and I found it and brought his companions back from the dead. It drives me to madness to think of it. And now we hear about the augur Apollo and lots cast in Lycia and now to crown all the messenger of the gods is bringing terrifying commands down through the winds from Jupiter himself, as though that is work for the gods in heaven, as though that is an anxiety that disturbs their tranquillity. I do not hold you or bandy words with you. Away you go. Keep on searching for your Italy with the winds to help you. Look for your kingdom over the waves. But my hope is that if the just gods have any power, you will drain a bitter cup among the ocean rocks, calling the name of Dido again and again, and I shall follow you not in the flesh but in the black fires of death and when its cold hand takes the breath from my body, my shade shall be

with you wherever you may be. You will receive the punishment you deserve, and the news of it will reach me deep among the dead.'

At these words she broke off and rushed indoors in utter despair, leaving Aeneas with much to say and much to fear. Her attendants caught her as she fainted and carried her to her bed in her marble chamber. But Aeneas was faithful to his duty. Much as he longed to soothe her and console her sorrow, to talk to her and take away her pain, with many a groan and with a heart shaken by his great love, he nevertheless carried out the commands of the gods and went back to his ships.

By then the Trojans were hard at work. All along the shore they were hauling the tall ships down to the sea. They set the well-caulked hulls afloat and in their eagerness to be away they were carrying down from the woods unworked timber and green branches for oars. You could see them pouring out of every part of the city, like ants plundering a huge heap of wheat and storing it away in their home against the winter, and their black column advances over the plain as they gather in their booty along a narrow path through the grass, some putting their shoulders to huge grains and pushing them along, others keeping the column together and whipping in the stragglers, and the whole track seethes with activity. What were your feelings, Dido, as you looked at this? Did you not moan as you gazed out from the top of your citadel and saw the broad shore seething before your eyes and confusion and shouting all over the sea? Love is a cruel master. There are no lengths to which it does not force the human heart. Once again she had recourse to tears, once again she was driven to try to move his heart with prayers, becoming a suppliant and making her pride submit to her love, in case she should die in vain, leaving some avenue unexplored. 'You see, Anna, the bustle all over the shore. They are all gathered there, the canvas is calling for the winds, the sailors are delighted and have set garlands on the ships' sterns. I was able to imagine that this grief might come; I shall be able to endure it. But Anna, do this one service for your poor sister. You are the only one the traitor respected. To you he entrusted his very deepest feelings. You are the only one who knew the right time to approach him and the right words to use. Go to him, sister. Kneel before our proud enemy and tell him I was not at Aulis and made no compact with the Greeks to wipe out the people of Troy. I sent no fleet to Pergamum. I did not tear up the ashes of his dead father Anchises. Why are his cruel ears closed to what I am saying? Where is he rushing away to? Ask him to do this last favour to the unhappy woman who loves him and wait till there is a following wind and his escape is easy. I am no longer begging for the marriage which we once had and which he has now betrayed. I am not pleading with him to do without his precious Latium and abandon his kingdom. What I am asking for is some time, nothing more, an interval, a respite for my anguish, so that fortune can teach me to grieve and to endure defeat. This is the last favour I shall beg. O Anna, pity your sister. I shall repay it in good measure at my death.'

These were Dido's pleas. These were the griefs her unhappy sister brought and brought again. But no griefs moved Aeneas. He heard but did not heed her words. The Fates forbade it and God blocked his ears to all appeals. Just as the north winds off the Alps vie with one another to uproot the mighty oak whose timber has hardened over long years of life, blowing upon it from this side and from that and howling through it; the trunk feels the shock and the foliage from its head covers the ground, but it holds on to the rocks with roots plunged as deep into the world below as its crown soars towards the winds of heaven – just so the hero Aeneas was buffeted by all this pleading on this side and on that, and felt the pain deep in his mighty heart but his mind remained unmoved and the tears rolled in vain.

Then it was that unhappy Dido prayed for death. She had seen her destiny and was afraid. She could bear no longer to look up to the bowl of heaven, and her

resolve to leave the light was strengthened when she was laying offerings on the incense-breathing altars and saw to her horror the consecrated milk go black and the wine, as she poured it, turn to filthy gore. No one else saw it and she did not tell even her sister. There was more. She had in her palace a marble shrine dedicated to Sychaeus, who had been her husband. This she used to honour above all things, hanging it with white fleeces and sacred branches. When the darkness of night covered the earth, she thought she heard, coming from this shrine, the voice of her husband and the words he uttered as he called to her, and all the while the lonely owl kept up its long dirge upon the roof, drawing out its doleful song of death. And there was more. She kept remembering the predictions of ancient prophets that terrified her with their dreadful warnings, and as she slept Aeneas himself would drive her relentlessly in her madness, and she was always alone and desolate, always going on a long road without companions, looking for her Tyrians in an empty land. She would be like Pentheus in his frenzy when he was seeing columns of Furies and a double sun and two cities of Thebes; or like Orestes, son of Agamemnon, driven in flight across the stage by his own mother armed with her torches and black snakes, while the avenging Furies sat at the door. And so Dido was overwhelmed by grief and possessed by madness. She decided to die and planned in her mind the time and the means. She went and spoke to her sorrowing sister with her face composed to conceal her plan and her brow bright with hope. 'My dear Anna, rejoice with your sister. I have found a way to bring him back to me in love or else to free me from him. Near Oceanus and the setting of the sun is the home of the Ethiopians, the most distant part of our earth, where mightiest Atlas turns on his shoulders the axis of the sky, studded with its burning stars. From here, they say, there comes a Massylian priestess who was the guardian of the temple of the Hesperides. She used to keep watch over the branches of the sacred tree and bring rich foods for the serpent, spreading the oozing honey and sprinkling the sleep-bringing seeds of the poppy. She undertakes to free by her spells the mind of anyone she wishes and to send cruel cares to others, to stop the flow of rivers and turn stars back in their courses. At night she raises the spirits of the dead and you will see the ash trees coming down from the mountains and hear the earth bellow beneath your feet. I call the gods and your own sweet self to witness, O my dearest sister, that it is not by my own will that I have recourse to magic arts. Go now, telling no one, and build up a pyre under the open sky in the inner courtyard of the palace and lay on it the armour this traitor has left hanging on the walls of my room, everything there is of his remaining, and the marriage bed on which I was destroyed. I want to wipe out everything that can remind me of such a man and that is what the priestess advises.'

She spoke, and spoke no more. Her face grew pale, but Anna did not understand that these strange rites were a pretence and that her sister meant to die. She had no inkling that such madness had seized Dido, no reason to fear that she would suffer more than she had at the death of Sychaeus. She did what she was asked.

But the queen knew what the future held. As soon as the pine torches and the holm-oak were hewn and the huge pyre raised under the open sky in the very heart of the palace, she hung the place with garlands and crowned the pyre with funeral branches. Then she laid on a bed an effigy of Aeneas with his sword and everything of his he had left behind. There were altars all around and the priestess with hair streaming called with a voice of thunder upon three hundred gods, Erebus, Chaos, triple Hecate and virgin Diana of the three faces. She had also sprinkled water to represent the spring of Lake Avernus. She also sought out potent herbs with a milk of black poison in their rich stems and harvested them by moonlight with a bronze sickle. She found, too, a love charm, torn from the forehead of a new-born foal

before the mare could bite it off. Dido herself took meal in her hands and worshipped, standing by the altars with one foot freed from all fastenings and her dress unbound, calling before she died to gods and stars to be witnesses to her fate and praying to whatever just and mindful power there is that watches over lovers who have been betrayed.

It was night and weary living things were peacefully taking their rest upon the earth. The woods and wild waves of ocean had been stilled. The stars were rolling on in mid-course. Silence reigned over field and flock and all the gaily coloured birds were laid to sleep in the quiet of night, those that haunt broad lakes and those that crowd the thickets dotted over the countryside. But not Dido. Her heart was broken and she found no relief in sleep. Her eyes and mind would not accept the night, but her torment redoubled and her raging love came again and again in great surging tides of anger. These are the thoughts she dwelt upon, this is what she kept turning over in her heart: 'So then, what am I to do? Shall I go back to those who once wooed me and see if they will have me? I would be a laughing stock. Shall I beg a husband from the Numidians after I have so often scorned their offers of marriage? Shall I then go with the Trojan fleet and do whatever the Trojans ask? I suppose they would be delighted to take me after all the help I have given them! They are sure to remember what I have done and be properly grateful! No: even if I were willing to go with them, they will never allow a woman they hate to come aboard their proud ships. There is nothing left for you, Dido. Do you not know, have you not yet noticed, the treacheries of the race of Laomedon? But if they did agree to take me, what then? Shall I go alone into exile with a fleet of jubilant sailors? Or shall I go in force with all my Tyrian bands crowding at my side? It was not easy for me to uproot them from their homes in the city of Sidon. How can I make them take to the sea again and order them to hoist sail into the winds? No, you must die. That is what you have deserved. Let the sword be the cure for your suffering. You could not bear, Anna, to see your sister weeping. When the madness was taking me, you were the first to lay this load upon my back and put me at the mercy of my enemy. I was not allowed to live my life without marriage, in innocence, like a wild creature, and be untouched by such anguish as this – I have not kept faith with the ashes of Sychaeus.'

While these words of grief were bursting from Dido's heart, Aeneas was now resolved to leave and was taking his rest on the high stern of his ship with everything ready for sailing. There, as he slept, appeared before him the shape of the god, coming to him with the same features as before and once again giving advice, in every way like Mercury, the voice, the radiance, the golden hair, the youthful beauty of his body: 'Son of the goddess, how can you lie there sleeping at a time like this? Do you not see danger, all around you at this moment? Have you lost your wits? Do you not hear the west wind blowing off the shore? Having decided to die, she is turning her schemes over in her mind and planning some desperate act, stirring up the storm tides of her anger. Why do you not go now with all speed while speed you may? If morning comes and finds you loitering here, you will soon see her ships churning the sea and deadly torches blazing and the shore seething with flames. Come then! No more delay! Women are unstable creatures, always changing.'

When he had spoken he melted into the blackness of night and Aeneas was immediately awake, terrified by the sudden apparition. There was no more rest for his men, as he roused them to instant action: 'Wake up and sit to your benches,' he shouted. 'Let out the sails and quick about it. A god has been sent down again from the heights of heaven – I have just seen him – spurring us on to cut our plaited ropes and run from here. We are following you, O blessed god, whoever you are.'

Once again we obey your commands and rejoice. Stand beside us and graciously help us. Put favouring stars in the sky for us.'

As he spoke he drew his sword from its scabbard like a flash of lightning and struck the mooring cables with the naked steel. In that instant they were all seized by the same ardour and set to, hauling and hustling. The shore was emptied. The sea could not be seen for ships. Bending to the oars they whipped up the foam and swept the blue surface of the sea.

Aurora was soon leaving the saffron bed of Tithonus and beginning to sprinkle new light upon the earth. The queen saw from her high tower the first light whitening and the fleet moving out to sea with its sails square to the following winds. She saw the deserted shore and harbour and not an oarsman in sight. Three times and more she beat her lovely breasts and tore her golden hair, crying 'O Jupiter! Will this intruder just go, and make a mockery of our kingdom? Why are they not running to arms and coming from all over the city to pursue him? And others should be rushing ships out of the dock. Move! Bring fire and quick about it! Give out the weapons! Heave on the oars! – What am I saying? Where am I? What madness is this that changes my resolve? Poor Dido, you have done wrong and it is only now coming home to you. You should have thought of this when you were offering him your sceptre. So much for his right hand! So much for his pledge, the man who is supposed to be carrying with him the gods of his native land and to have lifted his weary old father up on to his shoulders! Could I not have taken him and torn him limb from limb and scattered the pieces in the sea? Could I not have put his men to the sword, and Ascanius, too, and served his flesh at his father's table? I know the outcome of a battle would have been in doubt. So it would have been in doubt! Was I, who am about to die, afraid of anyone? I would have taken torches to his camp and filled the decks of his ships with fire, destroying the son and the father and the whole Trojan people before throwing myself on the flames. O heavenly Sun whose fires pass in review all the works of this earth, and you, Juno, who have been witness and party to all the anguish of this love, and Hecate whose name is heard in nightly howling at crossroads all over our cities, and the avenging Furies and you, the gods of dying Dido, listen to these words, give a hearing to my sufferings, for they are great, and heed my prayers. If that monster of wickedness must reach harbour, if he must come to shore and that is what the Fates of Jupiter demand, if the boundary stone is set and may not be moved, then let him be harried in war by a people bold in arms; may he be driven from his own land and torn from the embrace of Iulus; may he have to beg for help and see his innocent people dying. Then, after he has submitted to the terms of an unjust peace, let him not enjoy the kingdom he longs for or the life he longs to lead, but let him fall before his time and lie unburied on the broad sand. This is my prayer. With these last words I pour out my life's blood. As for you, my Tyrians, you must pursue with hatred the whole line of his descendants in time to come. Make that your offering to my shade. Let there be no love between our peoples and no treaties. Arise from my dead bones, O my unknown avenger, and harry the race of Dardanus with fire and sword wherever they may settle, now and in the future, whenever our strength allows it. I pray that we may stand opposed, shore against shore, sea against sea and sword against sword. Let there be war between the nations and between their sons for ever.'

Even as she spoke Dido was casting about in her mind how she could most quickly put an end to the life she hated. She then addressed these few words to Sychaeus' nurse, Barce, for the black ashes of her own now lay far away in her ancient homeland: 'My dear nurse, send my sister Anna quickly to me, telling her to sprinkle her body with river water and take with her the animals and the other offerings as instructed. That is how she is to come, and your own forehead must be

veiled with a sacred ribbon. I have prepared with due care offerings to Jupiter of the Styx and I am now of a mind to complete them and put an end to the pain of love by giving the pyre of this Trojan to the flames.'

The old woman bustled away leaving Dido full of wild fears at the thought of what she was about to do. Her cheeks trembling and flecked with red, her bloodshot eyes rolling, she was pale with the pallor of approaching death. Rushing through the door into the inner courtyard, she climbed the high pyre in a frenzy and unsheathed the Trojan sword for which she had asked – though not for this purpose. Then her eyes lit on the Trojan clothes and the bed she knew so well, and pausing for a moment to weep and to remember, she lay down on the bed and spoke these last words: 'These are the possessions of Aeneas which I so loved while God and the Fates allowed it. Let them receive my spirit and free me from this anguish. I have lived my life and completed the course that Fortune has set before me, and now my great spirit will go beneath the earth. I have founded a glorious city and lived to see the building of my own walls. I have avenged my husband and punished his enemy who was my brother. I would have been happy, more than happy, if only Trojan keels had never grounded on our shores.' She then buried her face for a moment in the bed and cried: 'We shall die unavenged. But let us die. This, this, is how it pleases me to go down among the shades. Let the Trojan who knows no pity gaze his fill upon this fire from the high seas and take with him the omen of my death.'

So she spoke and while speaking fell upon the sword. Her attendants saw her fall. They saw the blood foaming on the blade and staining her hands, and filled the high walls of the palace with their screaming. Rumour ran raving like a Bacchant through the stricken city. The palace rang with lamentation and groaning and the wailing of women and the heavens gave back the sound of mourning. It was as though the enemy were within the gates and the whole of Carthage or old Tyre were falling with flames raging and rolling over the roofs of men and gods. Anna heard and was beside herself. She came rushing in terror through the middle of the crowd, tearing her face and beating her breast, calling out her sister's name as she lay dying: 'So this is what it meant? It was all to deceive your sister! This was the purpose of the pyre and the flames and the altars! You have abandoned me. I do not know how to begin to reproach you. Did you not want your sister's company when you were dying? You could have called me to share your fate and we would both have died in the same moment of the same grief. To think it was my hands that built the pyre, and my voice that called upon the gods of our fathers, so that you could be so cruel as to lay yourself down here to die without me. It is not only yourself you have destroyed, but also your sister and your people, their leaders who came with you from Sidon and the city you have built. Give me water. I shall wash her wounds and catch any last lingering breath with my lips.'

Saying these words, she had climbed to the top of the pyre and was now holding her dying sister to her breast and cherishing her, sobbing as she dried the dark blood with her own dress. Once more Dido tried to raise her heavy eyes, but failed. The wound hissed round the sword beneath her breast. Three times she raised herself on her elbow. Three times she fell back on the bed. With wavering eyes she looked for light in the heights of heaven and groaned when she found it.

All-powerful Juno then took pity on her long anguish and difficult death and sent Iris down from Olympus to free her struggling spirit and loosen the fastenings of her limbs. For since she was dying not by the decree of Fate or by her own deserts but pitifully and before her time, in a sudden blaze of madness, Proserpina had not yet taken a lock of her golden hair or consigned her to Stygian Orcus. So Iris, bathed in dew, flew down on her saffron wings, trailing all her colours across the sky opposite the sun, and hovered over Dido's head to say: 'I am commanded

to take this lock of hair as a solemn offering to Dis, and now I free you from your body.'

With these words she raised her hand and cut the hair, and as she cut, all warmth went out of Dido's body and her life passed into the winds.

Block 4

Reading 4.1 Cicero, *Selected Letters*

(Source: Shackleton Bailey, D.R. (ed. and trans.) (1986) *Cicero: Selected Letters*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, pp.60–62, 74, 85–88, 111–12, 136–37, 183–87, some footnotes omitted)

18 Cicero to his family

Brundisium, 29 April 58

From Tullius to his dear Terentia and Tullia and Marcus greetings.

I send you letters less often than I have opportunity, because, wretched as every hour is for me, when I write to you at home or read your letters I am so overcome with tears that I cannot bear it. If only I had been less anxious to save my life! Assuredly I should have seen no sorrow in my days, or not much. If fortune has spared me for some hope of one day recovering some measure of well-being, my error has not been so total. But if these present evils are to stay, then, yes, I want to see you, dear heart, as soon as I can and to die in your arms, since neither the Gods whom you have worshipped so piously nor the men to whose service I have always devoted myself have made us any recompense.

I have stayed in Brundisium for thirteen days with M. Laenius Flaccus, a very worthy gentleman. He has disregarded the danger to his own property and status in his concern for my safety, and refused to be deterred by the penalties of a wicked law¹ from carrying out the established duties of hospitality and friendship. I pray that one day I may be able to show him my gratitude. Grateful I shall always be. I am leaving Brundisium on 29 April and making for Cyzicus by way of Macedonia.

Ah, what a desperate, pitiful case is mine! What now? Shall I ask you to come – a sick woman, physically and spiritually exhausted? Shall I *not* ask then? Am I to live without you? Perhaps I should put it like this: if there is any hope of my return, you must build it up, and help in the campaign. On the other hand if all is over, as I fear, then come to me any way you can. Be sure of one thing: if I have you, I shall not feel that I am utterly lost. But what is to become of my Tulliola? You at home must take care of that – I have nothing to suggest. But assuredly, however matters turn out, the poor little girl's marriage and good name must be a primary consideration. Then there is my son. What will he do? I hope that *he* will always be with me, my darling child. I cannot write any more now. Grief clogs my pen.

How you have fared I do not know – whether you still have something left, or, as I fear, have been stripped of all. Yes, I trust that Piso² will always be faithful. You need not worry about the freeing of the household. In the first place, the promise made to your people was that you would treat each case on its merits (Orpheus, in fact, is loyal so far, none of the others very noticeably so). The position of the other slaves is that if it turned out that my property was no longer mine, they would be my freedmen, provided they could make good their claim to the status; whereas, if I still had a hold on them, they would remain my slaves except for just a few. But these are minor matters.

¹ Clodius' bill, as amended, allowed Cicero to live at a distance of not less than 400 (or 500) miles from Rome, but provided that his outlawry should begin from the date of its passage.

² Tullia's husband, C. Calpurnius Piso Frugi.

You urge me to hold my head high and hope for restoration. I wish the facts may give ground for reasonable hope. Meanwhile, as matters wretchedly stand, when am I going to get your next letter? Who will bring it to me? I should have waited for it at Brundisium if the sailors had let me, but they did not want to lose the fair weather.

For the rest, dearest Terentia, bear up with all the dignity you can muster. It has been a good life, a great career. The good in me, nothing bad, has brought me down. I have done nothing wrong, except that when I lost the good things of life I did not lose life itself. But if it was more for our children's happiness that I should live, let us bear what remains, intolerable though it be. And yet, while I tell you to be strong, I cannot tell myself.

I am sending Clodius Philhetaerus back, because he is hampered by eye-trouble. He is a faithful fellow. Sallustius is the most forward of all. Pescennius is full of kindly feeling towards me; I think he will always be attentive to you. Sicca had told me that he would stay with me, but has left Brundisium.

Take care of your health as best you can, and believe that your unhappiness grieves me more than my own. My dear Terentia, loyalest and best of wives, my darling little daughter, and Marcus, our one remaining hope – goodbye.

29 April, from Brundisium.

24 Cicero to Lentulus Spinther

Rome, January (?) 56

From M. Cicero to P. Lentulus, Proconsul, greetings.

For many years I have been on friendly terms with A. Trebonius, who has important business concerns, both extensive and in good order, in your province. In the past he has always been very well regarded in the province on account of his personal distinction and of recommendations from myself and his other friends; and he now trusts that this letter from me will put him in your good graces in view of your affection for me and the close relations between us. May I earnestly request you not to disappoint him, and commend to you all his business affairs, his freedmen, agents, and household? May I ask you in particular to confirm T. Ampius'³ decisions with respect to his property, and to treat him in all matters in such a way as to let him understand that my recommendation has been more than formal?⁴

30 Cicero to M. Marius

Rome, late August 55

From M. Cicero to M. Marius greetings.

If some bodily distress or the frailty of your health has kept you from coming to the show⁵, I give credit to chance rather than to your own good sense. On the other hand, if you thought these objects of public wonderment unworthy of your notice, and chose not to come though your health would have permitted, why, I rejoice both at your freedom from physical distress and at your health of mind, in that you have disregarded these spectacles at which

³ Lentulus' predecessor as governor of Cilicia.

⁴ Cicero prided himself as a writer of letters of recommendation. Book XIII of *Letters to Friends* is made up of them.

⁵ Given by Pompey in his second consulship to inaugurate his stone theatre and the temple of Venus Victrix.

others idly marvel – always provided that you have reaped the fruits of your leisure. You have had a wonderful opportunity to enjoy it, left almost on your own in that delightful spot. And after all, I don't doubt that throughout the period of the show you have spent the mornings browsing over your books in that bedroom of yours with its window that you let into the wall to overlook the bay of Stabiae. Meanwhile those who left you there were watching the public pantomimes half-asleep.⁶ As for the rest of the day, you have been spending it in such diversions as you have provided to suit your own taste while we have had to endure what Sp. Maecius⁷ presumably thought proper. To be sure, the show (if you are interested) was on the most lavish scale; but it would have been little to your taste, to judge by my own. To begin with, certain performers honoured the occasion by returning to the boards, from which I thought they had honoured their reputations by retiring. Your favourite, our friend Aesopus, gave a display which everyone was willing should be his finale. When he came to take an oath⁸ and got as far as 'if I knowingly swear false', he lost his voice! I need not give you further details – you know the other shows. They did not even have the sprightliness which one mostly finds in ordinary shows – one lost all sense of gaiety in watching the elaborate productions. These I don't doubt you are very well content to have missed. What pleasure is there in getting a *Clytemnestra* with six hundred mules or a *Trojan Horse* with three thousand mixing-bowls⁹ or a variegated display of cavalry and infantry equipment in some battle or other? The public gaped at all this; it would not have amused you at all. If you were listening to your man Protogenes during those days (so long as he read you anything in the world except my speeches), you have certainly had a good deal better time of it than any of us. As for the Greek and Oscan shows, I don't imagine you were sorry to miss *them* – especially as you can see an Oscan turn on your town council¹⁰, and you care so little for Greeks that you don't even take Greek Street to get to your house! Or perhaps, having scorned gladiators, you are sorry not to have seen the athletes! Pompey himself admits that they were a waste of time and midday oil! That leaves the hunts, two every day for five days, magnificent – nobody says otherwise. But what pleasure can a cultivated man get out of seeing a weak human being torn to pieces by a powerful animal or a splendid animal transfixed by a hunting spear? Anyhow, if these sights are worth seeing, you have seen them often; and we spectators saw nothing new. The last day was for the elephants. The groundlings showed much astonishment thereat, but no enjoyment. There was even an impulse of compassion, a feeling that the monsters had something human about them.

As for me, these past days, during the plays (in case you picture me as a free man, if not a happy one), I pretty well ruptured my lungs defending your friend Caninius Gallus. If only my public were as accommodating as Aesopus', upon my word I should be glad to give up my profession and spend my time with you and other congenial spirits. I was weary of it even in the days when youth and ambition spurred me forward, and when moreover I was at liberty

⁶ The weather in high summer was oppressive.

⁷ Spurius Maecius Tarpa selected the plays to be produced at the show.

⁸ Perhaps as part of his role.

⁹ The first of these two tragedies was by Accius. The *Trojan Horse* was by Livius Andronicus or Naevius. The bowls are thought to have figured as part of the spoils of Troy.

¹⁰ 'Oscan' standing for 'Campanian'. Graffiti found in Pompeii show that a M. Marius stood for election as aedile.

to refuse a case I did not care for. But now life is simply not worth living. I have no reward to expect for my labours, and sometimes I am obliged to defend persons who have deserved none too well of me at the request of those who *have* deserved well.

Accordingly, I am looking out for any excuse to live as I please at long last; and you and your leisured manner of existence have my hearty commendation and approval. I resign myself to the rarity of your visits more easily than I otherwise should, because, even if you were in Rome, I am so confoundedly busy that I should not be able to enjoy the entertainment of your company, nor you of mine (if any entertainment it holds). When and if I slacken my chains (for to be loose of them entirely is more than I can ask), then, no question about it, I shall teach you the art of civilized living, to which you have been giving your undivided attention for years! Only you must go on propping up that frail health of yours and looking after yourself, so that you can visit my places in the country and run around with me in my little litter.

I have written at unusual length, out of an abundance, not of spare time, but of affection for you, because in one of your letters you threw out a hint, if you remember, that I might write something to prevent you feeling sorry to have missed the show. If I have succeeded in that, so much the better; but if not, I console myself with the thought that henceforth you will come to the shows and visit us, and that you won't forgo any prospect of pleasure to yourself on account of my letters.

41 Cicero to Atticus

Minturnae, 5 or 6 May 51

... I come now to the line in the margin at the end of your letter in which you remind me about your sister. This is how the matter stands. When I got to Arpinum, my brother came over and we talked first and foremost about you, at considerable length. From that I passed to what you and I had said between us at Tusculum anent your sister. I have never seen anything more gentle and pacific than my brother's attitude towards her as I found it. Even if he had taken offence for any reason, there was no sign of it. So much for that day. Next morning we left Arpinum. On account of the holiday¹¹ Quintus had to stay the night at Arcanum. I stayed at Aquinum, but we lunched at Arcanum – you know the farm. When we arrived there Quintus said in the kindest way 'Pomponia, will you ask the women in, and I'll get the boys?' Both what he said and his intention and manner were perfectly pleasant, at least it seemed so to me. Pomponia however answered in our hearing 'I am a guest myself here.' That, I imagine, was because Statius had gone ahead of us to see to our luncheon. Quintus said to me 'There! This is the sort of thing I have to put up with every day.' You'll say 'What was there in that, pray?' A good deal. I myself was quite shocked. Her words and manner were so gratuitously rude. I concealed my feelings, painful as they were, and we all took our places at table except the lady. Quintus however had some food sent to her, which she refused. In a word, I felt my brother could not have been more forbearing nor your sister ruder. And I have left out a number of things that annoyed me at the time more than they did Quintus. I then left for Aquinum, while Quintus stayed behind at Arcanum and came over to see me at Aquinum early the following day. He told me that Pomponia had refused to spend the night with him and that her attitude when she said goodbye was just as I had seen it.

¹¹ Probably the festival of the Lares (household gods) on 1 May, when, as here appears, slaves were entertained by their masters.

Well, you may tell her to her face that in my judgement her manners that day left something to be desired. I have told you about this, perhaps at greater length than was necessary, to show you that lessons and advice are called for from your side as well as from mine ...

57 Cicero to Tiro

Leucas, 7 November 50

From Tullius to his dear Tiro best greetings, also from Marcus and my brother Quintus and Quintus junior.

I read your letter with varying feelings. The first page upset me badly, the second brought me round a little. So now, if not before, I am clear that until your health is quite restored you should not venture upon travel either by land or water. I shall see you soon enough if I see you thoroughly strong again.

You say the doctor has a good reputation, and so I hear myself; but frankly, I don't think much of his treatments. You ought not to have been given soup with a weak stomach. However, I have written to him at some length, and also to Lyso¹². To Curius, who is a most agreeable fellow, very obliging and good-natured, I have written a great deal, including the suggestion that, if you agree, he should move you over to his house. I am afraid our friend Lyso is a little casual. All Greeks are; also, he has not replied to a letter he received from me. However, you commend him; so you must judge for yourself what is best. One thing, my dear Tiro, I do beg of you: don't consider money at all where the needs of your health are concerned. I have told Curius to advance whatever you say. I imagine the doctor ought to be given something to make him more interested in your case.

Your services to me are beyond count – in my home and out of it, in Rome and abroad, in private affairs and public, in my studies and literary work. You will cap them all if I see you your own man again, as I hope I shall. I think it would be very nice, if all goes well, for you to sail home with Quaestor Mescinius. He is not uncultivated, and he seemed to me to have a regard for you. But when you have given every possible attention to your health, *then* my dear Tiro, attend to sailing arrangements. I don't now want you to hurry in any way. My only concern is for you to get well.

Take my word for it, dear Tiro, that nobody cares for me who does not care for you. Your recovery is most important to you and me, but many others are concerned about it. In the past you have never been able to recruit yourself properly, because you wanted to give me of your best at every turn. Now there is nothing to stand in your way. Put everything else aside, think only of your bodily well-being. I shall believe you care for me in proportion to the care you devote to your health.

Goodbye, my dear Tiro, goodbye and fondest good wishes. Lepta sends you his, so do we all. Goodbye.

7 November, from Leucas.

102 Servius Sulpicius Rufus to Cicero

Athens, mid March 45

From Servius to Cicero greetings.

When the report reached me of the death of your daughter Tullia, I was indeed duly and deeply and grievously sorry, and I felt that the blow had

¹² Cicero's host at Patrae in whose house Tiro was staying.

struck us both. Had I been in Rome, I should have been with you and shown you my grief in person. And yet that is a melancholy and bitter sort of comfort. Those who should offer it, relations and friends, are themselves no less afflicted. They cannot make the attempt without many tears, and rather seem themselves to stand in need of comfort *from* others than to be capable of doing their friendly office *for* others. None the less, I have resolved to set briefly before you the reflections that come to my mind in this hour, not that I suppose you are unaware of them, but perhaps your grief makes them harder for you to perceive.

What reason is there why your domestic sorrow should affect you so sorely? Think how fortune has dealt with us up to now. All that man should hold no less dear than children – country, dignity, standing, distinctions – has been snatched away from us. Could this one further mishap add appreciably to your grief? How should not any heart practised in such experience have grown less sensitive and count all else as of relatively little consequence?

But I suppose you grieve for *her*. How often must you have thought, and how often has it occurred to me, that in this day and age they are not most to be pitied who have been granted a painless exchange of life for death! What was there after all to make life so sweet a prospect for her at this time? What did she have or hope? What comfort for her spirit? The thought perhaps of spending her life wedded to some young man of distinction? Do you suppose it was possible for you to choose from this modern generation a son-in-law suitable to your standing, to whose protection you could feel safe in confiding your child? Or the thought of bearing children herself, whose bloom would cheer her eyes, sons who could maintain their patrimony, would seek public office in due course, and act in public affairs and in their friends' concerns like free men? Was not all this taken away before it was granted? The loss of children is a calamity, sure enough – except that it is a worse calamity to bear our present lot and endure.

I want to tell you of something which has brought *me* no slight comfort,¹³ in the hope that perhaps it may have some power to lighten your sorrow too. As I was on my way back from Asia,¹⁴ sailing from Aegina towards Megara, I began to gaze at the landscape around me. There behind me was Aegina, in front of me Megara, to the right Piraeus, to the left Corinth; once flourishing towns, now lying low in ruins before one's eyes. I began to think to myself: 'Ah! How can we manikins wax indignant if one of us dies or is killed, ephemeral creatures as we are, when the corpses of so many towns lie abandoned in a single spot? Check yourself, Servius, and remember that you were born a mortal man.' That thought, I do assure you, strengthened me not a little.¹⁵ If I may suggest it, picture the same spectacle to yourself. Not long ago so many great men died at one time, the Roman Empire was so gravely impaired, all its provinces shaken to pieces; can you be so greatly moved by the loss of one poor little woman's frail spirit? If her end had not come now, she must none the less have died in a few years' time, for she was mortal. You too must take your mind and thoughts away from such things, and dwell instead on recollections worthy of the character you hold. Tell yourself that she lived as long as it was well for her to live, and that she and freedom existed together. She saw you, her father,

¹³ If Sulpicius had suffered a bereavement we do not know what it was.

¹⁴ i.e. from Samos. Sulpicius will have been returning to Rome in the autumn of 47.

¹⁵ Byron refers to this passage in *Childe Harold* (Canto V, stanza 4), as does Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*, V.3, who probably got it from Burton.

Praetor, Consul, and Augur. She was married to young men of distinction. Almost all that life can give, she enjoyed; and she left life when freedom died. How can you or she quarrel with fortune on that account?

And then, do not forget that you are Cicero, a man accustomed to give rules and advice to others. Do not be like a bad physician, who professes medical knowledge to his patients but does not know how to treat himself. Rather lay to your heart and place before your mind the precepts you are wont to offer others. There is no grief that is not lessened or softened by the passage of time. For *you* to wait for this time to pass, instead of anticipating the results by your own good sense, does you discredit. And if consciousness remains to those below, loving you as she did, dutifully fond as she was of all her family, *she* assuredly does not wish you to act so. Listen then for her dead sake, for the sake of others, your well-wishers and friends who are sad for your grief, and for your country's sake, so that if need arise she may have the benefit of your service and counsel. And then, since in the pass to which we have come we must not disregard even *this* aspect, do not let anyone suppose that it is not so much a daughter you are mourning as the public predicament and the victory of others.

I am ashamed to write at greater length to you on this matter, lest I seem to doubt your good sense, and so I shall end my letter with one final observation. We have seen more than once how notably you sustain prosperity, and how great the glory you gain thereby. Let us recognize at last that you are no less able to bear adversity, and that you count it no heavier load than you should, lest of all fine qualities you may seem to lack this only.¹⁶

As for me, I shall inform you of what is going on here and of the state of the province when I hear that your mood is calmer.

Goodbye.

103 Cicero to Servius Sulpicius Rufus

Atticus' villa near Nomentum, mid April 45

From M. Cicero to Ser. Sulpicius greetings.

Yes, my friend, I wish you had been with me, as you say, in my most grievous affliction. How much your presence would have helped me by consolation and by sorrow well-nigh equal to my own I readily recognize from the measure of easement I felt when I read your letter. You have written the words that could alleviate mourning and your own no small distress has given you the means of comforting mine. But your son Servius has shown by every friendly attention that could be rendered at such a time how much he thinks of me and how welcome he believes such a disposition on his part will be to you. I have often felt more pleasure in his attentions than I feel now (as you may imagine), but never more grateful.

Not only am I comforted by your words and (I might almost say) your fellowship in sorrow, but by your counsel as well. I feel it discreditable in me not to bear my bereavement as so wise a man as you considers it should be borne. But sometimes I am overwhelmed, and scarcely offer any resistance to grief, because I have no such solaces as others in similar plight, whose examples I set before my mind, did not lack. Q. Maximus¹⁷ lost a son of

¹⁶ Livy wrote of Cicero that he bore none of his misfortunes like a man except death.

¹⁷ Q. Fabius Maximus 'Cunctator'.

consular rank, high reputation, and splendid record. L. Paulus¹⁸ lost two in a single week. Then there was Galus in your own family¹⁹ and M. Cato,²⁰ who lost a son of the highest intellectual and moral qualities. But they lived in periods when the honourable standing they enjoyed in public life assuaged their mourning. I had already lost those distinctions which you yourself mention and which I had gained by dint of great exertions. The one comfort still left to me was that which has now been snatched away. Neither my friends' concerns nor the administration of the state detained my thoughts. I had no wish to appear in the courts, I could not endure the sight of the Senate-House. I considered, as was the fact, that I had lost all the fruits of my work and success. However, I reflected that I shared this situation with yourself and certain others; I conquered my feelings and forced myself to bear it all patiently. But while I did so, I had a haven of refuge and repose, one in whose conversation and sweet ways I put aside all cares and sorrows.

Now this grievous blow has again inflamed the wounds I thought healed. When in the past I withdrew in sadness from public affairs, my home received and soothed me; but I cannot now take refuge from domestic grief in public life, to find relief in what it offers. And so I stay away from home and Forum alike, for neither public nor private life can any longer comfort the distress which each occasions me.

All the more then do I look forward to your return and desire to see you as soon as possible. No abstract reflection can bring me greater comfort than our fellowship in daily life and talk. However, from what I hear, I hope your arrival is imminent. One reason among many why I am anxious to see you as soon as may be is that I should like us to ponder together how we should best pass through this present time, all of which must be accommodated to the wishes of a single individual. He is a man of sense and generosity, and I think I have cause to believe him no enemy of mine and a very good friend of yours. Even so, what line we are to take needs careful consideration. I am not thinking of any positive action, but of retirement by his leave and favour.

Goodbye.

Reading 4.2 Martial, *Epigrams*

(Source: Shackleton Bailey, D.R. (ed. and trans.) (1993) *Martial: Epigrams*, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, vol.I (pp.13–15, 33–35, 57, 85, 143, 161, 165, 169, 185, 219, 225, 231, 237, 261, 263, 361, 365–7, 375, 377–9, 397), vol.II (pp.33, 65, 69, 91–3, 141, 299, 371, 375), vol.III (pp.65, 107, 151, 159), some footnotes omitted)

On the Spectacles – Epigram 2

Where the starry colossus¹ sees the constellations at close range and lofty scaffolding² rises in the middle of the road, once gleamed the odious halls of a cruel monarch, and in all Rome there stood a single house.³ Where rises before our eyes

¹⁸ L. Aemilius Paulus, victor of Pydna.

¹⁹ i.e. *gens*. C. Sulpicius Galus was Consul in 166.

²⁰ The Censor. Cicero had collected many such examples in his lost 'Consolation', addressed to himself.

¹ A colossal statue of Nero, transferred from its place in his Golden House to the Via Sacra by Vespasian, who replaced the head to make it into a statue of the Sun, complete with rays.

² The purpose of this is in doubt.

³ The Golden House of Nero, built in 64 after the great fire of Rome.

the august pile of the Amphitheater, was once Nero's lake. Where we admire the warm baths,⁴ a speedy gift, a haughty tract of land had robbed the poor of their dwellings. Where the Claudian colonnade unfolds its wide-spread shade, was the outermost part of the palace's⁵ end. Rome has been restored to herself, and under your rule, Caesar, the pleasantries that belonged to a master now belong to the people.

On the Spectacles – Epigram 31 (27; 29)

As Priscus and Verus each drew out the contest and the struggle between the pair long stood equal, shouts loud and often sought discharge for the combatants. But Caesar obeyed his own law (the law was that the bout go on without shield until a finger be raised).⁶ What he could do, he did, often giving dishes and presents.⁷ But an end to the even strife was found: equal they fought, equal they yielded. To both Caesar sent wooden swords⁸ and to both palms. Thus valor and skill had their reward. This has happened under no prince but you, Caesar: two fought and both won.

Epigram 1.23

You never invite anybody, Cotta, unless you have bathed with him; only the baths give you a guest. I used to wonder why you had never asked me to dinner. Now I know that you didn't like me in the nude.

Epigram 1.59

The dole⁹ at Baiae presents me with a hundred farthings. What is such poverty doing amid luxury? give me back the murky baths of Lupus and Gryllus. When my dinner's this bad, why should my bath be good?

Epigram 2.11

Do you see, Rufus? Seliu's brow is clouded, he walks around treading the portico late in the day. His glum face leaves some sorrow unvoiced, his ugly nose almost touches the ground, his right hand thumps his breast and tears his hair. He is not mourning a friend's death or a brother's, both of his children live (I pray they so continue), his wife is in good shape, as are his chattels and slaves, his tenant and his bailiff have not defaulted. So what is the cause of his grief? He's dining at home.

Epigram 2.37

Whatever is served, you sweep it up from this side and that: teats of sow's udder, rib of pork, a woodcock meant for two, half a mullet and a whole pike, side of lamprey, leg of fowl, pigeon dripping with its gravy. When these have been secreted in a greasy cloth, they are handed to your boy to be taken home. As for us, we just recline, an idle throng. If you have any sense of decency, put back the dinner. I did not invite you for tomorrow, Caecilianus.

⁴ Of Titus, one of Rome's three great public baths, along with those of Agrippa and Nero. M. regularly refers to these as *thermae* ('warm baths') as distinct from privately built and owned establishments (*balnea*).

⁵ The Golden House.

⁶ By one of the fighters, conceding the match.

⁷ Gifts of money on plates which were part of the gift.

⁸ The gift of the wooden sword (*rudis*) symbolized discharge from service.

⁹ Given by patrons to their clients, originally perhaps in the form of a basket (*sportula*) of provisions, later commuted to money. 100 quadrantes ('farthings') = 25 sesterces was the standard amount, which in a place like Baiae would not go far.

Epigram 2.42

Zoilus, you spoil the bathtub washing your arse. To make it filthier, Zoilus, stick your head in it.

Epigram 2.48

An innkeeper, a butcher, a bath, a barber, a board and pieces, and a few little books (but I must choose them), one friend not too new, a large boy smooth-cheeked for a long time to come, and a girl of whom my boy is fond: give me these, Rufus, even at Butunti, and keep Nero's baths.

Epigram 2.70

You don't like anyone to wash in the bathtub before yourself, Cotilus. What is the reason except that you would rather not be laved by irrumated water? But though you are first in the bath, it needs must be that your cock is washed here before your head.

Epigram 3.25

Faustinus, if you want to cool a bath so hot that Julianus¹⁰ would have trouble getting into it, ask declaimer Sabineius to wash in it. *He* chills the warm baths of Nero.¹¹

Epigram 3.36

You tell me, Fabianus, to give you the service that a new friend, just recently acquired, gives you. I must always wait upon you shivering at crack of dawn. Your chair must drag me through the mud. At the tenth hour or later I must wearily follow you to Agrippa's baths, though I myself use Titus's. Have I deserved this, Fabianus, through thirty Decembers – to be forever a raw recruit to your friendship? Have I deserved this, Fabianus, with my threadbare gown¹² that I bought myself – that you don't think I've yet earned my wooden sword?¹³

Epigram 3.44

Do you wish to know why it is, Ligurinus, that nobody is glad to meet you, that, wherever you go, there is flight and a vast solitude around you? You are too much of a poet. This is a very dangerous fault. A tigress roused by the theft of her cubs is not feared so much, nor yet a viper burnt by the midday sun, nor yet a vicious scorpion. For I ask you, who would endure such trials? You read to me as I stand, you read to me as I sit, you read to me as I run, you read to me as I shit. I flee to the baths: you boom in my ear. I head for the pool: I'm not allowed to swim. I hurry to dinner: you stop me in my tracks. I arrive at dinner: you drive me away as I eat.¹⁴ Tired out, I take a nap: you rouse me as I lie. Do you care to see how much damage you do? A just man, upright and innocent, you are feared.

Epigram 3.51

When I praise your face and admire your legs and hands, Galla, you are apt to say: 'You'll like me better naked.' And yet you always avoid taking a bath with me. Can it be, Galla, that you are afraid you may not like *me*?¹⁵

¹⁰ Otherwise unknown.

¹¹ His declamations were 'frigid'.

¹² Toga, representing services as a client; but this one was not a gift.

¹³ i.e. discharge.

¹⁴ Some editors keep *fugas sedentem* (you put me to flight as I sit), as though it was customary for guests to sit down before dinner, for which there is no evidence.

¹⁵ Hinting that she has some unsightliness of her own to conceal.

Epigram 3.82

Whoever can stand dinner with Zoilus, let him dine among Summemmii's wives and drink sober from Leda's¹⁶ broken jar. That would be easier and cleaner, I'll be bound. Clothed in green he lies filling up the couch and thrusts his guests on either hand with his elbows, propped up on purples and silk cushions. A youth stands by, supplying red feathers and slips of mastic¹⁷ as he belches, while a concubine, lying on her back, makes a gentle breeze with a green fan to relieve his heat, and a boy keeps off the flies with a sprig of myrtle. A masseuse runs over his frame nimbly and skilfully, scattering an expert hand over all his limbs. The eunuch knows the signal of his snapping finger and probes the coy urine, guiding a tipsy penis as his master drinks. But himself, bending back toward the crowd at his feet, in the midst of lapdogs who are gnawing goose livers, divides a boar's sweetbreads among his wrestling-coaches and bestows turtle rumps on his fancy-boy. While *we* are served with the produce of Liguria's rocks or must cooked in Massiliot smoke, he pledges his naturals in Opimian nectar with crystal and murrine cups. Himself dusky with Cosmus' phials, he does not blush to distribute a needy drab's hair oil among us out of a gold shell. Then he snores, sunk by many a half pint. We lie by, with orders not to interrupt the snorts, and pledge each other with nods. This insolence of an outrageous cad¹⁸ we suffer and cannot retaliate, Rufus: he sucks, males.

Epigram 5.8

As Phasis in the theater the other day (Phasis ruddy in resplendent cloak) was praising the edict of our Lord and God,¹⁹ whereby the benches are more strictly assigned and the knights have regained their rows undefiled,²⁰ and proudly puffing made this vaunt: 'At last we can sit more comfortably, knightly dignity is now restored, we are no longer pressed and soiled by the crowd' – while, lolling back, he delivered himself in these and similar terms, Leitus²¹ ordered that resplendent and, arrogant cloak to get up.

Epigram 5.14

Nanneius, who always used to sit in the first row in the days when squatting was allowed,²² was roused and moved camp twice and thrice. Finally he sat down behind Gaius and Lucius,²³ right between the seats, almost making a third. From that position he peered out with a hood over his head and watched the show with one eye in no seemly style. Dislodged from there too, the wretch moves to the gangway and, half-supported by the end of a bench, where he is ill received, he pretends to the knights with one knee that he is sitting and to Leitus with the other that he is standing.

Epigram 5.22

If I did not wish and deserve to see you at home this morning, Paulus, may your Esquiline abode be further from me than it is. But I am close neighbor to the

¹⁶ A prostitute.

¹⁷ Toothpicks.

¹⁸ According to Greek glossaries, *malchio* = a nasty fellow. The name is found in inscriptions.

¹⁹ Domitian had adopted this style in official correspondence (Suetonius *Domitian*. 13.2).

²⁰ The Roscian Law of 67 B.C. assigned fourteen rows in the theater to the knights. Domitian had brought it back into operation.

²¹ The attendant. Phasis was not a knight and could not claim a seat.

²² When the Roscian Law was not enforced.

²³ 'Sir Tom and Sir Harry'.

Tiburtine column,²⁴ where rustic Flora gazes at ancient Jove.²⁵ I must surmount the uphill path from Subura with its dirty stones and steps never dry, and I am scarcely able to break through the long trains of mules and the marble blocks you see hauled by many a rope. What is worse still, Paulus, worn out after a thousand labors, I am told by your janitor that you are not at home. Such is the outcome of my vain effort and my poor soaked gown: it would hardly have been worth it to *see* Paulus of a morning. Shall the faithful client ever be cultivating unconscionable friends? Unless you stay abed, you can be no patron of mine.

Epigram 5.24

Hermes, favorite fighter of the age; Hermes, skilled in all weaponry; Hermes, gladiator and trainer both; Hermes, tempest and tremor²⁶ of his school; Hermes, who (but none other) makes Helius afraid; Hermes, before whom (but none other) Advolans falls; Hermes, taught to win without wounding;²⁷ Hermes, himself his own substitute;²⁸ Hermes, gold mine of seat-mongers; Hermes, darling and distress of gladiators' women;²⁹ Hermes, proud with battling spear; Hermes, menacing with marine trident;³⁰ Hermes, formidable in drooping³¹ helmet; Hermes, glory of Mars universal; Hermes, all things in one and thrice unique.

Epigram 5.47

Philo swears that he has never dined at home, and it's true. He never has dinner when nobody has invited him.

Epigram 6.42

If you don't bathe in the warm baths of Etruscus, you will die unbathed, Oppianus. No waters will so charm you, not the springs of Aponus by women untried,³² nor soft Sinuessa and the hot waves of Passer³³ or proud Anxur, nor the shallows of Phoebus or Baiae the paramount. Nowhere is the clear, open sky so bright. The very light stays longer there, from no place does the day depart more slowly. There the quarries of Taygetus³⁴ are green and stones which the Phrygian and the Libyan³⁵ have deeply hewn contend in varied beauty. Sleek alabaster breathes arid heat and snakestones are warm with slender flame. If you like the Laconian style,³⁶ having satisfied yourself with dry warmth, you can plunge into native Virgin or Marcia,³⁷ so bright, so clear and transparent that you would not suspect any water there, you would think the shining lygdus was empty.

²⁴ Otherwise unknown.

²⁵ The temple of Flora and the Capitolium Vetus, a temple dedicated to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva; both stood on the Quirinal where M. lived.

²⁶ i.e. earthquake.

²⁷ He disarmed his opponents.

²⁸ Never vanquished, and so never replaced by another gladiator.

²⁹ They adored him or feared he would kill their men.

³⁰ As a *retiarius* armed with net and trident.

³¹ The meaning of the epithet *languida* is doubtful; some have thought it corrupt.

³² Why so is uncertain.

³³ The Aquae Passerianae in Etruria, where were also the Aquae Apollinares, now Bagni di Vicarello.

³⁴ The green Laconian marble.

³⁵ Synnadic and Numidian marble, one streaked with purple, the other yellow.

³⁶ A hot-air bath followed by a cold plunge. There was a special apartment called *Laconicum*.

³⁷ Roman aqueducts.

You pay no attention and hear me this while with languid ear, seeming not to care. You will die unbathed, Oppianus.

Epigram 6.81

You bathe as though you were angry with the public, Charidemus, washing your groin all over the bathtub. I wouldn't have you wash your head here like that, Charidemus. There now, you're washing your head. I'd sooner you washed your groin.

Epigram 6.88

By chance I greeted you this morning by your real name, Caecilianus, instead of calling you 'my lord.' Do you want to know how much such freedom costs me? It robbed me of a hundred farthings.³⁸

Epigram 7.20

Santra is the most miserly and the greediest of beings. When he has an invitation and runs off to a formal dinner, for which he has been angling for so many days and nights, he asks for three helpings of boar's sweetbreads, four of loin, both haunches of hare and two shoulders; nor does he blush to lie about a thrush and snatch the livid beards of oysters. He smears his dirty napkin with mouthfuls of cake. Therein are assembled preserved grapes and a few pomegranate grains, and the ugly skin of a hollowed matrix³⁹ and an oozy fig and a crippled mushroom. But when the napkin bursts with a thousand thefts, he hides gnawed vertebrae in his warm pocket together with the remains of a pigeon whose head has been devoured. Nor does he think shame to collect with a long arm whatever the sweeper and the dogs have left. Edible plunder is not enough for his gullet, he fills a flagon at his feet with mixed wine.⁴⁰ When he has carried all this home up two hundred stairs and anxiously shut himself in his barred chamber, this greedy fellow – sells it next day.

Epigram 7.76

If important people compete for your company at dinner tables and in the colonnades and theaters and like to ride with you and bathe with you as often as you turn up, don't get too conceited. It's your company they like, Philomusus, not you.⁴¹

Epigram 9.75

Tucca did not make his bath of hard flint or concrete or burnt brick, with which Semiramis girdled the length of Babylon, but with the wreckage of woods and a framework of pine, so that Tucca could go to sea in his bath. The same luxurious Tucca constructed fine warm baths of every marble that Carystus discovered, that Phrygian Synnas or African Numidia exported, that Eurotas laved with his verdant stream.⁴² But wood is lacking: put the first bath under the second.

³⁸ The normal client's dole. M. implies that the dinner which went with it would not have been worth eating.

³⁹ i.e. a sow's matrix, a favorite dish. It was served boiled and soured in a vinegar and brine sauce and other condiments.

⁴⁰ Wines stolen from different glasses rather than wine and water.

⁴¹ Lit. 'you give them pleasure, you are not loved.'

⁴² Laconian marble was green.

Epigram 10.49

Though you drink amethystine bumpers and get tipsy with black Opimian, you pledge me in Sabine⁴³ recently laid down and say to me, Cotta, 'Would you like it in gold?' Who wants leaden⁴⁴ wines in gold?

Epigram 10.53

I am Scorpis, the glory of the clamorous circus, your applause, Rome, and brief darling. Envious Lachesis snatched me away ere my thirtieth year,⁴⁵ but, counting my victories, believed me an old man.

Epigram 11.75

Your slave goes into the bath with you, Caelia, covered with a brass sheath; to what purpose, pray, since he is not a singer to the lyre or flute?⁴⁶ I suppose you don't want to see his cock. Then why do you bathe in public? Are we all eunuchs in your eyes? So, to avoid appearing to grudge us, unfasten your slave's sheath, Caelia.

Epigram 12.19

Aemilius consumes lettuces, eggs, mackerel in the baths and says he is not dining at home.

Epigram 12.70

Not long ago, when a bow-legged, home-bred slave carried Aper's towels and a one-eyed old woman sat watching over his little gown and a ruptured masseur handed him his drop of oil, he was a stern, harsh censor of boozers. He would shout that the cups should be smashed and the Falernian poured away which a knight, fresh from his bath, was imbibing. But now that three hundred thousand has come his way from an aged uncle, he doesn't know how to go home from the baths sober. Oh, what a difference open-work goblets and five long-haired boys can make! When Aper was poor, he wasn't thirsty.

Epigram 12.82

To escape Menogenes in the public baths and around the private baths is not possible, try what device you will. He will grab at the warm trigon with right and left so that he can often score a point to you for the balls he catches.⁴⁷ He'll collect from the dust and bring back the loose follis, even if he has already bathed and already put on his slippers. If you take your towels, he'll say they are whiter than snow, though they be dirtier than a baby's lap. As you comb your scanty hair with the split ivory, he'll say you have arranged locks of Achilles. He'll fetch you an aperitif⁴⁸ with his own hands from the dregs of a smoky flagon and continually wipe the moisture from your forehead. He'll praise everything, admire everything, until after enduring a thousand annoyances you say: 'Come to dinner.'

⁴³ A cheap wine while Opimian was expensive.

⁴⁴ i.e. bad.

⁴⁵ Lit. 'in my ninth three-year period.'

⁴⁶ Infibulation was supposed to protect the voice.

⁴⁷ Menogenes catches balls which the player has let go by and scores them to him.

⁴⁸ *Propin*, from Greek προπι (υ)ειν (propiein: 'drink before-hand').

Reading 4.3 Petronius, *The Satyricon*

Sullivan, J. (ed. and trans.) (1965) *Petronius: The Satyricon and The Fragments*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, pp.45–84, 186–192)

Dinner with Trimalchio

Book XV

26 The next day but one finally arrived. But we were so knocked about that we wanted to run rather than rest. We were mournfully discussing how to avoid the approaching storm, when one of Agamemnon's slaves broke in on our frantic debate.

'Here,' said he, 'don't you know who's your host today? It's Trimalchio – he's terribly elegant ... He has a clock in the dining-room and a trumpeter all dressed up to tell him how much longer he's got to live.'

This made us forget all our troubles. We dressed carefully and told Giton, who was very kindly acting as our servant, to attend us at the baths.

27 We did not take our clothes off but began wandering around, or rather exchanging jokes while circulating among the little groups. Suddenly we saw a bald old man in a reddish shirt, playing ball with some long-haired boys. It was not so much the boys that made us watch, although they alone were worth the trouble, but the old gentleman himself. He was taking his exercise in slippers and throwing a green ball around. But he didn't pick it up if it touched the ground; instead there was a slave holding a bagful, and he supplied them to the players. We noticed other novelties. Two eunuchs stood around at different points: one of them carried a silver chamber pot, the other counted the balls, not those flying from hand to hand according to the rules, but those that fell to the ground. We were still admiring these elegant arrangements when Menelaus hurried up to us.

'This is the man you'll be dining with,' he said. 'In fact, you are now watching the beginning of the dinner.'

No sooner had Menelaus spoken than Trimalchio snapped his fingers. At the signal the eunuch brought up the chamber pot for him, while he went on playing. With the weight off his bladder, he demanded water for his hands, splashed a few drops on his fingers and wiped them on a boy's head ...

28 It would take too long to pick out isolated incidents. Anyway, we entered the baths where we began sweating at once and we went immediately into the cold water. Trimalchio had been smothered in perfume and was already being rubbed down, not with linen towels, but with bath-robcs of the finest wool. As this was going on, three masseurs sat drinking Falernian in front of him. Through quarrelling they spilled most of it and Trimalchio said they were drinking his health.¹ Wrapped in thick scarlet felt he was put into a litter. Four couriers with lots of medals went in front, as well as a go-cart in which his favourite boy was riding – a wizened, bleary-eyed youngster, uglier than his master. As he was carried off, a musician with a tiny set of pipes took his place by Trimalchio's head and whispered a tune in his ear the whole way.

We followed on, choking with amazement by now, and arrived at the door with Agamemnon at our side. On the doorpost a notice was fastened which read:

ANY SLAVE LEAVING THE HOUSE WITHOUT HIS MASTER'S
PERMISSION WILL RECEIVE ONE HUNDRED LASHES

¹ In Roman toasts a little wine was poured on the ground as a libation to the gods. Trimalchio's pretensions to popularity with his household become even more absurd later. The masseurs, of course, are not drinking his health at all.

Just at the entrance stood the hall-porter, dressed in a green uniform with a belt of cherry red. He was shelling peas into a silver basin. Over the doorway hung – of all things – a golden cage from which a spotted magpie greeted visitors.

29 As I was gaping at all this, I almost fell over backwards and broke a leg. There on the left as one entered, not far from the porter's cubbyhole, was a huge dog with a chain round its neck. It was painted on the wall² and over it, in big capitals, was written:

BEWARE OF THE DOG

My colleagues laughed at me, but when I got my breath back I went on to examine the whole wall. There was a mural³ of a slave market, price tags and all. Then Trimalchio himself, holding a wand of Mercury and being led into Rome by Minerva. After this a picture of how he learned accounting and, finally, how he became a steward. The painstaking artist had drawn it all in great detail with descriptions underneath. Just where the colonnade ended Mercury hauled him up by the chin and rushed him to a high platform. Fortune with her flowing cornucopia and the three Fates spinning their golden threads were there in attendance.

I also noticed in the colonnade a company of runners practising with their trainer. In one corner was a large cabinet, which served as a shrine for some silver statues of the household deities with a marble figure of Venus and an impressive gold casket in which, they told me, the master's first beard was preserved. ...⁴

I began asking the porter what were the pictures they had in the middle.

'The Iliad, the Odyssey, and the gladiatorial show given by Laenas,' he told me.

30 Time did not allow us to look at many of the pictures ... by now we had reached the dining-room, at the entrance to which sat a treasurer going over the accounts. There was one feature I particularly admired: on the door-posts were fixed rods and axes⁵ tapering off at their lowest point into something like the bronze beak of a ship. On it was the inscription:

PRESENTED TO C. POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO
PRIEST OF THE AUGUSTAN COLLEGE⁶
BY HIS STEWARD CINNAMUS

Beneath this same inscription a fixture with twin lamps dangled from the ceiling and two notices, one on each door-post. One of them, if my memory is correct, had written on it:

² Such representations seem to have been common – mosaic examples may be seen in Pompeii and the Naples Museum. Life-like representation of the *trompe-l'oeil* sort was a main object of ancient art.

³ The allegory of the mural is fairly simple. Mercury as the god of trade (and thieves) is an appropriate patron for Trimalchio. Minerva as the goddess of general and technical wisdom is there to reflect Trimalchio's own high estimation of his education and capabilities. The platform or *tribunal* to which Mercury rushes him by the chin (the special bodily seat of power) is where the seats of magistrates are placed. In this case it would represent the position of *sevir*, one of the municipal officials who were in charge of the Imperial cult in the towns outside Rome. The rest of the symbolism is obvious and conventional.

⁴ The first shave was symbolic of a boy's reaching man's estate and donning the *toga virilis*. Cases are heard of, such as Nero's, where the trimmings are kept in a box. It was probably not customary and seems here a part of Trimalchio's self-importance.

⁵ The rods and axes were the Roman symbols of magisterial authority. Trimalchio has them as a *sevir*, a fact of which we are constantly reminded.

⁶ i.e. a *sevir* (see note 3 above).

The other displayed representations of the moon's phases and the seven heavenly bodies. Lucky and unlucky days were marked with different coloured studs.⁸

Having had enough of these interesting things, we attempted to go in, but one of the slaves shouted: 'Right foot first!' Naturally we hesitated a moment in case one of us should cross the threshold the wrong way. But just as we were all stepping forward, a slave with his back bare flung himself at our feet and began pleading with us to get him off a flogging. He was in trouble for nothing very serious, he told us – the steward's clothes, hardly worth ten sesterces, had been stolen from him at the baths. Back went our feet, and we appealed to the steward, who was counting out gold pieces in the office, to let the man off.

He lifted his head haughtily: 'It is not so much the actual loss that annoys me,' he said, 'it's the wretch's carelessness. They were my dinner clothes he lost. A client had presented them to me on my birthday – genuine Tyrian purple, of course; however they had been laundered once. So what does it matter? He's all yours.'

31 We were very much obliged to him for this favour; and when we did enter the dining-room, that same slave whose cause we had pleaded ran up to us and, to our utter confusion, covered us with kisses and thanked us for our kindness.

'And what's more,' he said, 'you'll know right away who it is you have been so kind to. "The master's wine is the waiter's gift."'

Finally we took our places.⁹ Boys from Alexandria poured iced water over our hands. Others followed them and attended to our feet, removing any hangnails with great skill. But they were not quiet even during this troublesome operation: they sang away at their work. I wanted to find out if the whole staff were singers, so I asked for a drink. In a flash a boy was there, singing in a shrill voice while he attended to me – and anyone else who was asked to bring something did the same. It was more like a musical comedy than a respectable dinner party.

Some extremely elegant hors d'oeuvre were served at this point – by now everyone had taken his place with the exception of Trimalchio, for whom, strangely enough, the place at the top was reserved. The dishes for the first course included an ass of Corinthian bronze with two panniers, white olives on one side and black on the other. Over the ass were two pieces of plate, with Trimalchio's name and the weight of the silver inscribed on the rims. There were some small iron frames shaped like bridges supporting dormice sprinkled with honey and poppy seed.

⁷ The date of the action in Puteoli is some time in the summer. Trimalchio's lavish hospitality is such that he is boasting of being out to dinner only twice a year, which, therefore, has to be carefully noted as a reminder.

⁸ The first reference to Trimalchio's superstitious nature. The slave we find later warning guests not to step over the threshold on the wrong foot is another. The left was regarded by the Romans (and still is by moderns) as unlucky.

⁹ The seating arrangements at the dinner are confused and no satisfactory seating plan has been devised. At a Roman dinner normally three large couches were placed around a large central solid table, the diners reclining diagonally on their left sides and eating with their right hands. The fourth side was open to allow the slaves to serve the food. More than three could take their places on these couches, and it is clear from the number of guests that Trimalchio had far more than the usual nine, the number of the Muses, even if we exclude *umbræ* (uninvited guests who would come with an invited friend), wives (e.g., Fortunata), who would just sit on the edge of a couch, and attendants such as Giton who would be at the feet of their masters. Trimalchio has also set out small tables to allow more room, and the traditional seating has been changed, Trimalchio reclining in the top place on the highest couch (no doubt in order to be nearer the bathroom). Encolpius is probably reclining below Hermeros and Habinnas will later take the honoured praetor's place on the middle couch. But the rest of the positions do not much matter.

There were steaming hot sausages too, on a silver gridiron with damsons and pomegranate seeds underneath.¹⁰

32 We were in the middle of these elegant dishes when Trimalchio himself was carried in to the sound of music and set down on a pile of tightly stuffed cushions. The sight of him drew an astonished laugh from the guests.¹¹ His cropped head stuck out from a scarlet coat; his neck was well muffled up and he had put round it a napkin with a broad purple stripe and tassels dangling here and there. On the little finger of his left hand he wore a heavy gilt ring and a smaller one on the last joint of the next finger. This I thought was solid gold, but actually it was studded with little iron stars. And to show off even more of his jewellery, he had his right arm bare and set off by a gold armlet and an ivory circlet fastened with a gleaming metal plate.

33 After picking his teeth with a silver toothpick, he began: 'My friends, I wasn't keen to come into the dining room yet. But if I stayed away any more, I would have kept you back, so I've deprived myself of all my little pleasures for you. However, you'll allow me to finish my game.'

A boy was at his heels with a board of terebinth wood with glass squares, and I noticed the very last word in luxury – instead of white and black pieces he had gold and silver coins.¹² While he was swearing away like a trooper over his game and we were still on the *hors d'oeuvre*, a tray was brought in with a basket on it. There sat a wooden hen, its wings spread round it the way hens are when they are broody. Two slaves hurried up and as the orchestra played a tune they began searching through the straw and dug out peahen's eggs, which they distributed to the guests.

Trimalchio turned to look at this little scene and said: 'My friends, I gave orders for that bird to sit on some peahen's eggs. I hope to goodness they are not starting to hatch. However, let's try them and see if they are still soft.'

We took up our spoons (weighing at least half a pound each) and cracked the eggs, which were made of rich pastry. To tell the truth, I nearly threw away my share, as the chicken seemed already formed. But I heard a guest who was an old hand say: 'There should be something good here.' So I searched the shell with my fingers and found the plumpest little figpecker, all covered with yolk and seasoned with pepper.

34 At this point Trimalchio became tired of his game and demanded that all the previous dishes be brought to him. He gave permission in a loud voice for any of us to have another glass of mead if we wanted it. Suddenly there was a crash from the orchestra and a troop of waiters – still singing – snatched away the *hors d'oeuvre*. However in the confusion one of the side-dishes happened to fall and a slave picked it up from the floor. Trimalchio noticed this, had the boy's ears boxed and told him to throw it down again. A cleaner came in with a broom and began to sweep up the silver plate along with the rest of the rubbish. Two long-haired Ethiopians followed him, carrying small skin bottles like those they use for

¹⁰ This first course is typical of the rest of the dinner: elaborate servers of various precious metals; expensive delicacies such as dormice (European field-mice); and above all the attempt on the part of the cuisine to represent natural objects as something that they are not – here damsons and pomegranate seeds look like a fire beneath the griddle.

¹¹ Trimalchio's appearance is rightly laughed at by the guests. The close crop is a sign of the slave or ex-slave; the napkin ostentatiously displays the broad purple stripe which was worn by the senatorial order on their togas; gold rings are the specific privilege of Roman knights, so Trimalchio wears a gilt ring and a gold ring studded with iron – thus sailing as close to the wind as he dares.

¹² Probably the game called *latrunculi* – a game something between draughts and chess, although sometimes dice played a part in it. The object was to put an opponent's piece between two of one's own and so capture him. There is at least one Egyptian picture of a solo game, although normally it was played between two people.

scattering sand in the circus, and they poured wine over our hands – no one ever offered us water.

Our host was complimented on these elegant arrangements. ‘You’ve got to fight fair,’ he replied. ‘That is why I gave orders for each guest to have his own table. At the same time these smelly slaves won’t crowd so.’

Carefully sealed wine bottles were immediately brought, their necks labelled:

FALERNIAN
CONSUL OPIMIUS
ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD¹³

While we were examining the labels, Trimalchio clapped his hands and said with a sigh:

‘Wine has a longer life than us poor folks. So let’s wet our whistles. Wine is life. I’m giving you real Opimian. I didn’t put out such good stuff yesterday, though the company was much better class.’

Naturally we drank and missed no opportunity of admiring his elegant hospitality. In the middle of this a slave brought in a silver skeleton, put together in such a way that its joints and backbone could be pulled out and twisted in all directions.¹⁴ After he had flung it about on the table once or twice, its flexible joints falling into various postures, Trimalchio recited:

‘Man’s life alas! is but a span,
So let us live it while we can,
We’ll be like this when dead.’

35 After our applause the next course was brought in. Actually it was not as grand as we expected, but it was so novel that everyone stared. It was a deep circular tray with the twelve signs of the Zodiac arranged round the edge. Over each of them the chef had placed some appropriate dainty suggested by the subject.¹⁵ Over Aries the Ram, butter beans; over Taurus the Bull, a beef-steak; over the Heavenly Twins, testicles and kidneys; over Cancer the Crab, a garland; over Leo the Lion, an African fig; over Virgo the Virgin, a young sow’s udder; over Libra the Scales, a balance with a tart in one pan and a cake in the other; over Scorpio, a lobster; over Sagittarius the Archer, a bull’s eye; over Capricorn, a horned fish; over Aquarius the Water-carrier, a goose; over Pisces the Fishes, two mullets. In the centre was a piece of grassy turf bearing a honeycomb. A young Egyptian slave carried bread around in a silver oven ... and in a sickening voice he mangled a song from the show *The Asafoetida Man*.

36 As we started rather reluctantly on this inferior fare, Trimalchio said:

‘Let’s eat, if you don’t mind. This is the sauce of all order.’ As he spoke, four dancers hurtled forward in time to the music and removed the upper part of the great dish, revealing underneath plump fowls, sows’ udders, and a hare with wings

¹³ This label has given commentators a lot of trouble. Opimius was consul in 121 B.C., but although this vintage produced long-lived wines (some bottles, almost undrinkable, surviving to the middle of the first century A.D., according to the elder Pliny), we cannot, therefore, date the time of this episode to 21 B.C. The point is that Trimalchio is trying to impress his guests with the age and quality of his wine, but no vintner puts a label like this on a bottle, unless he is trying to cheat a customer. Trimalchio does not know his dates – all he knows is that Opimian was the best (like Napoleon brandy). He is either lying or he has been cheated.

¹⁴ The skeleton is a frequent motif in fresco or mosaic on dining-room walls or house floors. Its purpose is to admonish the diners to eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die.

¹⁵ Each of the foods placed over the signs of the Zodiac is either a sort of rebus, e.g., over Aries, *cicer arietinum* (chickpeas), or has some appropriate connexion with the sign in question, e.g., the goose is connected with rain and is placed over the rainy constellation of the Water-carrier. The rebuses will not always come through in translation, so I have substituted where necessary a reasonable English equivalent.

fixed to his middle to look like Pegasus.¹⁶ We also noticed four little figures of Marsyas,¹⁷ which let a peppery fish-sauce go running over some fish which seemed to be swimming in a little channel. We all joined in the servants' applause and amid some laughter we helped ourselves to these quite exquisite things.

Trimalchio was every bit as delighted as we were with this piece of ingenuity: 'Carve'er!' he cried. Up came the man with the carving knife and with his hands moving in time to the orchestra, he sliced up the victuals like a charioteer battling to the sound of organ music. And still Trimalchio went on saying insistently: 'Carve'er! Carve'er!'

I suspected this repetition was connected with some joke, and I went so far as to ask the man on my left what it meant. He had watched this sort of game quite often and said:

'You see the fellow doing the carving – he's called Carver. So whenever he says "Carver!", he's calling out his name and his orders.'

[A fellow guest talks about Trimalchio, and his wife Fortunata's background, and then Trimalchio discusses astrology.]

40 'Oh clever!' we all cried, raising our hands to the ceiling and swearing that Hipparchus and Aratus¹⁸ couldn't compete with *him*.

Then the servants came up and laid across the couches embroidered coverlets showing nets, hunters carrying broad spears, and all the paraphernalia of hunting. We were still wondering which way to look when a tremendous clamour arose outside the dining-room, and would you believe it? – Spartan hounds began dashing everywhere, even round the table. Behind them came a great dish and on it lay a wild boar of the largest possible size, and, what is more, wearing a freedman's cap on its head. From its tusks dangled two baskets woven from palm leaves, one full of fresh Syrian dates, the other of dried Theban dates. Little piglets made of cake were all round as though at its dugs, suggesting it was a brood sow now being served. These were actually gifts to take home. Surprisingly the man who took his place to cut up the boar was not our old friend Carver but a huge bearded fellow, wearing leggings and a damask hunting coat. He pulled out a hunting knife and made a great stab at the boar's side and as he struck, out flew a flock of thrushes. But there were fowlers all ready with their limed reeds, who caught them as soon as they began flying round the room.

Trimalchio gave orders for each guest to have his own bird, then added: 'And have a look at the delicious acorns our pig in the wood has been eating.'

Young slaves promptly went to the baskets and gave the guests their share of the two kinds of date.

[The guests continue to chat while Trimalchio is absent.]

47 This was the sort of conversation flying round when Trimalchio came in, dabbed his forehead and washed his hands in perfume. There was a short pause, then he said:

'Excuse me, dear people, my inside has not been answering the call for several days now. The doctors are puzzled. But some pomegranate rind and resin in vinegar has done me good. But I hope now it will be back on its good behaviour. Otherwise my stomach rumbles like a bull. So if any of you wants to go out, there's no need for him to be embarrassed. None of us was born solid. I think there's

¹⁶ Pegasus was the winged horse of Bellerophon, on which he killed the Chimaera.

¹⁷ The satyr Marsyas lost a musical contest with Apollo; for daring to challenge the god he was flayed alive.

¹⁸ Hipparchus and Aratus: Aratus (c. 270 B.C.) was the author of two astronomical poems which survive; Hipparchus (c. 190–125 B.C.) was the greatest of the Greek astronomers.

nothing so tormenting as holding yourself in. This is the one thing even God Almighty can't object to. Yes, laugh, Fortunata, but you generally keep me up all night with this sort of thing.

'Anyway, I don't object to people doing what suits them even in the middle of dinner – and the doctors forbid you to hold yourself in. Even if it's a longer business, everything is there, just outside – water, bowls, and all the other little comforts. Believe me, if the wind goes to your brain it starts flooding your whole body too. I've known a lot of people die from this because they wouldn't be honest with themselves.'

We thanked him for being so generous and considerate and promptly proceeded to bury our amusement in our glasses. Up to this point we'd not realized we were only in mid-stream, as you might say.

The orchestra played, the tables were cleared, and then three white pigs were brought into the dining-room, all decked out in muzzles and bells. The first, the master of ceremonies announced, was two years old, the second three, and the third six. I was under the impression that some acrobats were on their way in and the pigs were going to do some tricks, the way they do in street shows. But Trimalchio dispelled this impression by asking:

'Which of these would you like for the next course? Any clodhopper can do you a barnyard cock or a stew and trifles like that, but my cooks are used to boiling whole calves.'

He immediately sent for the chef and without waiting for us to choose he told him to kill the oldest pig.

He then said to the man in a loud voice:

'Which division are you from?'

When he replied he was from number forty, Trimalchio asked:

'Were you bought or were you born here?'

'Neither,' said the chef, 'I was left to you in Pansa's will.'

'Well, then,' said Trimalchio, 'see you serve it up carefully – otherwise I'll have you thrown into the messenger's division.'

So the chef, duly reminded of his master's magnificence, went back to his kitchen, the next course leading the way.

48 Trimalchio looked round at us with a gentle smile: 'If you don't like the wine, I'll have it changed. It is up to you to do it justice. I don't buy it, thank heaven. In fact, whatever wine really tickles your palate this evening, it comes from an estate of mine which as yet I haven't seen. It's said to join my estates at Tarracina and Tarentum.¹⁹ What I'd like to do now is add Sicily to my little bit of land, so that when I want to go to Africa, I could sail there without leaving my own property.

'But tell me, Agamemnon, what was your debate about today? Even though I don't go in for the law, still I've picked up enough education for home consumption. And don't you think I turn my nose up at studying, because I have two libraries, one Greek, one Latin. So tell us, just as a favour, what was the topic of your debate?'

Agamemnon was just beginning, 'A poor man and a rich man were enemies ...' when Trimalchio said: 'What's a poor man?' 'Oh, witty!' said Agamemnon, and then told us about some fictitious case or other. Like lightning Trimalchio said: 'If this happened, it's not a fictitious case – if it didn't happen, then it's nothing at all.'

We greeted this witticism and several more like it with the greatest enthusiasm.

¹⁹ Tarracina, a town of Latium, is midway between Rome and Naples; Tarentum is at the top of the heel of Italy. The distance intervening would be about 200 miles.

‘Tell me, my dear Agamemnon,’ continued Trimalchio, ‘do you remember the twelve labours of Hercules and the story of Ulysses – how the Cyclops tore out his thumb with a pair of pincers.’²⁰ I used to read about them in Homer, when I was a boy. In fact, I actually saw the Sibyl at Cumae²¹ with my own eyes dangling in a bottle, and when the children asked her in Greek: “What do you want, Sybil?” she used to answer: “I want to die.”

49 He was still droning on when a server carrying the massive pig was put on the table. We started to express our amazement at this speed and swear that not even an ordinary rooster could be cooked so quickly, the more so as the pig appeared far larger than we remembered. Trimalchio looked closer and closer at it, and then shouted:

‘What’s this? Isn’t this pig gutted? I’m damn certain it isn’t. Call the chef in here, go on, call him!’

The downcast chef stood by the table and said he’d forgotten it.

‘What, you forgot!’ shouted Trimalchio. ‘You’d think he’d only left out the pepper and cumin. Strip him!’

In a second the chef was stripped and standing miserably between two men with whips. But everyone began pleading for him:

‘It does tend to happen,’ they said, ‘do let him off, please. If he does it any more, none of us will stand up for him again.’

Personally, given my tough and ruthless temperament, I couldn’t contain myself. I leaned over and whispered in Agamemnon’s ear:

‘How could anyone forget to clean a pig? I damn well wouldn’t let him off if he forgot to clean a fish.’

But not Trimalchio. His face relaxed into a smile.

‘Well,’ he said, ‘since you have such a bad memory, gut it in front of us.’

The chef recovered his shirt, took up a knife and with a nervous hand cut open the pig’s belly left and right. Suddenly, as the slits widened with the pressure, out poured sausages and bloodpuddings.

[*Trimalchio entertains his guests with philosophy, more food arrives, the guests tell ghost stories and friends of the host (Habinnas and Scintilla) arrive.*]

68 Then came an interval, after which Trimalchio called for dessert. Slaves removed all the tables and brought in others. They scattered sawdust tinted with saffron and vermilion, and something I had never seen before – powdered mica. Trimalchio said at once:

‘I could make you just settle for this. There’s dessert for you! The tables’ve deserted.’²² However, if you people have anything nice, bring it on!’

Meanwhile a slave from Alexandria, who was taking round the hot water, started imitating a nightingale, only for Trimalchio to shout: ‘Change your tune!’

More entertainment! A slave sitting by Habinnas’ feet, prompted, I suppose, by his master, suddenly burst out in a sing-song voice:

‘Meanwhile Aeneas was in mid-ocean with his fleet.’²³

²⁰ Trimalchio’s learning, like that of the Calvisius Sabinus described by Seneca, is defective and pretentious. Homer does not narrate the twelve labours of Hercules and the Cyclops did not tear off Ulysses’ thumb, but had his own eye put out by that hero.

²¹ This is one of the famous Sybils of antiquity: she was Aeneas’ guide to the underworld. Sybils were regarded as immortal, but unfortunately, grew old and withered like Tithonus, hence this reply. Cumae is just up the coast from Puteoli and, like Puteoli, it was a town colonised by Greeks.

²² The joke here depends on the slaves taking Trimalchio’s order for dessert (*secundae mensae*) literally and bringing in a second set of tables (*secundae mensae*).

²³ The opening line of the *Aeneid*, Book 5.

No more cutting sound ever pierced my eardrums. Apart from his barbarous meandering up and down the scale, he mixed in Atellan verses,²⁴ so that Vergil actually grated on me for the first time in my life. When he did finally stop through exhaustion, Habinnas said:

‘He’s never had any real training. I just had him taught by sending him along to peddlers on the street corner. He’s no one to equal him if he wants to imitate mule-drivers or hawkers. He’s desperately clever, really. He’s a cobbler, a cook, a confectioner – a man that can turn his hand to anything. But he’s got two faults; if he didn’t have them he’d be one in a million – he’s circumcised and he snores. I don’t mind him being cross-eyed – so is Venus. That’s why he’s never quiet and his eyes are hardly ever still. I bought him for twelve hundred sesterces.’

69 Scintilla interrupted him: ‘Of course, you’re not telling them all the tricks the wretch gets up to. He’s a pimp – but I’ll make sure he gets branded for it.’

Trimalchio laughed: ‘I know a Cappadocian²⁵ when I see one. He’s not slow in looking after himself and, by heaven, I admire him for it. You can’t take it with you.’

‘Now, Scintilla, don’t be jealous. Believe me, we know all about you women too. As sure as I stand here, I used to knock up the mistress so much that even the old boy suspected; so he sent me off to look after his farms. But I’d better save my breath to cool my porridge.’

As though he’d been complimented the wretched slave took out an earthenware lamp from his pocket and for more than half an hour gave imitations of trumpet-players, while Habinnas hummed an accompaniment, pressing down his lower lip with his hand. Finally coming right into the middle, he did a flute-player with some broken reeds, then he dressed up in a greatcoat and whip and did the Life of the Muleteer, till Habinnas called him over, kissed him, and gave him a drink:

‘Better and better, Massa!’ he said, ‘I’ll give you a pair of boots.’

There would have been no end to all these trials if an extra course had not arrived – pastry thrushes stuffed with raisins and nuts. After them came quinces with thorns stuck in them to look like sea-urchins. All this would have been all right, but there was a far more horrible dish that made us prefer even dying of hunger. When it was put on the table, looking to us like a fat goose surrounded by fish and all sorts of game, Trimalchio said:

‘Whatever you see here, friends, is made from one kind of stuff.’

I, of course, being very cautious by nature, spotted immediately what it was and glancing at Agamemnon, I said:

‘I’ll be surprised if it isn’t all made of wax, or at any rate mud. I’ve seen that sort of imitation food produced at the Saturnalia in Rome.’

70 I hadn’t quite finished what I was saying when Trimalchio said:

‘As sure as I hope to expand – my investments of course, not my waist-line – my chef made it all from pork. There couldn’t be a more valuable man to have. Say the word and he’ll produce a fish out of a sow’s belly, a pigeon out of the lard, a turtle dove out of the ham, and fowl out of the knuckle. So, he’s been given a nice name I thought of myself – he’s called Daedalus.²⁶ And seeing he’s a clever lad, I brought him some carvers of Styrian steel as a present from Rome.’

²⁴ Atellan farces were at first improvised Italian character sketches in Oscan dialect; they revolved round certain stereotypes – Maccus, the clown, Bucco, the babbler, Pappus, the old man, etc. They had originally a certain refined and satirical humour; in fact, certain Romans even wrote them, although they eventually degenerated and became more like mimes.

²⁵ Cappadocians were regarded as the slyest and most difficult slaves.

²⁶ Daedalus was the legendary craftsman who built the Cretan labyrinth, etc., and invented wings to escape from that island; he was the standard prototype of inventiveness.

He immediately had them brought in and gazed at them with admiration. He even allowed us to test the point on our cheeks.

All of a sudden in came two slaves, apparently having had a quarrel at the well; at any rate they still had water jugs on their shoulders. But while Trimalchio was giving his decision about their respective cases, neither of them paid any attention to his verdict: instead they broke each other's jugs with their sticks. Staggered by their drunken insolence, we couldn't take our eyes away from the fight till we noticed oysters and scallops sliding out of the jugs, which a boy collected and carried round on a dish. The ingenious chef was equal to these elegant refinements – he brought in snails on a silver gridiron, singing all the time in a high grating voice.

I blush to say what happened next. Boys with their hair down their backs came round with perfumed cream in a silver bowl and rubbed it on our feet as we lay there,²⁷ but first they wrapped our legs and ankles in wreaths of flowers. Some of the same stuff was dropped into the decanter and the lamp.

Fortunata was now wanting to dance,²⁸ and Scintilla was doing more clapping than talking, when Trimalchio said:

'Philargyrus – even though you are such a terrible fan of the Greens²⁹ – you have my permission to join us. And tell your dear Menophila to sit down as well.'

Need I say more? We were almost thrown out of our places, so completely did the household fill the dining-room. I even noticed that the chef was actually given a place above me, and he was reeking of pickles and sauce. And he wasn't satisfied with just having a place, but he had to start straight off on an imitation of the tragedian Ephesus,³⁰ and then challenge his master to bet against the Greens winning at the next races.

71 Trimalchio became expansive after this argument.

'My dear people,' he said, 'slaves are human beings too. They drink the same milk as anybody else, even though luck's been agin 'em. Still, if nothing happens to me, they'll have their taste of freedom soon. In fact, I'm setting them all free in my will. I'm giving Philargyrus a farm, what's more, and the woman he lives with. As for Cario, I'm leaving him a block of flats, his five per cent manumission tax, and a bed with all the trimmings. I'm making Fortunata my heir, and I want all my friends to look after her.

'The reason I'm telling everyone all this is so my household will love me now as much as if I was dead.'

Everyone began thanking his lordship for his kindness, when he became very serious and had a copy of his will brought in. Amid the sobs of his household he read out the whole thing from beginning to end.

Then looking at Habinnas, he said:

'What have you to say, my dear old friend? Are you building my monument the way I told you? I particularly want you to keep a place at the foot of my statue and put a picture of my pup there, as well as paintings of wreaths, scent-bottles, and all the contests of Petraites, and thanks to you I'll be able to live on after I'm dead. And another thing! See that it's a hundred feet facing the road and two hundred back into the field. I want all the various sorts of fruit round my ashes and lots and

²⁷ A practice introduced to Nero's court by the later Emperor Otho: its presence at Trimalchio's dinner might indicate that Petronius thought it vulgar.

²⁸ It was bad manners to dance in public; the incident might indicate that the women are drunk.

²⁹ The Greens were one of the chariot teams who raced in the Circus, the others being Red, White, and Blue, although other colours were added later. Partisanship ran high and bets such as that described below were a great feature of the sport.

³⁰ Ephesus is otherwise unknown.

lots of vines. After all, it's a big mistake to have nice houses just for when you're alive and not worry about the one we have to live in for much longer. And that's why I want this written up before anything else:

THIS MONUMENT DOES NOT GO TO THE HEIR

'But I'll make sure in my will that I don't get done down once I'm dead. I'll put one of my freedmen in charge of my tomb to look after it and not let people run up and shit on my monument. I'd like you to put some ships there too, sailing under full canvas, and me sitting on a high platform in my robes of office, wearing five gold rings³¹ and pouring out a bagful of money for the people. You know I gave them all a dinner and two denarii apiece. Let's have in a banqueting hall as well, if you think it's a good idea, and show the whole town having a good time. Put up a statue of Fortunata on my right, holding a dove, and have her leading her little dog tied to her belt – and this dear little chap as well, and great big wine jars sealed up so the wine won't spill. And perhaps you could carve me a broken wine jar and a boy crying over it. A clock in the middle, so that anybody who looks at the time, like it or not, has got to read my name. As for the inscription now, take a good look and see if this seems suitable enough:

HERE SLEEPS
GAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO
MAECENATIANUS³²
ELECTED TO THE AUGUSTAN COLLEGE IN HIS ABSENCE
HE COULD HAVE BEEN ON EVERY BOARD IN ROME
BUT HE REFUSED
GOD-FEARING BRAVE AND TRUE
A SELF-MADE MAN
HE LEFT AN ESTATE OF 30,000,000
AND HE NEVER HEARD A PHILOSOPHER
FAREWELL
AND YOU FARE WELL, TRIMALCHIO.

72 As he finished Trimalchio burst into tears. Fortunata was in tears, Habinnas was in tears, in the end the whole household filled the dining-room with their wailing, like people at a funeral. In fact, I'd even begun crying myself, when Trimalchio said:

'Well, since we know we've got to die, why don't we live a little. I want to see you enjoying yourselves. Let's jump into a bath – you won't be sorry, damn me! It's as hot as a furnace.'

'Hear! Hear!' said Habinnas. 'Turning one day into two – nothing I like better.' He got up in his bare feet and followed Trimalchio on his cheerful way.

I looked at Ascylltus. 'What do you think?' I said. 'Now me, if I see a bath, I'll die on the spot.'

'Let's say yes,' he suggested, 'and while they're going for their bath, we can slip out in the crowd.'

This seemed a good idea, so Giton led us through the portico till we reached the door, where the hound chained there greeted us with such a noise that Ascylltus actually fell into the fishpond. Not only that, as I was drunk too, when I tried to

³¹ As a *sevir* Trimalchio would be entitled to such official dress; he would not however be entitled to the gold rings, which were the privilege of the knights.

³² Slaves generally adopted their master's family names. 'Pompeius' would suggest that Trimalchio once belonged to the family of the Pompeii. 'Maecenatianus' may have been ostentatiously adopted to suggest a connexion with the great Maecenas, Augustus' Minister of State; it is unlikely that he ever was a slave of Maecenas.

help the struggling Ascyllus I was dragged into the same watery trap. However, the hall-porter saved us and by his intervention pacified the dog and dragged us trembling to dry land. Giton had already bought off the beast in a most ingenious way. He had scattered whatever he had got from us at dinner in front of the barking hound, and distracted by the food, it had choked down its fury.

Nevertheless, when, shivering and wet, we asked the hall-porter to let us out through the front door, he said: 'You're wrong if you think you can leave through the door you came in. No guest has ever been let out through the same door. They come in one way and go out another.'

73 What could we do after this piece of bad luck, shut up in this modern labyrinth and now beginning to regret that bath. We asked him to please show us the way to the bath-hall, and, throwing off our clothes, which Giton began drying at the door, we went in. There stood Trimalchio, and not even there could we get away from his filthy ostentation. He told us there was nothing better than a private bath, and that he once had a bakery on that very spot. Then he sat down as though tired, and being tempted by the acoustics of the bath, with his drunken mouth gaping at the ceiling, he began murdering some songs by Menecrates³³ – or so we were told by those who understood his words.

The rest of the guests ran round the edge hand in hand, giggling away with a tremendous noise. Some were trying to pick up rings from the floor with their hands tied behind their backs, or were kneeling and trying to bend backwards and touch the tips of their toes. We left them to their games and got down into the tub which was being prepared for Trimalchio.

Well, after shaking off our drunken stupor, we were taken to another dining-room where Fortunata had laid out an elegant spread ... In fact, I noticed some bronze fishermen on the lamps as well as tables of solid silver, with gold inlaid pottery spread around and wine pouring from a leather wine flask before our very eyes.

'Today, my friends,' said Trimalchio, 'my personal servant had his first shave: he's a careful man – and that's a compliment – who watches the pennies. So let's whet our throttles and not stop eating till daylight.'

Reading 4.4 Juvenal, *Satires*

(Source: Green, P. (trans.) (1974) *Juvenal: Satires*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, pp.117–26, 129–31)

Satire 5

If you claim your mind is made up still, Trebius,¹ if you remain
Unashamed of the life you propose, and count it the highest
Good to scrape crumbs from another man's board; if you swear
You can swallow iniquities such as the lowest wits and jesters
Of Augustus's court would have gagged on, I'll doubt your word
Even on oath. True, I know nothing more cheaply
Satisfied than a belly. Yet suppose the bare subsistence
Needed to fill its void is lacking – are there no sidewalks
Or bridges, no quarter-share in a beggar's mat
For you to make your pitch from? Is your hunger quite
So all-devouring? Is dinner worth every insult

³³ Presumably the Neronian harp-player mentioned in Suetonius and Dio. If so, it would be further evidence for the Neronian date of the work.

¹ A Trebius Sergianus was consul in A.D. 132, under Hadrian; it is pleasant to think that this might conceivably be the same man, and that Fortune, after his early humiliations, smiled on him in his later years. The name also occurs several times in inscriptions from J.'s birthplace, Aquinum.

With which you pay for it? Wouldn't your self-respect
Be better served if you stuck it out where you are,
Shivering cold, on a diet of mouldy dog's bread?

Get one thing clear from the start: a dinner-invitation
Settles the score in full for all your earlier
Services. This great 'friendship' produces – food. Each meal,
However infrequent, your patron reckons against you
To square his accounts. So if, after two months' neglect,
With the bottom place to be filled at the lowest table,
He says 'Be my guest' to you, his forgotten retainer,
You're beside yourself with joy. What more could Trebius
Hope for? Now at last he has his reward – though it means
Cutting his sleep short, hurrying out in the dark with
Shoelaces trailing, all in a pother for fear lest
Everyone's done the rounds already, paid their respects
Before the stars have vanished, while the chill constellations
Are circling the heavens still.

Yet – heavens! – what a dinner!

The wine's so rough sheep-clippings wouldn't absorb it,
And turns the guests into raving madmen. At first
It's only insults – but soon a regular battle
Breaks out between you and the freedmen, cheap crockery flies
In all directions, you're slinging cups yourself
And mopping the blood off with a crimsoned table-napkin.
The wine that Virro,² your host, is drinking has lain in its bottle
Since the consuls wore long hair: those grapes were trodden
During the Social Wars³ – yet never a glassful
Will he send to a friend with heartburn. Tomorrow he'll choose
Some other vintage, the best, a jar so blackened with smoke,
So ancient, that its source and date are illegible:
Such wine our Stoic martyrs would toss down, garlanded,
On the birthday of Brutus or Cassius.⁴ The goblets Virro
Drinks from are regular tankards, amber-encrusted,
Studded with beryl. But *you* get no golden vessels –
Or if you do, a waiter is stationed by you
To count the jewels, check your sharp fingernails.
You must forgive him: that jasper of his is widely
Admired, a collector's piece. Virro, like many others,
Has switched his gems from his fingers to his wine-cups.
(Our ancient heroes – Aeneas for instance – kept such
Gauds for their scabbards.) No, the cup *you* drink from
Will be the sort with four big nozzles – named

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² The name Virro is uncommon. J. uses it once again, in Satire 9, to portray a homosexual, who may possibly be the person referred to here. The best known historical holder of the name, Vibidius Virro, was in A.D. 17 expelled from the Senate by Tiberius for dissolute behaviour.

³ The 'Social Wars' – perhaps 'Wars with the Allies' would be a better translation, but 'Social Wars' has been canonized by long usage – lasted from 91 to 88 B.C. They were, essentially, a general rebellion against Rome by her Italian allies, who, after the assassination of their champion, the tribune Livius Drusus, saw no hope of obtaining full Roman enfranchisement by peaceful means.

⁴ The 'Stoic martyrs' were Thræsea Pactus and his son-in-law, Helvidius Priscus, who both lost their lives as a result of much aggressive Republicanism under Emperors who did not care overmuch for the memory of the Republic. Thræsea was executed by Nero in A.D. 66, and Helvidius by Vespasian. Observing the birthdays of Brutus and Cassius was only one among many ways in which they proclaimed their attitude.

After Nero's long-nosed cobbler from Beneventum⁵ –
Shoddy and cracked, crying out for cement to mend it.

If my lord's stomach is heated by wine and food, then
Ice-water, sterilized, chiller than mountain snow-drifts
Is brought him at once. Just now I complained of the difference
Between your wine and his – but the same applies
To the very water you drink. *Your* cups are proffered
By some Saharan groom, or in the bony hand
Of a blackavised Moor, whom you'd much prefer *not* to meet while
Driving uphill, at night, past the tombs on the Latin Way.
But himself has the flower of Asia before him, a youth
Purchased for more than those early Roman kings could
Scrape up between them, cash and chattels together –
Warrior Tullus, Ancus, the lot.⁶ So when you're thirsty
Catch your black Ganymede's eye. A boy whose price-ticket
Ran into thousands won't mix drinks for a bum –
Though such youth, such beauty excuse his disdain. Will he ever
Get round to you? If you ask him for hot or cold water
Do you suppose he will fetch it? Not likely: it's beneath him
To serve some crumbling dependent, he fiercely resents
The smallest request, even the fact that you're seated
While he's on his feet. Great houses are always crammed
With these supercilious minions. Here comes another:
Look how he grumbles as he hands out the bread, although
It's so hard you can scarcely break it, solidified
Lumps of old mouldy dough that crack your grinders
Sooner than let you bite them. But the loaf reserved for my lord
Is snowy-white, fresh-baked from the very finest flour.
And remember, please, to keep your hands to yourself, to show
A proper respect for the bread-pan. Yet if by chance you presume
And reach for a slice, someone is bound to make you
Drop it at once: 'The impertinence! Keep to your own
Basket *if* you please, learn the colour of your bread!'
'Was it for this,' you wail, 'that day after day
I left my wife so early, went hurrying up the steep
And chilly Esquiline streets,⁷ while violent springtime
Hailstorms bombarded me, or some sudden cloudburst
Beat through my sodden cloak? Was it for this?'

Just get the size of that crayfish: it marks out a platter
Reserved for my lord. See the asparagus garnish
Heaped high around it, the peacocking tail that looks down
On the other guests as it's brought in, borne aloft
By some strapping waiter. But *you* get half an egg
Stuffed with one prawn, dished up in a little saucer

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⁵ The 'long-nosed cobbler from Beneventum' was a deformed shoemaker's apprentice who rose to power and wealth under Nero, first as court buffoon, then as a professional informer against the great. J. might almost have put the reference to him in here as a contrast to the 'Stoic martyrs', since he made his unsavoury career at the expense of the Senatorial opposition.

⁶ Tullus Hostilius was Numa's successor as King of Rome, about 670 B.C.; he embarked upon a series of wars which fully justify his epithet here. Ancus Marcius, the fourth of the Kings, came to the throne about 638: he is supposed, among other achievements, to have founded the port of Ostia and built the first prison in Rome.

⁷ The Esquiline Hill was the richest and most fashionable residential quarter of the city.

Like a funeral offering.⁸ Himself souses his fish
 With the finest oil, but *your* colourless boiled cabbage
 Will stink of the lamp; the stuff you use as a dressing
 Came to town in some native felucca. One good sniff,
 And you know why Africans always get plenty of clearance
 At the public baths. Rub it on as a prophylactic
 Against venomous snakes – they won't come anywhere near you.

My lord will have his mullet, imported from Corsica or from
 The rocks below Taormina: home waters are all fished out
 To fill such ravening maws, our local breeding-grounds
 Are trawled without cease, the market never lets up –
 We kill off the fry now, close seasons go by the board.
 Today we import from abroad for domestic consumption: these
 Are the luxury fish which legacy-hunters purchase,
 And which their spinster quarries sell back to the retailer.
 Virro is served with a lamprey: no finer specimen
 Ever came from Sicilian waters. When the South wind lies low,
 Drying damp wings in his cell, then hardy fishermen
 Will dare the wrath of the Straits. But what's in store for you?
 An eel, perhaps (though it looks like a water-snake), or
 A grey-mottled river-pike, born and bred in the Tiber,
 Bloated with sewage, a regular visitor to
 The cesspools underlying the slums of the Subura.⁹

A word with himself now – if he will deign to listen.

'No one expects such generous gifts today
 As the old Republican gentry¹⁰ once bestowed on
 Their humbler friends. In those times such largesse
 Brought more honour than title or office. All we ask
 Is – dine with us as an equal. Do this, and no one cares
 If you follow the current fashion, keep your wealth for yourself,
 Act poor to your friends. Go ahead.'

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What comes in next?

Himself is served with a force-fed goose's liver,
 A capon as big as the goose itself, and a spit-roast
 Boar, all piping hot, well worthy of fair-haired

⁸ Nine days after a funeral offerings of eggs, salt and lentils were left on the grave of the deceased.

⁹ These lines have always represented a puzzle, both textual and interpretive. What kind of fish was the *Tiberinus*? How was it spotted, and what was its connection with ice (*glacie*)? Professor D.S. Robertson's attractive theory was that the fish is rotten, and the marks of putrefaction are hidden by lumps of ice. For long I accepted this theory; now I am not so sure. The context deals with the live fish in its natural habitat; then, by transition, with the cooked fish served up to the guests. A fish on its slab in the shop would be out of place here. Hesitantly I accept Clausen's emendation, *glaucis* for *glacie*, which gives us a 'grey-spotted' *Tiberinus*: but this can scarcely be – as he supposes – the sea-bass (*lupus*), which was a noted delicacy. The river-pike, a habitual foul feeder, fits the context far better, and I have translated accordingly. However, the latest critic to tackle this crux, Bradshaw, keeps the text as it stands, arguing ingeniously that the *Tiberinus* was the sea-bass (*lupus*), which came up river and contracted the disease known as saprolegnia: this both produced the patches on its skin – wrongly attributed to the effect of the ice – and made the fish sluggish and easily caught. Giangrande similarly upholds the reading of the manuscripts. He cites Galen and Macrobius to show that the Romans avoided – if they could afford to – any fish that fed in the tainted waters of the Tiber, and specifically the *lupus*. But his attempt to justify *glacie* by a reference to Satire 4.41–4 is less convincing.

¹⁰ 'The old Republican gentry' once again refers to the Republican-minded senatorial opposition group under the early empire: J. names Gaius Calpurnius Piso and Seneca (both of whom lost their lives as the result of the famous 'Conspiracy of Piso' against Nero in A.D. 65), together with Cotta, who was a patron of the poet Ovid.

Meleager's steel. Afterwards, if it's springtime,
 And there's been sufficient thunder to bring them on,
 Truffles appear. 'Ah, Africa!' cries the gourmet,
 'You can keep your grain-supply, unyoke your oxen,
 So long as you send us truffles!' Meanwhile, to ensure that
 No cause for resentment is lacking, behold the carver
 Prancing about, with flourishes of his knife,
 Obedient to all his master's instructions: no
 Small matter to make a nice distinction between the
 Carving of hares and hens!

If you ever dare

To hold forth as though you were someone, a man with a double
 Handle to his name, you'll find yourself being dragged
 Out of there by the heels, and bounced from the front-door
 Like one of Hercules' victims, the badman of the legend.¹¹
 When will Virro toast *you*, or offer to drink from the cup
 Your lips have touched? Which of you is so reckless,
 So desperate-bold as to call to the Lord of the Feast
 'A health with you, sir'? No, there are plenty of privileges
 Which out-at-elbows men are forbidden to exercise. *But*
 If some god, or mere godlike human, one kindlier than the Fates,
 Capitalized you for knighthood¹² – then see how you'd jump
 From nowhere to the position of Virro's dear, dear friend!
 'Give Trebius this! A helping of that for Trebius!
 Will you try some tenderloin, brother?' But it's your cash
 That earns his respect, your cash that's truly his brother.
 If you're aiming right for the top, though – to be a magnate yourself
 And a patron of magnates – don't have a small heir playing
 Soldiers around the house with his young, enchanting sister:
 Barrenness in your wife makes for cheerful, attentive friends.
 But as things are now, even should your wife present you
 With triplets, still Virro will offer congratulations
 On your squalling brood, send each a green baby-coat,
 And later play uncle to them with peanuts and pennies
 Whenever the little freeloaders turn up at dinner-time.

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For the lower-income guests, some dubious toadstools:
 For my lord, a dish of mushrooms as Claudius guzzled
 (Until that one prepared by his wife, after which
 He never touched food again). To himself, and his fellow-tycoons,
 Virro has choice fruits served, their scent a feast in itself,
 Fruit such as grew in Phaeacia's eternal autumn,¹³
 Or might, you feel, have been rifled from the Hesperides.
 For yourself, a rotten apple, only fit to be munched
 By those performing monkeys you see along the Embankment,¹⁴

¹¹ The 'badman' is Cacus, whose story is told by Virgil in Bk VIII of the *Aeneid*, lines 193–270 (pp.206–9).

¹² i.e. provided the minimum sum of 400,000 sesterces needed to qualify for the Equestrian Order.

¹³ The allusion is to the eternally productive orchard of Alcinous, the King of Phaeacia who figures in Homer's *Odyssey*; Bk VII, lines 114–21 describe it.

¹⁴ The 'Embankment' was originally a defensive earthwork constructed by Servius Tullius to protect the eastern side of Rome: it stretched from the Esquiline Hill to the Colline Gate, and later became a favourite spot for citizens to take a constitutional, being both high and breezy, and very like the modern promenade. Not only performing animals, but also fortune-tellers were often found there.

Dressed up with shield and helmet, cringing beneath the whip
As they learn to hurl a spear from the back of some shaggy she-goat.

You imagine Virro's a chiseller? Hardly. He does it to
Make you suffer, for kicks. What farce or pantomime
Could be a bigger joke than your empty, rumbling belly?
So – in case you didn't get it – his whole idea's to reduce you
To tears of rage, an endless grinding of teeth.
You see yourself as a free man, guest at the magnate's banquet;
But *he* assumes you've been hooked by his kitchen's delectable
Odours – and not far wrong. No self-respecting person,
Whether born to purple or homespun, however down-and-out –
Would endure *that* twice. It's the hope of a good dinner
That lures you on. 'Surely he'll give us a picked-over
Hare, some scraps from the boar's haunch? Surely a chicken's
Carcase will come our way?' So you sit there, dumb
And expectant, all of you, clutching untasted rolls.
He's no fool to abuse you like this. If you can swallow
The whole treatment – why, you deserve no better. Some day
You'll find yourself meekly bending your shaven pate to be cuffed,
Like a public buffoon,¹⁵ well inured to the whip, a worthy
Companion for such a feast – and for such a friend.

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Satire 6, lines 67–114

But when the theatrical
Season is over, the stage-props all packed away,
The playhouses closed and empty, in those summer
Dogdays when only the lawcourts go droning on,
Some women relieve their boredom by taking in
Low-down vaudeville farces – and their performers.
Look at that fellow who scored such a hit in the late-night
Show as Actaeon's mother, camping it up like mad –
Poor Aelia's crazy about him. These are the women
Who'll pay out fancy prices for the chance to defibulate
A counter-tenor, to ruin a concert performer's voice.
One has a kink for ham actors. Are you surprised? What else
Do you expect them to do? Go ape on a good book?
Marry a wife, and she'll make some flute-player
Or guitarist a father, not you. So when you erect
Long stands in the narrow streets, and hang your front-door
With outsize laurel wreaths, it's all to welcome an infant
Whose face, in that tortoiseshell cradle, under its canopy,
Recalls some armoured thug, some idol of the arena.

70

80

When that senator's wife, Eppia, eloped with her fancy swordsman
To the land of the Nile, the Alexandrian stew,
Egypt itself cried out at Rome's monstrous morals.
Husband, family, sister, all were jettisoned, not
One single thought for her country; shamelessly she forsook
Her tearful children, as well as – this will really surprise you –

¹⁵ A certain type of professional buffoon – the 'fall-man', the eternal he-who-gets-kicked – always had his head shaved: this applies equally to the *stupidus* of the mimes and the idiot clown (*morio*) who performed at private parties. Professor Highet (as so often) has the perfect modern parallel: 'A clown act called "The Three Stooges", which used to appear in short film farces during the 1940s, had a perfect *stupidus* in it, a burly man with a head clipped or shaven smooth, who was always being slapped on it by his quicker and cleverer fellow stooges.'

The public games, and her favourite matinée star.
 Luxury-reared, cradled by Daddy in swansdown,
 Brought up to frills and flounces, Eppia nevertheless
 Made as light of the sea as she did of her reputation – 90
 Not that our pampered ladies set any great store by *that*.
 Boldly she faced this long and arduous voyage,
 The chop and toss of Tuscan waters, the loud
 Ionian swell. When a woman endures danger and hardship
 In a good cause, her conscience clear, then chill
 Terror ices her heart, her knees turn to water,
 She can scarcely stand upright; but wicked audacity
 Breeds its own fortitude. To go aboard ship is torture
 Under a husband's orders: then the smell of the bilges
 Is sickening, then the sky wheels dizzily around. 100
 But a wife who's off with her lover suffers no qualms. The one
 Pukes on her husband, the other sits down to a hearty
 Meal with the crew, takes a turn round the quarter-deck,
 Helps to haul on the sheets, and enjoys it.

What was the youthful
 Charm that so fired our senator's wife? What hooked her?
 What did Eppia see in him to make her put up
 With being labelled 'The Gladiatress'? Her poppet, her Sergius
 Was no chicken, forty at least, with a dud arm that held promise
 Of early retirement. Besides, his face looked a proper mess –
 Helmet-scarred, a great wen on his nose, an unpleasant
 Discharge from one constantly weeping eye. What of it?
He was a gladiator. That name makes all the breed 110
 Seem handsomer than Adonis; this was what she preferred
 To her children and her country, her sister, her husband: steel
 Is what they all crave for. Yet this same Sergius,
 Once pensioned off, would soon have bored her as much as her husband.
 Do such private scandals move you? Are you shocked by Eppia's deeds?

Reading 4.5 Seneca, *Letters from a Stoic*

(Source: Campbell, R. (ed. and trans.) (1969) *Seneca: Letters from a Stoic*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, pp. 41–42, 90–96, 109–10, 144–48)

Letter 7

You ask me to say what you should consider it particularly important to avoid. My answer is this: a mass crowd. It is something to which you cannot entrust yourself yet without risk. I at any rate am ready to confess my own frailty in this respect. I never come back home with quite the same moral character I went out with; something or other becomes unsettled where I had achieved internal peace, some one or other of the things I had put to flight reappears on the scene. We who are recovering from a prolonged spiritual sickness are in the same condition as invalids who have been affected to such an extent by prolonged indisposition that they cannot once be taken out of doors without ill effects. Associating with people in large numbers is actually harmful: there is not one of them that will not make some vice or other attractive to us, or leave us carrying the imprint of it or bedaubed all unawares with it. And inevitably enough, the larger the size of the crowd we mingle with, the greater the danger. But nothing is as ruinous to the character as sitting away one's time at a show – for it is then, through the medium of entertainment, that vices creep into one with more than usual ease. What do you take me to mean?

That I go home more selfish, more self-seeking and more self-indulgent? Yes, and what is more, a person crueller and less humane through having been in contact with human beings. I happened to go to one of these shows at the time of the lunch-hour interlude, expecting there to be some light and witty entertainment then, some respite for the purpose of affording people's eyes a rest from human blood. Far from it. All the earlier contests were charity in comparison. The nonsense is dispensed with now: what we have now is murder pure and simple. The combatants have nothing to protect them; their whole bodies are exposed to the blows; every thrust they launch gets home. A great many spectators prefer this to the ordinary matches and even to the special, popular demand ones. And quite naturally. There are no helmets and no shields repelling the weapons. What is the point of armour? Or of skill? All that sort of thing just makes the death slower in coming. In the morning men are thrown to the lions and the bears: but it is the spectators they are thrown to in the lunch hour. The spectators insist that each on killing his man shall be thrown against another to be killed in his turn; and the eventual victor is reserved by them for some other form of butchery; the only exit for the contestants is death. Fire and steel keep the slaughter going. And all this happens while the arena is virtually empty.

'But he was a highway robber, he killed a man.' And what of it? Granted that as a murderer he deserved this punishment, what have you done, you wretched fellow, to deserve to watch it? 'Kill him! Flog him! Burn him! Why does he run at the other man's weapon in such a cowardly way? Why isn't he less half-hearted about killing? Why isn't he a bit more enthusiastic about dying? Whip him forward to get his wounds! Make them each offer the other a bare breast and trade blow for blow on them.' And when there is an interval in the show: 'Let's have some throats cut in the meantime, so that there's something happening!' Come now, I say, surely you people realize – if you realize nothing else – that bad examples have a way of recoiling on those who set them? Give thanks to the immortal gods that the men to whom you are giving a lesson in cruelty are not in a position to profit from it ...

Letter 47

I'm glad to hear, from these people who've been visiting you, that you live on friendly terms with your slaves. It is just what one expects of an enlightened, cultivated person like yourself. 'They're slaves,' people say. No. They're human beings. 'They're slaves.' But they share the same roof as ourselves. 'They're slaves.' No, they're friends, humble friends. 'They're slaves.' Strictly speaking they're our fellow-slaves, if you once reflect that fortune has as much power over us as over them.

This is why I laugh at those people who think it degrading for a man to eat with his slave. Why do they think it degrading? Only because the most arrogant of conventions has decreed that the master of the house be surrounded at his dinner by a crowd of slaves, who have to stand around while he eats more than he can hold, loading an already distended belly in his monstrous greed until it proves incapable any longer of performing the function of a belly, at which point he expends more effort in vomiting everything up than he did in forcing it down. And all this time the poor slaves are forbidden to move their lips to speak, let alone to eat. The slightest murmur is checked with a stick; not even accidental sounds like a cough, or a sneeze, or a hiccup are let off a beating. All night long they go on standing about, dumb and hungry, paying grievously for any interruption.

The result is that slaves who cannot talk before his face talk about him behind his back. The slaves of former days, however, whose mouths were not sealed up like this, who were able to make conversation not only in the presence of their master but actually with him, were ready to bare their necks to the executioner for him, to divert on to themselves any danger that threatened him; they talked at dinner but

under torture they kept their mouths shut. It is just this high-handed treatment which is responsible for the frequently heard saying, 'You've as many enemies as you've slaves.' They are not our enemies when we acquire them; we make them so.

For the moment I pass over other instances of our harsh and inhuman behaviour, the way we abuse them as if they were beasts of burden instead of human beings, the way for example, from the time we take our places on the dinner couches, one of them mops up the spittle and another stationed at the foot of the couch collects up the 'leavings' of the drunken diners. Another carves the costly game birds, slicing off choice pieces from the breast and rump with the unerring strokes of a trained hand – unhappy man, to exist for the one and only purpose of carving a fat bird in the proper style – although the person who learns the technique from sheer necessity is not quite so much to be pitied as the person who gives demonstrations of it for pleasure's sake. Another, the one who serves the wine, is got up like a girl and engaged in a struggle with his years; he cannot get away from his boyhood, but is dragged back to it all the time; although he already has the figure of a soldier, he is kept free of hair by having it rubbed away or pulled out by the roots. His sleepless night is divided between his master's drunkenness and sexual pleasures, boy at the table, man in the bedroom. Another, who has the privilege of rating each guest's character, has to go on standing where he is, poor fellow, and watch to see whose powers of flattery and absence of restraint in appetite or speech are to secure them an invitation for the following day. Add to these the caterers with their highly developed knowledge of their master's palate, the men who know the flavours that will sharpen his appetite, know what will appeal to his eyes, what novelties can tempt his stomach when it is becoming queasy, what dishes he will put aside with the eventual coming of sheer satiety, what he will have a craving for on that particular day.

These are the people with whom a master cannot tolerate the thought of taking his dinner, assuming that to sit down at the same table with one of his slaves would seriously impair his dignity. 'The very idea!' he says. Yet have a look at the number of masters he has from the ranks of these very slaves.¹ Take Callistus' one-time master. I saw him once actually standing waiting at Callistus' door and refused admission while others were going inside, the very master who had attached a price-ticket to the man and put him up for sale along with other rejects from his household staff. There's a slave who has paid his master back – one who was pushed into the first lot, too, the batch on which the auctioneer is merely trying out his voice! Now it was the slave's turn to strike his master off his list, to decide that *he's* not the sort of person he wants in *his* house. Callistus' master sold him, yes, and look how much it cost him!

How about reflecting that the person you call your slave traces his origin back to the same stock as yourself, has the same good sky above him, breathes as you do, lives as you do, dies as you do? It is as easy for you to see in him a free-born man as for him to see a slave in you. Remember the Varus disaster²: many a man of the most distinguished ancestry, who was doing his military service as the first step on the road to a seat in the Senate, was brought low by fortune, condemned by her to look after a steading, for example, or a flock of sheep. Now think contemptuously of these people's lot in life, in whose very place, for all your contempt, you could suddenly find yourself.

I don't want to involve myself in an endless topic of debate by discussing the treatment of slaves, towards whom we Romans are exceptionally arrogant, harsh and insulting. But the essence of the advice I'd like to give is this: treat your

¹ Many ex-slaves had risen to high positions under Claudius and Nero.

² In CE 9 the emperor Augustus lost three legions in Germany under the generalship of Varus.

inferiors in the way in which you would like to be treated by your own superiors. And whenever it strikes you how much power you have over your slave, let it also strike you that your own master has just as much power over you. 'I haven't got a master,' you say. You're young yet; there's always the chance that you'll have one. Have you forgotten the age at which Hecuba became a slave, or Croesus, or the mother of Darius, or Plato, or Diogenes? Be kind and courteous in your dealings with a slave; bring him into your discussions and conversations and your company generally. And if at this point all those people who have been spoiled by luxury raise an outcry protesting, as they will, 'There couldn't be anything more degrading, anything more disgraceful,' let me just say that these are the very persons I will catch on occasion kissing the hand of someone else's slave.

Don't you notice, too, how our ancestors took away all odium from the master's position and all that seemed insulting or degrading in the lot of the slave by calling the master 'father of the household' and speaking of the slaves as 'members of the household' (something which survives to this day in the mime)? They instituted, too, a holiday on which master and slave were to eat together, not as the only day this could happen, of course, but as one on which it was always to happen. And in the household they allowed the slaves to hold official positions and to exercise some jurisdiction in it; in fact they regarded the household as a miniature republic.

'Do you mean to say,' comes the retort, 'that I'm to have each and every one of my slaves sitting at the table with me?' Not at all, any more than you're to invite to it everybody who isn't a slave. You're quite mistaken, though, if you imagine that I'd bar from the table certain slaves on the grounds of the relatively menial or dirty nature of their work – that muleteer, for example, or that cowhand. I propose to value them according to their character, not their jobs. Each man has a character of his own choosing; it is chance or fate that decides his choice of job. Have some of them dine with you because they deserve it, others in order to make them so deserving. For if there's anything typical of the slave about them as a result of the low company they're used to living in, it will be rubbed off through association with men of better breeding.

You needn't, my dear Lucilius, look for friends only in the City or the Senate; if you keep your eyes open, you'll find them in your own home. Good material often lies idle for want of someone to make use of it; just give it a trial. A man who examines the saddle and bridle and not the animal itself when he is out to buy a horse is a fool; similarly, only an absolute fool values a man according to his clothes, or according to his social position, which after all is only something that we wear like clothing.

'He's a slave.' But he may have the spirit of a free man. 'He's a slave.' But is that really to count against him? Show me a man who isn't a slave; one is a slave to sex, another to money, another to ambition; all are slaves to hope or fear. I could show you a man who has been a Consul who is a slave to his 'little old woman,' a millionaire who is the slave of a little girl in domestic service. I could show you some highly aristocratic young men who are utter slaves to stage artistes. And there's no state of slavery more disgraceful than one which is self-imposed. So you needn't allow yourself to be deterred by the snobbish people I've been talking about from showing good humour towards your slaves instead of adopting an attitude of arrogant superiority towards them. Have them respect you rather than fear you.

Here, just because I've said they 'should respect a master rather than fear him', someone will tell us that I'm now inviting slaves to proclaim their freedom and bringing about their employers' overthrow. 'Are slaves to pay their "respects" like dependent followers or early morning callers? That's what he means, I suppose.' Anyone saying this forgets that what is enough for a god, in the shape of

worship, cannot be too little for a master. To be really respected is to be loved; and love and fear will not mix. That's why I think you're absolutely right in not wishing to be feared by your slaves, and in confining your lashings to verbal ones; as instruments of correction, beatings are for animals only. Besides, what annoys us does not necessarily do us any harm; but we masters are apt to be robbed of our senses by mere passing fancies, to the point where our anger is called out by anything which fails to answer to our will. We assume the mental attitudes of tyrants. For they too forget their own strength and the helplessness of others and grow white-hot with fury as if they had received an injury, when all the time they are quite immune from any such danger through the sheer exaltedness of their position. Nor indeed are they unaware of this; but it does not stop them seizing an opportunity of finding fault with an inferior and maltreating him for it; they receive an injury by way of excuse to do one themselves.

But I won't keep you any longer; you don't need exhortation. It is a mark of a good way of life that, among other things, it satisfies and abides; bad behaviour, constantly changing, not for the better, simply into different forms, has none of this stability.

Letter 56

I cannot for the life of me see that quiet is as necessary to a person who has shut himself away to do some studying as it is usually thought to be. Here am I with a babel of noise going on all about me. I have lodgings right over a public bath-house. Now imagine to yourself every kind of sound that can make one weary of one's years. When the strenuous types are doing their exercises, swinging weight-laden hands about, I hear the grunting as they toil away – or go through the motions of toiling away – at them, and the hissings and strident gasps every time they expel their pent up breath. When my attention turns to a less active fellow who is contenting himself with an ordinary inexpensive massage, I hear the smack of a hand pummelling his shoulders, the sound varying according as it comes down flat or cupped. But if on top of this some ball player comes along and starts shouting out the score, that's the end! Then add someone starting up a brawl, and someone else caught thieving, and the man who likes the sound of his voice in the bath, and the people who leap into the pool with a tremendous splash. Apart from those whose voices are, if nothing else, natural, think of the hair remover, continually giving vent to his shrill and penetrating cry in order to advertise his presence, never silent unless it be while he is plucking someone's armpits and making the client yell for him! Then think of the various cries of the man selling drinks, and the one selling sausages and the other selling pastries, and all the ones hawking for the catering shops, each publicizing his wares with a distinctive cry of his own.

'You must be made of iron,' you may say, 'or else hard of hearing if your mind is unaffected by all this babel of discordant noises around you, when continual "good morning" greetings were enough to finish off the Stoic Chrysippus!' But I swear I no more notice all this roar of noise than I do the sound of waves or falling water – even if I am here told the story of a people on the Nile who moved their capital solely because they could not stand the thundering of a cataract! Voices, I think, are more inclined to distract one than general noise; noise merely fills one's ears, battering away at them while voices actually catch one's attention. Among the things which create a racket all around me without distracting me at all I include the carriages hurrying by in the street, the carpenter who works in the same block, a man in the neighbourhood who saws, and this fellow tuning horns and flutes at the Trickling Fountain and emitting blasts instead of music. I still find an intermittent noise more irritating than a continuous one. But by now I have so steeled myself against all these things that I can even put up with a coxswain's strident tones as he gives his oarsmen the rhythm. For I force my mind to become

self-absorbed and not let outside things distract it. There can be absolute bedlam without so long as there is no commotion within, so long as fear and desire are not at loggerheads, so long as meanness and extravagance are not at odds and harassing each other. For what is the good of having silence throughout the neighbourhood if one's emotions are in turmoil? ...

Letter 86

Here I am, staying at the country house which once belonged to Scipio of Africa himself. I am writing after paying my respects to his departed spirit as well as to an altar which I rather think may be the actual tomb of that great soldier. His soul will have gone to heaven, returned in fact to the place from which it came. What convinces me of this is not the size of the armies he commanded – for Cambyses equally had such armies and Cambyses was merely a madman who turned his madness to good account – but his quite exceptional self-restraint and sense of duty. This is something in him which I find even more deserving of admiration at the time when he finally left his country than during the time when he was fighting for her. Was Scipio to stay in Rome? Or was Rome to stay a free democracy? That was then the choice. What did Scipio say? 'I have no wish,' he said, 'to have the effect of weakening in the least degree our laws or institutions. All Roman citizens must be equal before the law. I ask my country, then, to make the most of what I have done for her, but without me. If she owes it to me that she is today a free country, let me also prove that she is free. If my stature has grown too great for her best interests, then out I go.' Am I not justified in admiring that nobility of character which led him to retire, to go into voluntary exile to relieve the state of an embarrassing burden? Events had come to the point where either Scipio or democracy was going to suffer at the other's hands. Neither of these two things could justly be permitted to happen. So he gave way to her constitution and, proposing that the nation should be no less indebted to him for *his* absence from the scene than for Hannibal's, he went off into retirement at Liternum.

I have seen the house, which is built of squared stone blocks; the wall surrounding the park; and the towers built out on both sides of the house for purposes of defence; the well, concealed among the greenery and out-buildings, with sufficient water to provide for the needs of a whole army; and the tiny little bath, situated after the old-fashioned custom in an ill-lit corner, our ancestors believing that the only place where one could properly have a hot bath was in the dark. It was this which started in my mind reflections that occasioned me a good deal of enjoyment as I compared Scipio's way of life and our own. In this corner the famous Terror of Carthage, to whom Rome owes it that she has only once³ in her history been captured, used to wash a body weary from work on the farm! For he kept himself fit through toil, cultivating his fields by his own labour, as was the regular way in the old days. And this was the ceiling, dingy in the extreme, under which he stood; and this the equally undistinguished paving that carried his weight.

Who is there who could bear to have a bath in such surroundings nowadays? We think ourselves poorly off, living like paupers, if the walls are not ablaze with large and costly circular mirrors, if our Alexandrian marbles are not decorated with panels of Numidian marble, if the whole of their surface has not been given a decorative overlay of elaborate patterns having all the variety of fresco murals, unless the ceiling cannot be seen for glass, unless the pools into which we lower bodies with all the strength drained out of them by lengthy periods in the sweating room are edged with Thasian marble (which was once the rarest of sights even in a temple), unless the water pours from silver taps. And so far we have only been talking about the ordinary fellow's plumbing. What about the bath-houses of certain

³ By the Gauls in 390 B.C.

former slaves? Look at their arrays of statues, their assemblies of columns that do not support a thing but are put up purely for ornament, just for the sake of spending money. Look at the cascades of water splashing noisily down from one level to the next. We have actually come to such a pitch of choosiness that we object to walking on anything other than precious stones.

In this bathroom of Scipio's there are tiny chinks – you could hardly call them windows – pierced in the masonry of the wall in such a way as to let in light without in any way weakening its defensive character. Nowadays 'moth-hole' is the way some people speak of a bathroom unless it has been designed to catch the sun through enormous windows all day long, unless a person can acquire a tan at the same time as he is having a bath, unless he has views from the bath over countryside and sea.

The result is that bath-houses which drew admiring crowds when they were first opened are actually dismissed as antiquated as soon as extravagance has hit on any novelty calculated to put its own best previous efforts in the shade. There was a time when bath-houses were few and far between, and never in the least luxuriously appointed – and why should they have been, considering that they were designed for use, not for diversion, and that admission only cost you a copper? There were no showers in those days, and the water did not come in a continuous gush as if from a hot spring. People did not think it mattered then how clear the water was in which they were going to get rid of the dirt. Heavens, what a pleasure it is to go into one of those half-lit bath-houses with their ordinary plastered ceilings, where you knew that Cato himself as aedile – or Fabius Maximus, or one of the Cornelii – regulated the warmth of your water with his own hand! For, however high their rank, it was one of the duties of the aediles to enter all such premises as were open to the public and enforce standards of cleanliness and a healthy sort of temperature, sufficient for practical purposes, not the kind of heat which has recently come into fashion, more like that of a furnace – so much so indeed that a slave convicted on a criminal charge might well be sentenced to be *bathed* alive! There doesn't seem to me to be any difference now between 'your bath's warm' and 'your bath's boiling'.

'How primitive!' Such is some people's verdict these days on Scipio because he did not have extensive areas of glass to let the daylight into the perspiring room, because it was not a habit with him to stew in strong sunlight, letting the time go by until he was perfectly cooked in his own bathroom. 'What a sorry wretch of a man! He didn't know how to live! He'd take his bath in water that was never filtered and often cloudy, practically muddy in fact after any heavy rain.' Well, it did not make much difference to Scipio if this was the kind of bath he had; he went there to wash off sweat, not scent. And what do you think some people will say to this? 'Well, I don't envy Scipio; if that was the kind of bath he had all the time, it was a real exile's life that he was leading.'

Yes, and what's more, if you must know, he didn't even have a bath every day. Writers who have left us a record of life in ancient Rome tell us that it was just their arms and legs, which of course they dirtied working, that people washed every day, bathing all over only once a week on market day. 'Obviously,' someone will comment, 'there must have been times when they were positively disgusting.' And what do you think they stank of? I'll tell you – of hard soldiering, of hard work, of all that goes to make up a man. Men are dirtier creatures now than they ever were in the days before the coming of spotlessly clean bathrooms. What is it Horace says when he wants to describe a man noted and indeed notorious for the inordinate lengths to which he carried personal fastidiousness?

Bucillus stinks of scented lozenges.⁴

Produce Bucillus today and he might just as well 'stink like a goat.' He would be in the same position as the Gargonius with whom Horace contrasted him. For nowadays it is not even enough to use some scented ointment – it must be re-applied two or three times a day as a precaution against its evaporation on the person. I say nothing about the way people preen themselves on the perfume it carries, as if it were their own ...

Reading 4.6 Seneca, *Moral Letters*

(Source: Gummere, R.M. (trans.) (1925) *Seneca: Ad Lucilium Epistulae Morales* vol.III, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, pp.129–33, 139–41)

99 On consolation to the bereaved

I enclose a copy of the letter which I wrote to Marullus¹ at the time when he had lost his little son and was reported to be rather womanish in his grief – a letter in which I have not observed the usual form of condolence: for I did not believe that he should be handled gently, since in my opinion he deserved criticism rather than consolation. When a man is stricken and is finding it most difficult to endure a grievous wound, one must humour him for a while; let him satisfy his grief or at any rate work off the first shock; but those who have assumed an indulgence in grief should be rebuked forthwith, and should learn that there are certain follies even in tears.

² 'Is it solace that you look for? Let me give you a scolding instead! You are like a woman in the way you take your son's death; what would you do if you had lost an intimate friend? A son, a little child of unknown promise, is dead; a fragment of time has been lost. We hunt out excuses for grief; we would even utter unfair complaints about Fortune, as if Fortune would never give us just reason for complaining! But I had really thought that you possessed spirit enough to deal with concrete troubles, to say nothing of the shadowy troubles over which men make moan through force of habit. Had you lost a friend (which is the greatest blow of all),³ you would have had to endeavour rather to rejoice because you had possessed him than to mourn because you had lost him.

'But many men fail to count up how manifold their gains have been, how great their rejoicings. Grief like yours has this among other evils: it is not only useless, but thankless. Has it then all been for nothing that you have had such a friend? During so many years, amid such close associations, after such intimate communion of personal interests, has nothing been accomplished? Do you bury friendship along with a friend? And why lament having lost him, if it be of no avail to have possessed him? Believe me, a great part of those we have loved, though chance has removed their persons, still abides with us. The past is ours, and there is nothing more secure for us than that which has been. We are ungrateful for past gains, because we hope for the future, as if the future – if so be that any future is ours – will not be quickly blended with the past. People set a narrow limit to their enjoyments if they take pleasure only in the present; both the future and the past

⁴ Horace, *Satires*, I:2.27 and I:4.92. Horace actually wrote Rufillus. Either Seneca has remembered incorrectly or the text has become corrupted.

¹ Possibly Iunius Marullus, consul *designatus* in A.D. 62.

² As Lipsius pointed out, the remainder of Seneca's letter consists of the quoted epistle to Marullus.

³ The Roman view differs from the modern view, just as this Letter is rather more severe than *Ep.* I.xiii. (on the death of Lucilius's friend Flaccus).

serve for our delight – the one with anticipation, and the other with memories – but the one is contingent and may not come to pass, while the other must have been.

‘What madness it is, therefore, to lose our grip on that which is the surest thing of all? Let us rest content with the pleasures we have quaffed in past days, if only, while we quaffed them, the soul was not pierced like a sieve, only to lose again whatever it had received. There are countless cases of men who have without tears buried sons in the prime of manhood – men who have returned from the funeral pyre to the Senate chamber, or to any other official duties, and have straightway busied themselves with something else. And rightly; for in the first place it is idle to grieve if you get no help from grief. In the second place, it is unfair to complain about what has happened to one man but is in store for all. Again, it is foolish to lament one’s loss, when there is such a slight interval between the lost and the loser. Hence we should be more resigned in spirit, because we follow closely those whom we have lost ...

‘Of a surety philosophy has done you much service if you can bear courageously the loss of a boy who was as yet better known to his nurse than to his father! And what, then? Now, at this time, am I advising you to be hard-hearted, desiring you to keep your countenance unmoved at the very funeral ceremony, and not allowing your soul even to feel the pinch of pain? By no means. That would mean lack of feeling rather than virtue – to behold the burial ceremonies of those near and dear to you with the same expression as you beheld their living forms, and to show no emotion over the first bereavement in your family. But suppose that I forbade you to show emotion; there are certain feelings which claim their own rights. Tears fall, no matter how we try to check them, and by being shed they ease the soul. What, then, shall we do? Let us allow them to fall, but let us not command them to do so; let us weep according as emotion floods our eyes, but not as much as mere imitation shall demand. Let us, indeed, add nothing to natural grief, nor augment it by following the example of others. The display of grief makes more demands than grief itself: how few men are sad in their own company! They lament the louder for being heard; persons who are reserved and silent when alone are stirred to new paroxysms of tears when they behold others near them! At such times they lay violent hands upon their own persons, – though they might have done this more easily if no one were present to check them; at such times they pray for death; at such times they toss themselves from their couches. But their grief slackens with the departure of onlookers. In this matter, as in others also, we are obsessed by this fault – conforming to the pattern of the many, and regarding convention rather than duty. We abandon nature and surrender to the mob – who are never good advisers in anything, and in this respect as in all others are most inconsistent. People see a man who bears his grief bravely: they call him undutiful and savage-hearted; they see a man who collapses and clings to his dead: they call him womanish and weak. Everything, therefore, should be referred to reason. But nothing is more foolish than to court a reputation for sadness and to sanction tears; for I hold that with a wise man some tears fall by consent, others by their own force.’

Reading 4.7 Seneca, *To Marcia on consolation* 1.5–7

(Source: Basore, J.W. (trans.) (2001) *Seneca: Moral Essays*, vol.II, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, pp.7–9)

... This evidence of the greatness of your mind forbade me to pay heed to your sex, forbade me to pay heed to your face, which, since sorrow once clouded it, unbroken sadness holds for all these years. And see! – I am not stealing upon you with stealth, nor am I planning to filch from you any of your sufferings. I have

recalled to your memory old misfortunes, and, that you may know that even this deep-cut wound will surely heal, I have shown you the scar of an old wound that was not less severe. And so let others deal with you gently and ply soft words. I myself have determined to battle with your grief, and your eyes that are wearied and worn – weeping now, if I may speak the truth, more from habit than from sorrow – shall be checked by measures that, if so it may be, you welcome, if not, even against your will, even though you hug and embrace the sorrow that you have kept alive in place of your son. Else what end shall it have? Every means has been tried in vain. The consolations of your friends, the influence of great men who were your relatives have been exhausted. Books, your love for which was a boon bequeathed by your father, now void of comfort and scarcely serving for brief distraction, make their appeal to unheeding ears. Even time, Nature's great healer, that allays even our most grievous sorrows, in your case only has lost its power. Three whole years have now passed, and yet the first violence of your sorrow has in no way abated. Your grief is renewed and grows stronger every day – by lingering it has established its right to stay, and has now reached the point that it is ashamed to make an end. Just as all vices become deep-rooted unless they are crushed when they spring up, so, too, such a state of sadness and wretchedness, with its self-afflicted torture, feeds at last upon its very bitterness, and the grief of an unhappy mind becomes a morbid pleasure. And so I should have liked to approach your cure in the first stages of your sorrow. While it was still young, a gentler remedy might have been used to check its violence; against inveterate evils the fight must be more vehement. This is likewise true of wounds – they are easy to heal while they are still fresh and bloody. When they have festered and turned into a wicked sore, then they must be cauterized and, opened up to the very bottom, must submit to probing fingers. As it is, I cannot possibly be a match for such hardened grief by being considerate and gentle; it must be crushed ...

Reading 4.8 Inscriptions

(Source: translations and notes for inscriptions (a)–(j) by V. Hope; translations for inscriptions (k)–(l) from J. Shelton (1998) *As the Romans Did: A Sourcebook in Roman Social History*, Oxford, Oxford University Press, pp.385 and 387; translations and notes (edited) for inscriptions (m)–(t) from G. Fagan (2005) *Bathing in Public in the Roman World*, Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, pp.234–35, 290–91, 319–23)

(a) *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* VI 1274 (Caecilia Metella)

Epitaph from the tomb of Caecilia Metella, Via Appia, Rome. The tomb is a large cylindrical drum on a square base and stands more than 11 metres high, and [is] almost 30 metres in diameter. Late first century BCE.

CAECILIA / Q CRETICI F / METELLA CRASSI

To Caecilia Metella, daughter of Quintus (Caecilius Metellus) Creticus, (wife) of Crassus.

(b) *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* I 1013 and 1014 (Eurysaces)

Epitaph, written on two sides, of the tomb of Eurysaces, Porta Maggiore, Rome. The tomb is of an unusual design: the lower zone consists of pairs of cylinders interspaced with rectangular piers; the upper zone has three rows of hollow circles. The design of the tomb is believed to relate to the occupation of Eurysaces. There is also a frieze depicting the making of bread. Portraits of Eurysaces and his wife and a second inscription are no longer in situ. Late first century BCE.

HOC MONIMENTVM MARCEI VERGILEI EVRYSACIS PISTORIS REDEMPTORIS
APPARET

This is the monument of Marcus Vergilius Eurysaces, baker, contractor, he serves.

Note: the meaning of 'apparet' is not clear.

(c) **Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum VI 2246 (Rabirii)**

Epitaph accompanying a relief panel depicting three half-figure portraits (one man and two women), Via Appia, Rome. 88 × 183 × 33 cm. Late first century BCE. The portrait of the second woman has a sistrum and patera (rattle and plate) adjacent to her head. These are symbols of the cult of Isis. A name is inscribed beneath each portrait. Late first century BCE.

C RABIRIVS POST L / HERMODORVS

RABIRIA / DEMARIS

VSIA PRIMA SAC / ISIDIS

Caius Rabirius Hermodorus, freedman of Postumus

Rabiria Demaris

Usia Prima, priestess of Isis.

(d) **Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum VI 6327 (Gemellus)**

Small inscription panel from the columbarium of the household of Statilius Taurus. Now in the Museo Nazionale, Rome. Mid first century CE.

GEMELLVS MESSALLINAE / TAVRI F PAEDAGOGVS

Gemellus the *paedagogus* of Messallina, daughter of Taurus.

Note: *paedagogus* = childminder

(e) **L'Année Epigraphique 1955, 24 (Publius Sulpicius Peregrinus)**

Epitaph from the funerary stele of Publius Sulpicius Peregrinus, Anzio, Rome. Now in the Museo Nazionale, Rome. 120 × 46 × 12 cm. Above the epitaph is a representation of a horse, with a horseman in the foreground. Behind the horse is a downward pointing spear. Late first century CE.

P SVLPICIO / L F OV F / PEREGRINO / MEDIOLANIENS / EQVITI SPECVLAT /
VIXIT ANNIS / XXVIII / MILITAVIT / ANNIS VIII / L SVLPICVS / C F OV F MESSOR /
PATER ET FRATER

To Publius Sulpicius Peregrinus, son of Lucius, of the Oufentina tribe, from Mediolanum, an *eques speculator*. He lived 28 years and served 9 years. Lucius Sulpic(i)us Messor, son of Caius, of the Oufentina tribe, his father, and his brother (set this up).

Notes :

Mediolanum = Milan

eques speculator = a cavalryman guard

(f) **Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum VI 16631 (Minicia Marcella)**

Epitaph from the funerary altar of Minicia Marcella, found at Monte Mario, near Rome. Now in the Museo Nazionale, Rome. 130 × 70 × 55 cm. Late first century CE.

D M / MINICIAE / MARCELLAE / FVNDANI F / V A XII M XI D VII

To the spirits of the departed Minicia Marcella, daughter of Fundanus, who lived 12 years, 11 months and 7 days.

Note: D M = *Dis Manibus*: to the spirits of the departed. This was a common invocation at the beginning of epitaphs.

(g) **Epitaph from tomb 55 of the Isola Sacra necropolis, Portus**

The inscription was located over the door of a house tomb. Second century CE.

D M / SCANTIA SALVINA / SCANTIA SABINAE FILIAE / PIENTISSIMAE ET M SVLPI/
CIVS FORTVNATVS FECER / SIBI ET LIBERIS ET LIBERTIS / LIBERTAB POSTERISQ
EORUM / H M H N S

To the spirits of the departed Scantia Sabina, a very pious daughter. Scantia Salvina and Marcus Sulpicius Fortunatus made (the tomb) for themselves, their children, their freedmen, freedwomen and their descendants. This monument does not go to the heirs.

Note: H M H N S = *hoc monumentum heredum non sequitur*: this monument does not go to the heirs.

h) *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* VI 10190 (Superbus)

This inscription is now lost. Rome. First century CE

To the spirits of the departed Superbus, a *secutor*. Tiberius Claudius Vitalio made it for his well deserving friend.

Note: *secutor* = pursuer. This gladiator wore a large helmet, carried an elongated shield, a sword and wore a greave for his left leg. A *secutor* often fought against a *retiarius*, a gladiator who used a net.

(i) *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* VI 10189 (Titus Flavius Incitatus)

Small funerary altar. Rome. First or second century CE

To the spirits of the departed Titus Flavius Incitatus a *secutor* of the *primus palus*. He lived 27 years and fought 16 times.

Note: *primus palus* = the first grade. Gladiators could be graded according to their success and monetary worth.

(j) *Epigrafia anfiteatrale dell'occidente romano I Roma* N. 63 (Pardus).

Small inscription panel. Rome. First or second century CE

Pardus, a *hastarius*, a veteran from Egypt, fought nine times.

Note: *hastarius* = a gladiator who fought with a spear.

(k) *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* VI 10050 (Crescens)

An epitaph to a charioteer. Rome, second century CE.

Crescens, driver for the Blue faction. Born in Mauritania, 22 years old.

After 24 starts, he won his first victory with a four-horse chariot in AD 115, driving the horses Circius, Acceptor, Delicatus and Cotynus.¹ He drove his last race in AD 124.²

Starts:	686
Wins:	47
single-entry:	19
double-entry:	23
triple-entry:	5
stable-mate entry:	1
had lead from start:	8
won in final stretch:	38
Places:	130
Shows:	111

He won 1,558,346 sesterces.

¹ The horses' names are Whirlwind (Circius), Hawk (Acceptor), Sweet Delight (Delicatus), and Dark Bay (Cotynus).

² In A.D.115, when Crescens won his first race, he was thirteen years old, but he had probably been driving for at least a year. Crescens may have started driving when he was only twelve years old.

(l) *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* VI 10049 (Marcus Aurelius Polynices and Marcus Aurelius Mollicius Tatianus)

Epitaphs to two charioteers. Rome, second century CE.

Marcus Aurelius Polynices, a slave by birth, who lived 29 years, 9 months, 5 days.

He won 739 palms³

for the Reds:	655
for the Greens:	55
for the Blues:	12
for the Whites:	17

purses worth 40,000 sesterces:	3
purses worth 30,000 sesterces:	26
purses of gold:	11
for eight-horse teams:	8
for ten-horse teams: ⁴	9
for six-horse teams:	3

Marcus Aurelius Mollicius Tatianus, a slave by birth, who lived 20 years, 8 months, 7 days.

He won 125 palms

for the Reds:	89
for the Greens:	24

for the Blues:	5
for the Whites:	7
purses worth 40,000 sesterces:	2

Polynices, the famous charioteer, bred and raised in Rome two sons, Macaris and Tatianus, the two brothers mentioned above.⁵ They died young, snatched away from Fate even as they won glory on the race track.

(m) *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* VI 16740 (A drowned child)

Rome. Undated.

Daphnus and Chryseis, freedpeople of Laco, to their Fortunatus. He lived eight years. He died in a pool in the Baths of Mars.

Note: the *Balneum Martis* is otherwise unknown.

(n) *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* VI 15258 (The corrupting effect of baths)

Rome. Mid first century CE.

He lived fifty-two years. To the spirit of the departed Tiberius Claudius Secundus. Here he has everything with him. Baths, wine, and sex ruin our bodies, but they are the essence of life – baths, wine, and sex. Merope, freedwoman of Caesar, made (this tomb), for her dear companion, herself, and their family and descendants.

Notes: Since Merope is an imperial freedwoman and the *contubernalis* of Secundus, he was undoubtedly himself an imperial freedman; his name therefore dates him to the Julio-Claudian period (probably under Claudius or Nero).

³ A palm branch was given to the winning driver as a symbol of his victory.

⁴ Imagine trying to steer ten horses around a sharp turn!

⁵ The names suggest that this family of slaves was Greek in origin.

(o) **Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum XIV 914 (The dead miss the baths)**

Ostia. Second century CE.

To the spirit of the departed Caius Domitius Primus. I, the well-known and famous Primus, am in this tomb. I lived on Lucrine oysters; I often drank Falernian wine. Baths, wine, and sex aged with me through the years. If I managed this, may the earth be light on me. Yet among the spirits, the phoenix, which rushes to renew itself along with me, saves me on the altar. Space given for the burial of C. Domitius Primus by the three Messii – Hermeros, Pia, and Pius.

Notes: Falernian was a high-grade wine, as attested by its being the most expensive wine available in a price list from a tavern on the Via degli Augustali at Pompeii (CIL IV 1679). The phoenix was quite possibly represented on the man's tomb, which would explain the reference to it here.

(p) **Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum VIII 8679 (Vilicus of the baths)**

Rome. Mid to late first century CE.

To the spirits of the departed. Onesimus, slave of our Caesar, *vilicus* of the baths, secretary of the Greek library, made this for Crescens, his charge, for his good remembrance. He lived nine years, one month.

Notes: A *vilicus* was any steward or manager, and the term was often applied to an overseer on a country estate or to a supervisor in the imperial service. We can only speculate what the duties of a *vilicus* at the baths were. This text has been cited as proof of existence of libraries at baths, but caution is required. It is quite possible that Onesimus was *vilicus* of the baths and secretary of an unrelated Greek library.

(q) **Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum VI 9232 (A capsarius)**

Rome. Third century CE

Cucumio and Victoria, a *capsarius*, from the Antonine Baths, made this for themselves while they were alive.

Notes: This inscription is from a tomb. A *capsarius* was an official in charge of guarding clothes and/or collecting entrance fees.

(r) **Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum XIV 98 (Antoninus Pius)**

Ostia. Second century CE

Imperator Caesar T. Aelius Hadrianus Antoninus Augustus Pius, son of the deified Hadrian, grandson of the deified Trajan, conqueror of Parthia, great-grandson of the deified Nerva, chief priest, holder of tribunician power for the second time, consul for the second time, completed the baths, toward the construction of which his deified father had promised two million sesterces; having added all the extra money required, he also completed the work with marbling for its total decoration.

Notes: the findspot of this inscription was not adequately recorded, but it is generally taken to refer to the Baths of Neptune, the construction of which fits this date.

(s) **Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum V 5262 (Pliny's baths)**

Comum. Early second century CE

C. Plinius Secundus, son of Lucius, of the voting tribe Oufentina, consul, augur, propraetorian legate of the province of Pontus and Bithynia who was sent to that province with consular power, following a vote of the senate, by the emperor Caesar Nerva Trajan Augustus Germanicus, conqueror of Dacia, father of his country; he was curator of the river Tiber's channel and banks and of the sewers of the city, prefect of the treasury of Saturn, prefect of the

military treasury, praetor, tribune of the plebs, quaestor of the emperor, *sevir* of the Roman *equites*, military tribune of Legion III Gallica, *decemvir* for judging cases, ordered in his will that baths be constructed from (*amount lost*) sesterces and that a further 300,000 sesterces be added for their decoration and another 200,000 sesterces for their upkeep. He also bequeathed 1,866,666 sesterces to the city for the support of his one hundred freedmen, the increase of which he wished put toward a banquet for the urban plebs thereafter, [*lacuna*]. While alive, he gave 500,000 sesterces for the support of boys and girls of the urban plebs, and he gave 100,000 sesterces for the library and its upkeep.

Note: the benefactor is Pliny the Younger. Although the inscription is fragmentary, Pliny's bath benefactions are clear. A putative bath building has been located at Comum, but it has not been adequately investigated.

(t) ***Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum XIV 4015 (A bath advertisement)***

Ficulea, Italy. Second century CE

In these premises of Aurelia Faustianiana is the bath, where you can bathe in the manner of the city and where every refinement is available.

Reading 4.9 Cicero, *On Duties* 1.53–54

(Source: Gardner, J.F. and Wiedemann, T. (1991) *The Roman Household: A Sourcebook*, London and New York: Routledge, p.2)

There are several levels of human society. Starting from that which is universal, the next is that of a common race, nation or language (which is what most of all holds men together). Further down comes membership of the same city; for citizens have many things in common – their town square, temples, covered walkways, roads, laws and constitution, law-courts and elections, customs and associations and the dealings and agreements that bind many people to many others. An even closer bond is that between relations: for it sets them apart from that limitless society of the human race into one that is narrow and closely-defined. [54] Since it is a natural feature of all living beings that they have the desire to propagate, the first association is that of marriage itself; the next is that with one's children; then the household unit within which everything is shared; that is the element from which a city is made, so to speak the seed-bed of the state. Next comes the relationship between brothers, between cousins on the father's side and cousins on the mother's side; since these relatives cannot be contained within one household, they leave to found other households, just like colonies. Next come relationships arising from marriage, which bring even more relatives. This extension and spreading of relationships is the basis of communities; for common blood forces men to help and care for one another.

Reading 4.10 Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*

(Source: Shackleton Bailey, D.R. (ed. and trans.) (1999) *Cicero: Letters to Atticus*, vol.III, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, pp.281–3, 331–3, footnotes deleted)

251 (XII.14)

Astura, 8 March 45

Cicero to Atticus

... It is like you to want me to recover from my grief, but you are my witness that I have not been remiss on my own behalf. Nothing has been written by any author on the alleviation of grief which I did not read in your house. But my sorrow is stronger than any consolation. I have even done something which I imagine no one has ever done before, consoled myself in a literary composition. I shall send you the piece as soon as the copyists have finished it. I can assure you there is no consolation as effective as this. I write all day long, not that I do myself any real good, but just for the time being it distracts me – not indeed enough, for grief is powerful and importunate; still it brings a respite. And I try all I know to bring my face if not my heart back to composure, if I can. While I do this I sometimes feel I am committing a sin, at others that I should be sinning if I failed to do it. Solitude helps, but it would be far more efficacious, paradoxically, if you were there to share it. That is my only reason for leaving this spot, which is well enough in the circumstances. And yet this too is a source of distress, for you will not be able to feel towards me as in the past. The things you liked in me are gone for good ...

275 (XII.36)

Astura, 3 May 45

Cicero to Atticus

I want it to be a shrine and from that there's no budging me. I am anxious to avoid the appearance of a tomb, not so much because of the fine as in order to achieve apotheosis, as far as may be. That I could do if I built within the actual precincts of the house, but, as we have often said, I am afraid of changes of ownership. On open land, wherever I put it up, I think I can make sure that its sanctity is respected by posterity. You must bear with this foolishness of mine (yes, I admit it), for there's no one, not even myself, to whom I can talk so unrestrainedly as to you. But if you approve of the project, the locality, and the building plan, pray read the statute and send me a copy. If any way of getting round it occurs to us, we'll make use of it ...

Reading 4.11 Cicero, *The Speeches*

(Source: Watts, N.H. (trans.) (1965) *Cicero: The Speeches*, London: William Heinemann, pp.251–53, 263, 307–11)

De Domo Sua

100 But the reality of this restoration depends, gentlemen, upon your verdict. For if you reinstall me in my house, an end to which throughout all my case your inclinations, counsels, influence, and resolutions have always tended, then I fully realize that my restitution will be absolute. But if my house, so far from being restored to me, even serves my enemy as a memorial of my humiliation, of his own wickedness, and of the public disaster, who will look upon this as a restoration, and not rather an unending punishment? My house, gentlemen, stands full in view of well-nigh the whole city; and if it abides in the city, not as the city's monument, but

as her sepulchre, inscribed with an enemy's name, then I must migrate elsewhere rather than dwell in a city where I witness the erection of trophies over myself and over the republic.

109 What is more sacred, what more inviolably hedged about by every kind of sanctity, than the home of every individual citizen? Within its circle are his altars, his hearths, his household gods, his religion, his observances, his ritual; it is a sanctuary so holy in the eyes of all, that it were sacrilege to tear an owner therefrom. All the more, then, should we remove out of your hearing the madness of this reprobate, who has not merely undermined, in defiance of religion, that which our ancestors desired religion should guard and sanctify to our use, but has actually employed the plea of religion under which to overturn it.

146 For as it is, gentlemen, I am deprived not alone of my house, which is the subject of your inquiry, but of the whole city, to which, on a superficial view, I have been restored. For the chiefest and most frequented districts of the city are confronted by the vision of what I will not describe as a memorial, but rather as a scar upon our country. And since you realize, as you must, that I must needs shun and avoid the sight of this more than death, forbear, I beg of you, to decree that he, whose restoration you hoped would mean the restoration of the republic, should be deprived not only of the external trappings of dignity, but even of the enjoyment of living in the city which is his home. It is not the plundering of my property nor the demolition of my house nor the ravaging of my estates nor the booty that the consuls have so pitilessly taken from my fortunes that greatly moves me; these I have always accounted transient and fleeting, the bestowal not of virtue and genius but of chance and circumstance; and it is not so much opportunities for acquiring and amassing these that I have thought desirable, but rather philosophy in their enjoyment and steadfastness in their loss. For truly our power to dispose of our private goods extends as a rule for no longer than our power to enjoy them; and the inheritance we shall leave to our children will be bounteous enough, if it consists but of their ancestral name and their father's memory; but the house which has been wrested from me by crime, seized by brigandage, and built over by lawlessness masquerading as religion, even more wickedly than it was overthrown, cannot be lost to me without the infliction of the direst disgrace upon the state, and the deepest grief and ignominy upon myself. If, therefore, you conceive that my restoration is a source of pleasure and gratification to the immortal gods, to the senate, to the Roman people, to all Italy, to the provinces, to foreign nations, and to your own selves, who have always been first and most influential in working for my welfare, I beg and conjure you, gentlemen, as I have been restored by your influence, enthusiasm, and suffrages, so now also, since it is the will of the senate, let it be your hands that install me in my own home.

Reading 4.12 Ovid, *The Erotic Poems*

(Source: Green, P. (ed. and trans.) (1982) *Ovid: The Erotic Poems*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, pp.139–41 (notes added), pp.170–71, 232–33)

The Amores: Book 3 (2)

I don't come here to watch horses, I'm no bloodstock-fancier –

Though of course I hope your favourite wins.

To sit at your side and talk with you is what *I'm* after – I want you

To know the havoc you've wrought in my heart.

You watch the chariots, I you – that way we'll both see

Just what we want, a feast

For your eyes and mine alike. How lucky that charioteer is

5

Who enjoys your support! How I wish
 I could be in *his* shoes – away at a flying gallop
 From the start of the race, flat out, 10
 Now a touch of the whip, now give them their head and shave the
 Post at the turn with my nearside wheel!
 But if I saw *you* in mid-gallop I'd falter, the reins would drop from
 My hands – like that time when a spear
 Nearly killed Pelops¹ at Pisa, while he was gazing, besotted, 15
 In Hippodameia's eyes, though of course
 As her chosen favourite he won, just as I hope your driver
 And I both manage to do.
 It's no use your edging away. The seating regulations
 Of the Circus have one advantage – they pack us close. 20
 Hey, you on the right there, whoever you are, please remove your elbow
 From this lady's ribs, and you
 In the row behind, would you mind *not* sticking your bony
 Knees in her back? Sit up, sir! My sweet,
 Your dress is brushing the ground, you really should gather 25
 It up – no, let me. There you are. Oh dear,
 What a mean old dress to keep such beautiful legs hidden!
 M'm. The more one looks – what a mean old dress!
 Just the sort of legs that belonged to Atalanta,² that Milanion,
 Hot on her heels, was mad to touch, 30
 Or that painters bestow on Diana the huntress, running
 With tucked-up skirts, and wilder than the wild
 Beasts she pursues. But *yours* – I was hot enough when I hadn't
 Seen them, and now–! It's like adding flame
 To a bonfire, or wet to the sea. And what other treasures 35
 May not be hidden under that summer dress?
 Feeling hot? Would a cooling breeze be welcome? There, let me
 Fan you a little. Or is the heat all in my own
 Too-fevered head? It is just my romantic imagination
 That's burned up your girlish charms? 40
 Oh dear – while I was talking a little dust just settled
 On your white dress. Shoo, dirty dust, from so
 Spotless a body! Oh look, here comes the procession! Quiet,
 And give them a hand. The golden procession's here,
 Victory in the lead, with wings outspread – O Goddess, 45
 Hear me, and grant that my love prevail!
 Next comes Neptune.³ Sailors, a round of applause there!
 Me, I'm a landsman. The sea's no concern of mine.
 Ah, here's Mars – clap him, soldiers! Myself, I can't *stand* fighting,
 Peace is my thing. You know: make love not war. 50
 Here's Apollo for soothsayers, Artemis for hunters,

¹ A great hero worshipped at Olympia. He fell in love with Hippodamia, daughter of Oenomaus of Pisa – the area around Olympia. Oenomaus had promised his daughter to any man who could carry her off in a chariot and escape his pursuit. Pelops won by bribing the charioteer to loosen the linchpins on his master's chariot. Oenomaus was killed but cursed Pelops as he died.

² A mythical heroine who promised to marry the man who could defeat her in a foot race. After several young men had been defeated and put to death, Hippomenes (or Milanion) was victorious, having dropped golden apples on the track which Atalanta stopped to pick up.

³ See the relevant *OSCC* entry for the names mentioned in this poem.

And Minerva for craftsmen. Now,
 You countryfolk, up on your feet, give a cheer for gay Bacchus⁴
 And Ceres!⁵ All boxers and jockeys, defer
 To Castor and Pollux.⁶ But *our* applause goes to amorous
 Venus, and her child with the deadly bow. 55
 (Help this new venture, Venus: soften up my prospective mistress
 Till she loves me – or anyway till she lets *me* love *her*.)
 I'm in luck – she nodded. I won't demand more of you, sweetheart,
 Than the goddess has promised already. You'll be 60
 (Forgive me, Venus!) a greater divinity. By these spectators,
 By the gods in procession, I swear it, I want you as mine
 For ever and ever – Oh my, your feet are dangling, why not
 Try propping them on the rail in front? They've cleared
 The track for the star event. Look, four-horse chariots! 65
 There goes the praetor's signal. They're away –
 And, yes, I can see your favourite! Anyone that you back is
 Just bound to win. Even the horses seem
 To know what you want. Oh God, he's taking that corner
 Far too wide – the next man's edging him out. 70
What are you playing at, fool? You'll disappoint the lady!
 Hard on your left rein! I fear we've backed
 A loser. Come on, then, everyone, wave your togas, make the
 Stewards order a restart! Hold it – yes,
 They're calling them back. Mercy, don't let all those flapping 75
 Garments disturb your coiffure! Just lean
 Close to me, I'll protect you. Look, up go the starting-gates
 Again, and they're off, all in a close-packed bunch
 Of different colours. Go *on*, get through that opening,
 Don't disappoint me and my girl this time! 80
 Bravo, he's done it, he's won! Well, love, *you're* not disappointed –
 But what about *me*? *My* prize is still to win.
She smiled, eyes bright, inviting – That'll do, now.
 Keep the rest for – another place.

The Art of Love: Book 1

Don't forget the races, either: the spacious Circus offers 135
 Chances galore. No need,
 Here, of private finger-talk, or secret signals,
 Nods conveying messages: you'll sit
 Right beside your mistress, without let or hindrance,
 So be sure to press against her wherever you can – 140
 An easy task: the seating-divisions restrict her,
 Regulations facilitate contact. Now find
 Some excuse to engage in friendly conversation,
 Casual small-talk at first –
 Ask, with a show of interest, whose are those horses 145
 Just coming past: find out
 Her favourite, back it yourself. When the long procession of ivory

⁴ Bacchus = Dionysus.

⁵ Ceres = Demeter.

⁶ Castor and Pollux = the divine twins, sons of Zeus. There was a temple to them in the Roman Forum and they were particularly associated with the cavalry and the *equites*.

Deities approaches, be sure you give
 A big hand to Lady Venus. If some dust should settle
 In your girl's lap, flick it away 150
 With your fingers; and if there's no dust, still flick away – nothing:
 Let any excuse serve to prove your zeal.
 If her cloak's trailing, gather it up, make a great business
 Of rescuing it from the dirt –
 Instant reward for your gallantry, a licensed peep at 155
 Delectable ankles, and more.
 Keep an eye on whoever may be sitting behind you,
 Don't let him rub his knee
 Against her smooth back. Light minds are captivated by trifles:
 Plumping out a cushion can often help, 160
 Or fanning the lady, or slipping a little footstool
 Under her dainty feet.
 Such approaches will the Circus afford to a new courtship,
 Such, too, the crowded forum with its grim
 Sanded arena, where Cupid's a regular contestant, 165
 Where the blood-and-guts fancier gets bloodied himself:
 While he's chatting, and touching her hand, and checking the programme,
 And anxious (once he's placed his bet) to know
 Which contestant will win, the winged steel has transfixed him,
 He groans at the wound, becomes part 170
 Of the show he was watching. When Caesar lately staged that
 Naval mock-battle between Persians and Greeks,
 Young men and girls converged from east coast and west, the whole wide
 World was packed into Rome –
 With such a throng, who could fail to find what caught his fancy? 175
 Many a man was singed by some foreign flame!

The Art of Love: Book 3

... The city's full of theatres,
 Girls love the races – what
 Can a guardian do? Say she worships Egyptian Isis, 635
 And goes where no watchful male
 May follow, clashing her sistrum? What about the Good Goddess,
 Banning men from her temple (except her own
 Chosen adherents)? The public baths provide plenty of private
 Fun for girls – while their guardians sit outside 640
 In charge of their clothes ...

Reading 4.13 Calpurnius Siculus, *Eclogue 7*

(Source: Wight Duff, J. and Dutt, A.M. (trans.) (1978) *Minor Latin Poets*, Cambridge, Mass.: William Heinemann, pp.279–85)

LYCOTAS: CORYDON

- L. You are slow, Corydon, in coming back from Rome. For twenty nights past, of a truth, have our woods longed to see you, and the saddened bulls waited for your yodellings.

- C. O you slow-coach, no more unbending than a tough axle, Lycotas, you prefer to see old beech-trees rather than the new sights exhibited by our youthful god¹ in a spacious arena.
- L. I wondered what could be reason enough for your delay, why your pipe was idle in the silent woods, and why Stimicon, decked in pale ivy, sang alone: to him, for want of you, we have sadly awarded a tender kid. For while you tarried from home, Thyrsis purified the sheepfolds and bade the youths compete on shrill-toned reed.²
- C. Let Stimicon be unconquered and win prizes to enrich him, – let him not only rejoice in the kid he has received, but let him carry off the whole of the folds which Thyrsis purifies, still he will not equal my joys, nor yet, if someone gave me all the herds of Lucanian forests, would they delight me more than what I have seen in Rome.
- L. Tell me, come, tell me, Corydon. Be not so grudging as to disdain my ears. Truly, I shall find your words as sweet as your songs are wont to be whenever men to sacred rites invoke Pales the fertile or Apollo of the herds.³
- C. I saw a theatre that rose skyward on interwoven beams and almost looked down on the summit of the Capitoline.⁴ Passing up the steps and slopes of gentle incline, we came to the seats, where in dingy garments the baser sort viewed the show close to the women's benches. For the uncovered parts, exposed beneath the open sky, were thronged by knights or white-robed tribunes.⁵ Just as the valley here expands into a wide circuit, and, winding at the side, with sloping forest background all around, stretches its concave curve amid the unbroken chain of hills, so there the sweep of the amphitheatre encircles the level ground, and the oval in the middle is bound by twin piles of building.⁶ Why should I now relate to you things which I myself could scarcely see in their several details? So dazzling was the glitter everywhere. Rooted to the spot, I stood with mouth agape and marvelled at all, nor yet had I grasped every single attraction, when a man advanced in years, next me as it chanced on my left, said to me: 'Why wonder, country-cousin, that you are spellbound in face of such magnificence? you are a stranger to gold and only know the cottages and huts which are your humble homes. Look, even I, now palsied with age, now hoary-headed, grown old in the city there, nevertheless am amazed at it all. Certes, we rate all cheap we saw in former years, and shabby every show we one day watched.'
- Look, the partition-belt begemmed and the gilded arcade vie in brilliancy; and withal just where the end of the arena presents the seats closest to the marble wall,⁷ wondrous ivory is inlaid on connected beams and unites into a cylinder

¹ The emperor Nero.

² *The Palilia (Parilia)* or festival of Pales was celebrated by shepherds in April and was accompanied by musical competitions.

³ The Apollo of Euripides' *Alceste* had been compelled to tend the flocks of King Admetus in Thessaly.

⁴ This is best taken as describing the wooden amphitheatre constructed by Nero in A.D. 57.

⁵ For the allotment of seats at Roman *spectacula* see Suetonius *Augustus* 44.

⁶ The first amphitheatre determined the oval shape, as it was made by C. Scribonius Curio ... of two wooden theatres revolving on pivots to face each other, and each greater than a semicircle. Pliny pictures the imperial Roman people whirled round by the invention through the air and cheering at the risk they ran.

⁷ i.e. the *podium*, a projecting parapet or balcony just above the arena for the emperor or other distinguished spectators. The *balteus* was a *praecinctio*, a wall running round the amphitheatre at intervals dividing the tiers of seats into stories.

which, gliding smoothly on well-shaped axle, could by a sudden turn balk any claws set upon it and shake off the beasts.⁸ Bright too is the gleam from the nets of gold wire which project into the arena hung on solid tusks, tusks of equal size; and (believe me, Lycotas, if you have any trust in me) every tusk was longer than our plough. Why narrate each sight in order? Beasts of every kind I saw; here I saw snow-white hares and horned boars, here I saw the elk, rare even in the forests which produce it. Bulls too I saw, either those of heightened nape, with an unsightly hump rising from the shoulder-blades, or those with shaggy mane tossed across the neck, with rugged beard covering the chin, and quivering bristles upon their stiff dewlaps.⁹ Nor was it my lot only to see monsters of the forest: sea calves also I beheld with bears¹⁰ pitted against them and the unshapely herd called by the name of horses, bred in that river whose waters, with spring-like renewal, irrigate the crops upon its banks.¹¹ Oh, how we quaked, whenever we saw the arena part asunder and its soil upturned and beasts plunge out from the chasm cleft in the earth;¹² yet often from those same rifts the golden arbutes sprang amid a sudden fountain spray (of saffron).¹³

- L. O lucky Corydon, unhampered by palsied eld; lucky in that by the grace of heaven it was your lot to set your early years in this age! Now if fortune has vouchsafed to you close sight of our worshipful Emperor-god, if there and then you marked his countenance and mien, tell me, come, tell me, Corydon, what I may deem to be the features of the gods.
- C. O would that I had not been clad in peasant garb! Else should I have gained a nearer sight of my deity: but humble dress and dingy poverty and brooch with but a crooked clasp prevented me; still, in a way, I looked upon his very self some distance off, and, unless my sight played me a trick, I thought in that one face the looks of Mars and of Apollo were combined.

Reading 4.14 Plutarch, *Life of Sulla* 35

(Source: Warner, R. (trans.) (1972) *Fall of the Roman Republic: Six Lives by Plutarch*, intro. and notes by R. Seager, Harmondsworth: Penguin, p.109)

... A few months later there was a show of gladiators and since at this time men and women used to sit all together in the theatre, with no separate seating accommodation for the sexes, there happened to be sitting near Sulla a very beautiful woman of a most distinguished family. Her name was Valeria; she was the daughter of Messalla and of a sister of Hortensius, the orator; and it so happened that she had recently been divorced from her husband.¹ As she passed behind Sulla, she rested her hand on him, pulled off a little piece of wool from his toga and

⁸ Between the arena and the lowest tier of seats was a marble wall, in front of which the revolving cylinder was designed to keep the beasts from clambering up to the spectators.

⁹ The humped bulls suggest the buffalo, and the shaggy ones the urus.

¹⁰ This is an allusion to far northern seas, where Polar bears prey on seals.

¹¹ The countryman has not knowledge enough to name the Nile: the shapeless brute to which he alludes is the hippopotamus or 'river-horse'.

¹² Such arrangements for letting beasts rise from underground in the arena are well illustrated by the excavations at the Amphitheatre Flavium (the 'Colosseum').

¹³ The beauty of an artificially contrived garden in the amphitheatre contrasts with the savage beasts; and the spectators are refreshed by jets of saffron water.

¹ Her brother was M. Valerius Messalla Rufus, *cos.* 53; the identity of her previous husband is unknown.

then went on to her seat. When Sulla looked round at her in surprise, she said: 'There's no reason to be surprised, Dictator. I only want to have a little bit of your good luck for myself.'

Sulla was far from displeased by this remark; indeed it was obvious at once that his amatory propensities had been stirred. He sent someone to ask discreetly what her name was and inquired about her family and past history. After this they kept glancing at each other, constantly turning their heads to look, and exchanging smiles. And in the end negotiations began for marriage. This was all innocent enough, perhaps, on her part; but, however chaste and worthy a character she may have been, Sulla's motive in marrying her was neither chaste nor virtuous; he was carried away, like a boy might have been, by a good-looking face and a saucy manner – just what naturally excites the most disgraceful and shameless sort of passion.

Reading 4.15 Suetonius, *The Twelve Caesars*

(Source: Graves, R. (trans.) (1989) *Gaius Suetonius Tranquillus: The Twelve Caesars*, revised with an intro. by M. Grant, Harmondsworth: Penguin, pp.80, 296)

Augustus (44)

He issued special regulations to prevent the disorderly and haphazard system by which spectators secured seats for these shows; having been outraged by the insult to a senator who, on entering the crowded theatre at Puteoli, was not offered a seat by a single member of the audience. The consequent Senatorial decree provided that at every public performance, wherever held, the front row of stalls must be reserved for senators. At Rome, Augustus would not admit the envoys of independent or allied kingdoms to seats in the orchestra, on learning that some were mere freedmen. Other rules of his included the separation of soldiers from civilians; the assignment of special seats to married commoners, to boys not yet come of age, and, close by, to their tutors; and a ban on the wearing of dark cloaks, except in the back rows. Also, whereas men and women had hitherto always sat together, Augustus confined women to the back rows even at gladiatorial shows: the only ones exempt from this rule being the Vestal Virgins, for whom separate accommodation was provided, facing the praetor's tribunal. No women at all were allowed to witness the athletic contests; indeed, when the audience clamoured at the Games for a special boxing match to celebrate his appointment as Chief Priest, Augustus postponed this until early the next morning, and issued a proclamation to the effect that it was the Chief Priest's desire that women should not attend the Theatre before ten o'clock.

Titus (8.2)

He took such pains to humour his subjects that, on one occasion, before a gladiatorial show, he promised to forgo his own preferences and let the audience choose what they liked best; and kept his word by refusing no request and encouraging everyone to tell him what each wanted. Yet he openly acknowledged his partisanship of the Thracian gladiators, and would gesture and argue vociferously with the crowd on this subject, though never losing either his dignity or his sense of justice. So as to miss no occasion whatever of courting popularity sometimes he would use the new public baths in company with the common people.

Reading 4.16 Horace, *Satire* 1.6

(Source: Rudd, N. (trans.) (1979) *Horace: Satires and Epistles*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, p.70)

I stay in bed till ten, then walk; or else after reading 122
or writing something for my private pleasure I have a massage,
but not, like that filthy Natta, with oil pinched from the lamps.
When I'm feeling tired and the sun grows fiercer, showing it's time
for the baths, I finish my game of triangle and leave the Park.
A light lunch – enough to save me from having to go
through the day on an empty stomach; then I laze about at home.
That's what life is like when you're free from the cruel compulsion
to get to the top. So I comfort myself that I'll live more happily 130
than if my grandfather, father, and uncle had all been Quaestors.

Reading 4.17 Statius, *Silvae* 1.5

(Source: Shackleton Bailey, D.R. (ed. and trans.) (2003) *Statius: Silvae*, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, pp.83–87, notes in square brackets added)

The Baths of Claudius Etruscus

My frienzed lyre does not strike Helicon [mountain in SW Boeotia sacred to the Muses] with weighty quill¹ nor do I invoke the Muses [see relevant *OCCC* entry], the deities whom I have so often wearied. I dismiss you, Phoebus [= Apollo; see relevant *OCCC* entry], from the choir, and you, Euhian [= Bacchus or Dionysus; see relevant *OCCC* entry]. You too, winged one of Tegea, hide in silence the back of the tuneful beast.² My song calls on other assemblies. 'Tis enough to have drawn out the Naiads [Nymphs], mistresses of the waves, and the king of flashing fire,³ still weary and ruddy with Sicilian anvil. Thebes, lay your guilty arms aside for a while.⁴ I would frolic for a dear friend. Boy, pour cup on cup (but take no care to count them) and string the tarrying lyre. Begone Toil and Care, as I sing the Baths bejewelled with glistening marbles, and my Clio [one of the Muses], wantoning in fillets and ivy and free of modest leafage,⁵ sports for Etruscus. Come, green goddesses, and turn this way your liquid faces, bind your glossy hair with tender clusters, as when you come out from your deep springs and torment your Satyr [see relevant *OCCC* entry] lovers with the sight. But I would not trouble those among you that have defamed the waters' beauty by guilt. Far hence be Salmacis [a nymph who, when rejected by the handsome Hermaphroditus, lured him into her pool and attacked him] with her treacherous fount and the stream of Cebren's deserted daughter that grief made dry, and she that ravished Hercules' favourite.⁶ You Nymphs that dwell in Latium and the Seven Hills and raise Tiber with fresh waters, you that fast Anio delights and the Virgin who shall welcome swimmers,

¹ As though knocking at the entrance.

² The tortoise shell from which Mercury invented the lyre.

³ Vulcan.

⁴ Work on the *Thebaid* is to be suspended.

⁵ The Muse (invoked or not) is to exchange Apollo's laurel and white fillets for Bacchus' ivy and purple fillets.

⁶ Hylas, a favourite of Hercules, who was captured by a water nymph.

and Marcia, bringer of Marsian snows and chills⁷ – you whose vagrant water multiplies on towering masses, transmitted in the air by countless arches: yours is the work I attempt, yours the mansion my soft song unfolds.

In no other grotto did you ever dwell in wealthier style. Cytherea [Venus] herself held her husband's hands and showed them cunning; and lest a common flame burn the furnace, she herself set alight the torches of her winged Loves. Not Thasos or wavy Carystos [Thasos and Carystos are types of marble] are admitted here, alabaster sulks afar, serpentine grumbles in exclusion; shines only stone hewn from Numidia's yellow quarries and that other at which Tyre's and Sidon's purple would weep for envy, only what Attis [see under *Cybele* in the *OCCC*] himself bloodied with gleaming flecks in Synnas' hollow cave. Scarce is there space for Eurotas [father of Sparta and name of a river], whose long green streak picks out Synnas. The doorways are not behindhand, the ceilings are effulgent, the topmost parts are alive, shining with figures in vitreous variety. The very fire is amazed at the riches it surrounds and moderates its sway. Daylight everywhere abounds as the unconscionable sun penetrates the roof with all his rays, and is burned by a different heat. Nothing vulgar is here. Nowhere will you mark Temesean copper; by silver the happy flow is channelled and into silver falls, urging the bright brims, marvelling at its own charms and loath to leave. Outside a dark-blue river runs between snow-white banks in lively stream, clear from bed to surface; whom would it not persuade to fling off his sluggish clothes and plunge into the pool? From this deep would Cytherea rather have been born, herein, Narcissus [youth who fell in love with his own reflection], you would have seen yourself more clear, here swift Hecate [= Diana who turned Actaeon into a stag when he happened upon her bathing; Actaeon was then torn apart by his own hunting dogs] would have been fain to bathe, even though surprised. Why now should I relate the flooring strewn upon the ground to hear the sounding balls, where the fire strays faintly about the house and the furnaces roll up a mild warmth? Were a stranger to come from Baiae's shores, he would not scorn the like of this (lawful be it to compare great with small), nor would a bather fresh from Nero's water refuse to sweat here a second time. Hail, my boy, to your brilliant wit and care! Let all this grow old along with you and may your fortune now learn to be reborn better than before!⁸

Reading 4.18 Lucian, *Hippias or the Bath* 5–8

(Source: Harmon, A.M. (trans.) (1979) *Lucian*, Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, pp.39–45, notes in square brackets added)

The entrance is high, with a flight of broad steps of which the tread is greater than the pitch, to make them easy to ascend. On entering, one is received into a public hall of good size, with ample accommodations for servants and attendants. On the left are the lounging-rooms, also of just the right sort for a bath, attractive, brightly lighted retreats. Then, beside them, a hall, larger than need be for the purposes of a bath, but necessary for the reception of the rich. Next, capacious locker-rooms to undress in, on each side, with a very high and brilliantly lighted hall between them, in which are three swimming-pools of cold water; it is finished in Laconian marble, and has two statues of white marble in the ancient technique, one of Hygieia [personified health, said to be the daughter of Asclepius; see relevant *OCCC* entry], the other of Asclepius [or Aesculapius].

⁷ Two famous aqueducts. The Marcia carried water for drinking. Both contributed to Etruscus' baths; cf. Martial 6.42.18.

⁸ Etruscus' father had been in exile but the sentence had evidently just been lifted.

On leaving this hall, you come into another which is slightly warmed instead of meeting you at once with fierce heat; it is oblong, and has an apse at each side.¹ Next it, on the right, is a very bright hall, nicely fitted up for massage, which has on each side an entrance decorated with Phrygian marble, and receives those who come in from the exercising-floor. Then near this is another hall, the most beautiful in the world, in which one can sit or stand with comfort, linger without danger and stroll about with profit. It also is refulgent with Phrygian marble clear to the roof. Next comes the hot corridor, faced with Numidian marble. The hall beyond it is very beautiful, full of abundant light and aglow with colour like that of purple hangings.² It contains three hot tubs.

When you have bathed, you need not go back through the same rooms, but can go directly to the cold room through a slightly warmed apartment. Everywhere there is copious illumination and full indoor daylight. Furthermore, the height of each room is just, and the breadth proportionate to the length; and everywhere great beauty and loveliness prevail, for in the words of noble Pindar, 'Your work should have a glorious countenance.' This is probably due in the main to the light, the brightness and the windows. Hippias, being truly wise, built the room for cold baths to north-ward, though it does not lack a southern exposure; whereas he faced south, east, and west the rooms that require abundant heat. Why should I go on and tell you of the exercising-floors and of the cloak-rooms, which have quick and direct communication with the hall containing the basin, so as to be convenient and to do away with all risk?

Let no one suppose that I have taken an insignificant achievement as my theme, and purpose to ennoble it by my eloquence. It requires more than a little wisdom, in my opinion, to invent new manifestations of beauty in commonplace things, as did our marvellous Hippias in producing this work. It has all the good points of a bath – usefulness, convenience, light, good proportions, fitness to its site, and the fact that it can be used without risk. Moreover, it is beautified with all other marks of thoughtfulness – with two toilets, many exits, and two devices for telling time, a water-clock that bellows like a bull, and a sundial.

For a man who has seen all this not to render the work its meed of praise is not only foolish but ungrateful, even malignant, it seems to me. I for my part have done what I could to do justice both to the work and to the man who planned and built it. If Heaven ever grants you the privilege of bathing there, I know that I shall have many who will join me in my words of praise.

Reading 4.19 *Lives of the Later Caesars: Hadrian 17.5–7*

(Source: Birley, A. (trans.) (1976) *Lives of the Later Caesars*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, p.76)

... Often he bathed in the public baths, even when everyone was present, as a result of which the following bathing-joke became well-known: on one occasion he had seen a certain veteran, known to him in military service, rubbing his back and the rest of his body on the wall; he asked why he had the marble scrape him, and when he learned that this was done for the reason that he did not have a slave, he presented him both with slaves and with the cost of their maintenance. But on another day when several old men were rubbing themselves on the wall to arouse the emperor's generosity, he ordered them to be called out and to rub each other down in turn ...

¹ Or 'long and rounded'; i.e., elliptical.

² The writer does not mean that the room was hung with purple, but that the stone with which it was decorated was purple: perhaps only that it had columns of porphyry.

Reading 4.20 Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations* 8.24

(Source: Staniforth, M. (trans.) (1964) *Marcus Aurelius: Meditations*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, p.125)

What do the baths bring to your mind? Oil, sweat, dirt, greasy water, and everything that is disgusting. Such, then, is life in all its parts, and such is every material thing in it.

Reading 4.21 Vitruvius, *On Baths* 5.10

(Source: Granger, F. (ed. and trans.) (1962) *Vitruvius: On Architecture*, London: William Heinemann, pp.303–07, footnotes deleted)

1. Firstly a site must be chosen as warm as possible, that is, turned away from the north and east. Now the hot and tepid baths are to be lighted from the winter west; but if the nature of the site prevents, at any rate from the south. For the time of bathing is fixed between midday and evening. We must also take care that the hot baths for men and for women are adjacent and planned with the same aspects. For in this way it will follow that the same furnace and heating system will serve for both baths and for their fittings. Three bronze tanks are to be placed above the furnace: one for the hot bath, a second for the tepid bath, a third for the cold bath. They are to be so arranged that the hot water which flows from the tepid bath into the hot bath, may be replaced by a like amount of water flowing down from the cold into the tepid bath. The vaulted chambers which contain the basins, are to be heated from the common furnace.

2. The hanging floors of the hot baths are to be made as follows: first the ground is to be paved with eighteen inch tiles sloping towards the furnace, so that when a ball is thrown in it does not rest within, but comes back to the furnace room of itself. Thus the flame will more easily spread under the floor. On this pavement, piers of eight inch bricks are to be built at such intervals that two foot tiles can be placed above. The piers are to be two feet high. They are to be laid in clay worked up with hair, and upon them two foot tiles are to be placed to take the pavement.

3. The vaulted ceilings will be more convenient if they are made of concrete. But if they are of timber, they should be tiled underneath, in the following fashion. Iron bars or arches are to be made and hung on the timber close together with iron hooks. And these rods or arches are to be placed so far apart that the tiles without raised edges may rest upon, and be carried by them; thus the whole vaulting is finished resting upon iron. Of these vaulted ceilings the upper joints are to be stopped with clay and hair kneaded together. The under side, which looks to the pavement below, is to be first plastered with potsherds and lime pounded together, and then finished with stucco or fine plaster. Such vaulting over hot baths will be more convenient if it is made double. For the moisture from the heat cannot attack the wood of the timbering but will be dispersed between the two vaults.

4. Now the size of the baths is to be proportioned to the number of persons, and is to be thus arranged. Apart from the apse containing the bathing tub and the basin in which it stands, the breadth is to be two thirds of the length. The bathing tub should be placed under the light so that the bystanders do not obscure the light with their shadows. The apses for the bathing tubs should be spacious so that when the first comers have taken their places, the others watching their turn may stand conveniently. Now the width of the basin between the wall and the parapet, should be not less than six feet, from which the lower step and the 'cushion,' are to take two feet.

5. The domed sweating chamber should adjoin the tepid bath. The height to the springing of the dome should be equal to the width. In the middle of the dome

a light is to be left. From this a bronze tray is hung with chains; by the raising and lowering of the tray from the opening, the sweating is adjusted. The tray should be circular, so that the force of the flame and the heat may be diffused equally from the centre over the rounded curve.

Reading 4.22 Pliny the Elder, *Natural History* 36.121–23

(Source: Eichholz, D.E. (trans.) (1971) *Pliny: Natural History*, London: William Heinemann, pp.95–99)

But we must go on to describe marvels which are unsurpassed in virtue of their genuine value. Quintus Marcius Rex, having been ordered by the senate to repair the conduits of the Aqua Appia,¹ the Anio,² and the Tepula,³ drove underground passages through the mountains and brought to Rome a new water-supply called by his own name and completed within the period of his praetorship.⁴ Agrippa, moreover, as aedile added to these the Aqua Virgo,⁵ repaired the channels of the others and put them in order, and constructed 700 basins, not to speak of 500 fountains and 130 distribution-reservoirs, many of the latter being richly decorated. He erected on these works 300 bronze or marble statues and 400 marble pillars;⁶ and all of this he carried out in a year. He himself in the memoirs of his aedileship adds that in celebration games lasting for 59 days were held, and the bathing establishments were thrown open to the public free of charge, all 170 of them, a number which at Rome has now been infinitely increased. But all previous aqueducts have been surpassed by the most recent and very costly work inaugurated by the Emperor Gaius and completed by Claudius, inasmuch as the Curtian and Caerulean Springs,⁷ as well as the Anio Novus, were made to flow into Rome from the 40th milestone⁸ at such a high level as to supply water to all the seven hills of the city, the sum spent on the work amounting to 350,000,000 sesterces. If we take into careful consideration the abundant supplies of water in public buildings, baths, pools,⁹ open channels, private houses, gardens and country estates near the city; if we consider the distances traversed by the water before it arrives, the raising of arches, the tunnelling of mountains and the building of level routes across deep valleys, we shall readily admit that there has never been anything more remarkable in the whole world.

¹ The first Roman aqueduct, built by Appius Claudius Caecus in 312 B.C.

² Begun in 272 B.C. and known as Anio Vetus after the building of the Anio Novus.

³ The Tepula was constructed in 127 B.C. and could not have been repaired by Marcius Rex in 144 B.C.

⁴ Marcius Rex was praetor in 144 and 143 B.C., his term of office being extended to enable him to complete the Aqua Marcia. It passed underground through the Sabine Hills in the neighbourhood of Tivoli.

⁵ Completed in 19 B.C. and wrongly associated by Pliny with the works undertaken by Agrippa as aedile in 33 B.C.

⁶ Presumably *cippi* marking the course taken by the channels.

⁷ These two springs fed the Aqua Claudia, which, like the Anio Novus, was begun by Gaius Caligula in A.D. 38 and completed by Claudius in A.D. 52.

⁸ i.e., the 40th milestone on the Via Sublacensis, which ran up the valley of the Anio. The aqueducts, of course, took a far more circuitous route so as to maintain a gentle gradient.

⁹ *Piscina* is used of fish-ponds and bathing pools. It is just possible, though in this context hardly likely, that Pliny is using the word in the strictly technical sense of 'settling tanks' (see Frontinus, *De Aquae Ductu*, passim).

Reading 4.23 Celsus, *On Medicine* 1.4

(Source: Spencer, W.G. (trans.) (1971) *Celsus: De Medicina*, London: William Heinemann, pp.69–71)

I have next to speak of those who have some parts of the body weak. He whose head is infirm ought, after he has digested well, to rub it gently in the morning with his own hands; never if possible cover it with a wrap; have it shaved to the skin. It is well to avoid moonlight, and especially before the actual conjunction of the moon and sun, and to walk nowhere after dinner. If he has retained his hair, he should comb it every day, walk much, but, if possible, not under cover nor in the sun; everywhere, however, he should avoid the sun's blaze, especially after taking food and wine; undergo anointing rather than affusion, but that never before a flaming fire, on occasion before a brazier. If he goes to the bath he should first sweat for a while, in the tepidarium, wrapped up, and then undergo anointing there; next pass into the calidarium; after a further sweat he should not go down into the hot bath, but have himself sluiced freely from the head downwards, first with hot, next with tepid, then with cold water, which should be poured for longer on the head than upon other parts, after which it should be rubbed for a while, lastly wiped dry and anointed. Nothing is so beneficial to the head as cold water, and so he who has a weak head should every day throughout the summer hold it for a while under the stream from a large conduit. But even if he undergoes anointing without going into the bath, and cannot bear cooling of the whole body, he should always nevertheless douche his head with cold water; but since he does not want the rest of his body wetted, he bends forward for the water not to run down his neck, and with his hands directs the flow to his face, that his eyes or other parts may not be irritated. He must take food in moderation and such as he can easily digest; and if fasting affects his head, he should take a meal at midday; if it does not so suffer, the single meal is preferable. It is more expedient for him to drink a light wine, well diluted, rather than water, in order that he may have something in reserve when his head begins to become heavier; and to him, on the whole, neither wine nor water is proper always; each constitutes a remedy when taken in its turn. To write, to read, to argue, is not beneficial to him, particularly after dinner; after which, indeed, even cogitation is not sufficiently safe; worst of all, however, is a vomit.

Reading 4.24 Suzanne Dixon, *The Roman Family*

(Source: Dixon, S., *The Roman Family*, Baltimore and London: The John Hopkins University Press, pp.1–4, notes omitted, references following extract)

In Search of the Roman Family

Defining the Roman Family

Everybody has personal experience of the family, so it seems almost wilful to take up time defining a word in such common use, but it is not just academic pedantry. Even in everyday situations the meaning varies: 'Do you have a family?' usually denotes 'Do you have children?' and people answer yes even if they are separated from children and spouse or the children have gone out into the world and long since ceased to live with them. When husband and wife argue, 'your family' means the spouse's children and siblings. 'This family never seems to put things away' includes all residents of the household, perhaps even the speaker. When 'the whole family' gets together for a funeral or wedding, this denotes cousins, aunts, and uncles as well as parents. This variety does not usually cause difficulty because the situation makes the particular meaning clear, but discussion of 'the Roman family' requires a common reference point. It is my belief that some scholarly differences about the nature of the family come down to this failure to define the central topic.

The Latin term *familia*, on which the English word is based, has gained currency in so many European languages that it can come as a surprise to learn that the Romans rarely used it to mean family in the sense of kin. The imperial jurist Ulpian, who flourished in the early third century A.D., devoted part of his forty-sixth book, *On the Edict*, to the various legal meanings of the word. In most contexts, *familia* was more likely to signify the collection of slaves and freed slaves attached to a married couple; indeed, in strict legal parlance husband and wife each had a *familia* of slaves, although the jurists recognized that in practice their slaves could be treated as one community. The term was commonly employed to mean also those freed slaves who bore the family name of the former owner and owed him or her certain obligations for life. Nor was this a legal formality only: the evidence of sepulchral inscriptions suggests that slaves and freed slaves tended to marry (or, where status prevented this, to form *de facto* unions) within the *familia* and even to group in kinlike clusters for such purposes as funeral commemoration, in addition to performing such services for the former owner. Indeed, reciprocal obligations between *familia* and owners could extend over several generations and even involve sentimental links across the status boundaries. By an extension of this meaning, *familia* could also signify a business. This was because most Roman 'industry' was based on a number of specialist slaves within or beyond the household.

The Romans did sometimes use *familia* to mean family or kin, but in technical discussions rather than common parlance. Ulpian stated that a woman was the beginning and end of her own *familia*, apparently meaning that she could not pass on to her children her family name or her sacral and inheritance rights as a man could his. Not unnaturally, the law concentrates on those aspects which affect status and access to property and inheritance. Legal language reflects this emphasis, with words containing the old genitive *familias* (of the *familia*). A Roman male, once released from the power of his own father, *paterfamilias*, usually by the father's death, was technically a *paterfamilias* (father of the *familia*), even if he was a celibate and immature ten-year-old. If he married, his children were in his power and were *filiifamilias* (sons of the 'family') or *filiaefamilias* (daughters of the 'family'). His wife, however, was technically a *materfamilias* (mother of the 'family') only if she had entered the husband's *manus* (hand) on marriage and thereby submerged her property in his and transferred her entitlement on intestate succession from the family of her birth to that of her marriage. The association of the family estate with the term *familia* is apparent in these expressions, and *familia* can be used, as Ulpian points out, to mean the estate, as in the Twelve Tables rulings on inheritance. So *familia(s)* in the expressions just listed signifies the estate as much as the kinship unit. In fact, as Saller has demonstrated (1984), Romans commonly spoke of the 'house' (*domus*) rather than the *familia* when they wished to refer to the lineage or kinship unit.

But whatever variations there might be in the constitution and description of the family, it is a universal human institution, and the Romans were human. They unquestionably had families and saw the family as central to their personal lives and to society. We have already seen that some family terms had specific legal implications. Indeed, for the first half of the twentieth century, most studies of the Roman family were based on legal sources and were concerned with legal relationships within the family, particularly with rights of inheritance and power relations between *paterfamilias* and *filiusfamilias*. There was, moreover, greater communion between classicists and anthropologists at the turn of the century, and many classical scholars looked to comparative ethnographic data to find the key to an understanding of Roman marriage rules and ceremonies and the nature of the Roman household. The influence of LePlay (1871), Morgan (1871, 1877), Engels

(1884), and Frazer (1890) is evident in the imaginative reconstructions of Roman family life and the fascination with ritualized bride capture and bride price, with comparisons from colorful cultures.

The stress on the wide-ranging powers of the Roman *paterfamilias* and the rules of inheritance on intestacy together formed the basis of a dominant view of the typical Roman family as a three-generation household, containing married sons and their wives and families, a model of patriarchy in which the oldest ascendant male had supreme powers over his wife and children. This was termed a 'joint agnatic household,' and kinship relations through the male line (agnatic connections) were seen as central. This line of argument was decisively attacked by Crook (1967) in a leading article about the extent of the powers of the Roman father (*patria potestas*). Crook argued that the literary evidence did not offer any support for the view that the Roman household commonly contained coresident married brothers and that such households as were known were mentioned as atypical. By 1986, when Rawson reviewed trends in the scholarship, the prevailing view was that the Roman family was nuclear.

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Reading 4.25 Inge Nielsen, *Thermae et Balnea*

(Source: Nielsen, I. (1990) *Thermae et Balnea: The Architecture and Cultural History of Roman Public Baths*, vol.I text, Aarhus: Aarhus University Press, pp.144–48, footnotes edited)

Note: Abbreviations of ancient texts can be found in the *OCCC*.

The secondary functions

The primary function of both *thermae* and *balnea* was always bathing. If these terms are to be used at all, suitable chambers have to be present. But the baths could also contain rooms and special areas set aside for other purposes. This applies to the *thermae* in particular, which according to my definition had a *palaestra* and social rooms. The latter might also be present in the larger *balnea*.

From early on, the combination of bathing and sport is seen in Campania, and throughout the whole period sport continued to be the most common secondary function of the baths. For this the *palaestra* was indispensable, although lesser sports could be carried on in the large halls, or there were special rooms for the individual

disciplines. The palaestrae could also be used outside normal opening hours.¹ It was normally only men who practised sport, although there are a few examples of female athletes in the thermae.²

The sports part of the thermae was adopted from the Greek gymnasium, or rather from the Greek palaestra, in that in the Roman thermae, except the very largest, there were normally no running tracks and gardens.³ The appearance was normally the same: a large courtyard, usually surrounded by a peristyle, with various rooms. A *sphaeristerium* for ball games was often present. This could be an open, limited area, or a room, which could even be gently heated.⁴

Many different kinds of sport could be carried on in connection with the baths. This normally occurred before bathing. The sources mention among other things boxing, wrestling, weight-lifting and walking,⁵ but ball games were apparently by far the most popular. There were many different types of these, and different types of ball were used.⁶

Besides sport, many other activities went on in the baths. The intellectual function adopted from the Hellenistic gymnasium is important. This does not seem to have been included in the thermae until early Imperial times, inspired among other things by the villas of wealthy Romans, which were furnished with 'gymnasia' for this special purpose. It is likely that this function was not really an integral part of the large thermae until Nero's time.⁷ His great baths on the Campus Martius in Rome are also the first which were called a gymnasium. This expansion in the activities of the thermae required room for lectures, poetry-reading, music, etc. These activities could take place in exedrae in connection with the palaestra, but also in the large halls inside the baths, where the acoustics were good.⁸ Now and again, the thermae also contained libraries, which presumably could also be used for poetry-readings and the like.⁹ More ambitious presentations took place in the largest thermae in special theatres or stadia.¹⁰ As with the Hellenistic gymnasia, the thermae could be used as meeting places for various associations. For example,

¹ Mart. *Epig.* 14.163; people stop playing ball when the bell rings.

² Juv. *Sat.* 6.419f, apparently inside the bath-building, cf. 6.246 and 2.53.

³ Vitr. *De Arch.* 5.11, however, mentions running-tracks in his description of the *palaestra*, which is here defined as a peristyle and running-tracks. But this establishment is heavily hellenized, a kind of 'missing link' between the Hellenistic gymnasium and the Roman thermae. It might have been situated in Campania.

⁴ On *sphaeristerium*, see Pliny *Ep.* 5.6.25 and 2.17.11f; Suet. *Vesp.* 20. For heating, see Stat. *Silu.* 1.5.57. It is possible that the limited area south of the Forum Baths at Herculaneum is a *sphaeristerium*.

⁵ Boxing: Celsus *Med.* 1.2.7; Mart. *Epig.* 7.32.5f with a punch ball. Vitr. *De Arch.* 5.11 refers to a special room for this purpose, *coryceum*. Wrestling: Gal. *Meth. Med.* 11.10; Mart. *Epig.* 4.8.5; S.H.A. *Alex. Sev.* 30.4f. Weight-lifting: Sen. *Ep.* 56; Juv. *Sat.* 6.419f; Mart. *Epig.* 7.67.4f and 14.45–49. Walking: Pliny *Ep.* 3.1.8; S.H.A. *Alex. Sev.* 30.4. Walking was especially popular in parks, see Vitr. *De Arch.* 5.11.4, and the large parks associated with the major thermae were no doubt mainly used for this purpose.

⁶ See, for example (for there are many sources): Hor. *Sat.* 1.6.126; Mart. *Epig.* 12.82.3, 14.163, 4.19 and 14.45–49; Petron. *Sat.* 27; Pliny *Ep.* 3.1.8 and 9.36.3; Sen. *Ep.* 56.

⁷ Somewhat earlier, Vitr. *De Arch.* 5.11 does describe exedrae with room for lectures and discussions in the palaestra, but this establishment is under strong Greek influence and is called a *palaestra*.

⁸ See Vitr. *De Arch.* 5.11 on exedrae for this purpose. Recitation in baths: Hor. *Sat.* 1.4.74, good acoustics but in bad taste. Petron. *Sat.* 91 and 92; Mart. *Epig.* 3.44.12 refers to an importunate poet who will always declaim his work in the baths. Suet. *Aug.* 85.2, Augustus writes epigrams in the bath, and Pliny the Elder dictates or has his own works read to him (Pliny *Ep.* 3.5.14).

⁹ Libraries: S.H.A. *Probus* 2.1 transferred the Ulpian libraries to Diocletian's thermae, cf. Sen. *Dial.* 9.9.7; *CIL* VI 8679 Rome. Libraries have also been found in the perimeter walls of Trajan's and Caracalla's thermae.

¹⁰ This is seen in particular in Trajan's, Caracalla's, Diocletian's and Constantine's thermae in Rome.

athletic corporations were ensconced in the *Thermae Traiani*.¹¹ Finally, the large *thermae* served as permanent exhibitions of art, since they housed large amounts of sculpture from all periods.

Nor should the importance of the many statues often erected by the town with laudatory inscriptions honouring meritorious citizens be underestimated. The deeds they celebrated did not necessarily have anything directly to do with the baths. Rather, the *thermae* served, like the public buildings and popular venues they were, in the same way as fora and other meeting-places. These honorific statues were meant to be seen by as many people as possible and so to speak give the worthy citizen in question value for his money, i.e. propaganda.

The status of the baths as public buildings is underlined by the fact that they could also be used in connection with litigation – at least this was the case in Constantinople in later times, but it may well have been so earlier. The baths were also used for both political and religious discussions – even miracles are said to have occurred there – just as they could also be used for religious services. Among other things they would be suitable for baptism, and as mentioned above, the octagonal baptistry form seems to have been adopted from the *frigidarium* of the baths. There are also examples of the baths being used for public events of various kinds, e.g. reign jubilees.¹²

While intellectual activities were generally reserved for the largest *thermae*, more elementary needs could be fulfilled by most bathing establishments. In particular, the bathers needed to satisfy their hunger and thirst. This could be done in taverns and bars, *popinae* [sing. *popina* = cook-shop or eating-house], which are often mentioned in the sources and have been found in connection with many baths, or refreshment could be offered by hawkers in the baths themselves. It looks as if it was very common to eat a little at the baths, before people went home for *cena*,¹³ and drinking was apparently common.¹⁴ There are also examples of people bringing food and drink with them, and hot food was even prepared there, braziers and kitchen equipment being brought along, too.¹⁵ Raw materials for catering could also be produced in the baths. Thus a watermill for grinding corn has been found in the subterranean service areas of the Baths of Caracalla in Rome. But the water could also be used for other purposes: the presence of *fullonicae* [sing. *fullonica* = a fuller's workshop or fullery], for example, has been ascertained in the Mithras baths of Ostia.¹⁶

Also sexual appetites could be satisfied in some establishments. Prostitutes of both sexes often frequented the baths, and the bath attendants could either perform that function or serve as pimps. There could even be rooms set aside as a brothel.¹⁷

¹¹ *IG I* 1102–1110, honorific inscriptions for members. Inscriptions have also been found in the bath-gymnasium at Odessus referring to ephebi, education and sports, from the third century AD.

¹² These things are first and foremost attested at a late time, especially in Constantinople.

¹³ *Popinae* at balnea and *thermae*: Mart. *Epig.* 5.70; Sen. *Ep.* 56.2; *CIL* IV 1136 Pompeii, where *tabernae* et *cenacula* are advertised in the Baths of Julia Felix. Hawkiers in the baths; Sen. *Ep.* 56.2, sale of cakes, sausages and sweets. Eating at the baths: Mart. *Epig.* 12.19; S.H.A. *Comm.* 11.3; Suet. *Aug.* 76.2; S.H.A. *Gallien.* 17.8. Such *popinae* have also been found, for instance in the Palaestra Baths and Julia Felix baths in Pompeii, and in the Forum Baths of Herculaneum, in the same insula. Around most *thermae* there were *tabernae*, some presumably serving as shops, others as taverns.

¹⁴ Drinking: Mart. *Epig.* 12.70; Pliny *HN* 14.139; Sen. *Ep.* 122.6; S.H.A. *Comm.* 11.5; Quint. *Inst.* 1.6.44.

¹⁵ Clemens Alexandrinus *Paedagogus* III 5.

¹⁶ A *fullonica* specially designed for fulling clothes used in connection with bathing was recently found in the service corridor of the Suburbane Baths of Pompeii.

¹⁷ Prostitutes in the baths, hired out by the staff: Mart. *Epig.* 3.93.14; *Dig.* 3.2.4.2. (Ulpian), cf. Amm. Marc. 28.4.9. Lucian *Hipp.* 5 refers to a brothel in connection with Hippias' baths.

Finally, the body's other needs could be satisfied, in that most baths had personnel for anointing, massage and depilation.¹⁸

Already Seneca¹⁹ mentions the infernal racket of the *thermae*, and this is confirmed by Chrysostom, who writes that the noise in the baths was like that in the theatre or the market-place. Besides poetry-reading, performing musicians, the hawking of wares and the noise from sportsmen and people being massaged or having hair removed, there were doubtless many beggars and paupers hanging around. In winter the baths were used as regular shelters. Finally, there must have been many sick people hoping for a cure.

Whether one preferred the large *thermae* with their wide range of cultural and sporting activities, or the humble *balnea*, the baths were thus social centres, where one spent a great deal of the day. Here one could meet friends, find dinner guests and wangle an invitation to dinner,²⁰ since it was normal to bathe before the evening meal. Much of the life of the town went on in the baths, whose social importance can hardly be overestimated.

Morals and religion

The baths reflected the needs of the bathers. Some, especially the privately owned ones, were meant for a special clientele, whether restricted by sex, class,²¹ occupation,²² or the moral attitudes of the users.²³ Others, especially the large public *thermae*, were presumably open to all, although some baths were considered better than others.²⁴

The baths were always secular. Though they often contained statues of the gods, these were no doubt more for decoration than objects of worship. The gods

¹⁸ See especially Sen. *Ep.* 56, but also for anointing Celsus *Med.* 2.17. For depilation, see Quint. *Inst.* 1.6.4; S.H.A. *Heliogab.* 31.7.

¹⁹ Sen. *Ep.* 56.1–2.

²⁰ Mart. *Epig.* 1.23.2, 9.19.1 and 11.52.4

²¹ Social divisions were already present in the Greek *balaneia*, according to Xenophon *Constitution of Athens* 2.10 and Polyb. 30.29.3–6. From the Roman period we have a number of pertinent sources: Tert. *De Anim.* 150 says that Menander's bath was for the poor; Hor. *Ep.* 1.1.92 speaks of a man who had come into money and therefore changed baths. The oft-mentioned Lupus' and Gryllus' baths in Rome were for the plebs (e.g. Mart. *Epig.* 2.14.11f) and are contrasted by Mart. *Epig.* 1.59 to the luxury baths at Baiae, which were for the upper class. But as early as the time of the Gracchi, says Val. Max. 9.5.4., the classes were separated in Carthage and Campania, with respect both to fora and baths. Lucian *Hipp.* 5 mentions a special room for well-off people; Sen. *Ep.* 86.5–6 complains that even the very poorest, *pauperes*, could not have their baths luxurious enough, and as for the freedmen, there is no end to the luxury. *CIL* XII 3165 from Nemausus refers to baths for the *plebs*.

²² Columella *Rust.* 1.6.20 mentions baths meant specially for agricultural labourers; Amm. Marc. 26.6.14 relates that the soldiers used the Anastasian Baths in Constantinople. Archaeologically, there is evidence from the Cluny Baths in Lutetia Parisiorum which, judging from the decoration, were reserved for ship-owners and others connected with navigation.

²³ Thus in Lucian *Hipp.* 5, *οικῆμα* should probably be perceived as a brothel, and it was connected to a fine bathing establishment. Moreover, it seems to emerge from Cic. *Cael.* 62 that the Senian Baths in Rome had a similar function. It was not unusual for the bath personnel to act as pimps (Mart. *Epig.* 3.93.24; Dig. 3.2.4.2 (Ulpian)). Mart. *Epig.* 7.34.4 prefers the Baths of Nero to the shameless baths, among which he reckons Tigillus' baths (3.20.25). Sen. *Vit. Beat.* 7.3 says that the prostitutes operated near the public baths. Also homosexuality flourished at these baths: see Sen. *QNat.* 1.16.3; S.H.A. *Heliogab.* 8.6.

²⁴ Thus Nero's and Trajan's *thermae* were considered more aristocratic than Caracalla's and Diocletian's, since these were situated in plebeian districts.

placed in the baths often had appropriate attributes. Hygieia and Asclepius, for example, were always popular, since they underlined their hygienic importance. But there were also special gods for the baths. Fortuna, who in her capacity of patron goddess of the bath is now and again called *Balnearis*, is also seen in other guises, as *Redux* or *Balnearis Redux*, as *Virilis* or simply *Dea* or *Sancta Fortuna*.²⁵ Occasionally, the bath also has its own *genius* [Guardian Spirit], *Genius Thermarum*.²⁶ This worship of special gods of the bath seems to be concentrated in the western Mediterranean area. In the eastern provinces, the traditional gods, among them Aphrodite and Heracles, often feature. The baths could even be named after gods, for example if there were statues of them in the bath, or they could be consecrated to a god.²⁷

Nor was religion involved in the baths after the triumph of Christianity. The Church's interest in them was primarily in public morality. It was customary to cross oneself, however, before entering the bath,²⁸ but this is presumably due to the fact that demons seem to have thrived there. Thus, in pagan times, black magic was carried on in the baths. Both surely have something to do with the presence of fire and water.

It is therefore the official attitude to the behaviour of the bathers which is interesting in this context, and it seems to have changed considerably during the time when public bathing existed in antiquity.

The aspect that is most frequently treated by the ancient writers is mixed bathing, *balnea mixta*. In the Greek *balaneia* we know from both written and archaeological sources that it was normal for men and women to bathe apart, in different *tholoi* [sing. *tholos* = hall, chamber]. This could occur in double baths, where certain rooms were shared, or in the same bath at different times. In Italy, this is also the case in the Greek-influenced areas like Sicily and Magna Graecia and Campania, where there were public baths from the 5th–4th centuries BC. Outside the hellenized areas, there was no public bathing before the hellenizing influence at the end of the 3rd century BC. Earlier, the rules about mixed bathing were very rigorous: not even father and son bathed together.

According to Varro,²⁹ the first public baths in Rome were therefore double baths. They were called *balneae*, the augmented plural form being employed. The presence of men's and women's baths is also apparent from the story about the consul's wife, who in 123 BC at Teanum Sidicinum demanded to bathe in the men's baths, presumably because they were better endowed.³⁰

²⁵ Fortuna *Balnearis*: *CIL* II 2701 Astures; *CIL* II 2763 Duraton. Fortuna *Redux Balnearis*: *CIL* XIII 6552 Jagsthausen (248 AD). As far as the other Fortuna types are concerned, they are identified as being associated with the baths, either because the inscriptions in question were found in baths or because they are mentioned in connection with one. Fortuna *Redux*: *CIL* III 789 Also-Ilosua; *CIL* VII 984 Habitanicum (c.200 AD); *CIL* I p.235 Praeneste (4–10 AD). Fortuna *Dea*, etc.: *CIL* VII 273 Lavatrae (before 197 AD); *CIL* VI 182 Rome; *CIL* III 1006 Apulum.

²⁶ *CIL* VIII 8926 Saldae, *genius thermarum*.

²⁷ For example, the Zeuxippus Baths in Constantinople were called after a statue in the forecourt. For dedication of baths to gods: *CIL* III 1006 Apulum, to *Dea Fortuna*; *CIL* VII 273 Lavatrae (before 197 AD), ditto; *CIL* III 4447 Carnuntum, to Vulcan. For baths named after gods, see also *ILS* 5693, *Balneum Veneris*; *CIL* IX 2338 Allifae, *Thermae Herculi*; *CIL* IX 2447 Saepinum, *Thermae Silvani*; *CIL* IV 16740 Rome, *Balneum Martis*.

²⁸ Chrysostom *In Act. Apost. Hom.* X 5 (PG 60, 91).

²⁹ Varro *Ling.* 9.68 and p.29.

³⁰ Aul. Gell. *N.A.* 10.3.3. Here the expression *balnea virilia* is used; elsewhere *balnea muliebra* is also known.

We have to assume that separate bathing was the rule for a considerable time. Thus Vitruvius³¹ describes how a double bath should be arranged. Pliny the Elder³² is the first extant source to describe mixed baths, but at that time only women of easy virtue were not past bathing with men. It is possible that this was always the case to some extent, as is more than intimated by Martial,³³ among others, but at the same time his frequent mention of mixed bathing means that in his time it was very common, although one must beware of his exaggerations. The magnitude of the problem is underlined by the fact that Hadrian felt obliged to prohibit the custom.³⁴ This happened again under Marcus Aurelius and Alexander Severus, and also later, which shows that it was a persistent problem. From the same period there is, however, a great deal of evidence to show that the sexes bathed separately, in separate establishments,³⁵ or at different times,³⁶ for during the Imperial period not many double baths were constructed.³⁷

As might be expected, the problem of mixed bathing became acute with the introduction of Christianity. The church-fathers give it a lot of attention, but it is characteristic that the earlier they lived, the less worried they were. Even monks bathed in public baths, now and again in the presence of women, and the same is true of bishops.³⁸ But at all events their concern, apart from the ascetics, who refused to bathe at all,³⁹ was the morals of the women bathers. It was frowned on for women to bathe with men, although it was usually accepted where there was no choice. Others believed that virgins at least should stay away from the mixed baths, and that women should avoid the rush-hour.

No break in bathing tradition should be imagined in connection with Christianity, the only difference being that it was now the church-fathers rather than the emperor who condemned the less desirable aspects of bathing. The prohibition of mixed bathing had to be repeated as late as the 8th century AD.

The wish that the sexes should bathe separately gradually became expressed once again in the architecture of the baths. In Late Roman and Early Byzantine times twin baths were once again constructed. In existing baths, a small extra section was often built in, or a small bath was built beside the old one.

Mixed bathing and too lavish a display of wealth were practically the only things the church-fathers had against the public baths. These were always accepted by the Church, due to their hygienic importance, and they were an integral part of

³¹ Vitruv. *De Arch.* 5.10.1.

³² Pliny *HN* 33.153.

³³ Mart. *Epig.* 3.51.3, 3.72, 3.87, 3.93.14, 7.35.5, 11.47.2 and 11.75. Cf. Quint. *Inst.* 5.9.14.

³⁴ S.H.A. *Hadr.* 18.10, cf. Dio-Xiphilinus 69.8.2.

³⁵ Thus we see the designations *balnea virilia* and *balnea muliebra* in inscriptions referring to the building of baths: *CIL* IX 1667 Beneventum; *CIL* XIV 2121 Lanuvium; *CIL* IX 3677 Marsi Marruvium. In several places baths have been found close together, perhaps for each sex, e.g. at the Villa Adriana, Cemenelum and Derventum.

³⁶ See, for example, *Metallum Vipascenum*, *CIL* II 5181, lines 20f.

³⁷ This tradition was first revived in Late Antiquity. But there are a few baths of the type before this time, for example at Ferentum (Flavian), Gisacum (Flavian?), Allonnes and Thamusida (Flavian).

³⁸ For monks it was not even unusual in the 7th century. But a bath was built in Jerusalem for a nunnery as early as the 4th century. As far as bishops are concerned, we know from *Acta Consiliorum Oecumenicorum* 2.3.3 that a bishop was censured at the council of 451 for bathing with women.

³⁹ As early as the 4th century AD, these began to recommend ἡλουσία see Athenasios *Antonius Vit.*, PG 26, 912 B-C; Euseb. *Hist. Eccl.* II 23.5-6; Hieron. 10.7.11.

urban life. As Tertullian says:⁴⁰ 'The Christians are no different than other people: they go to the forum, to the marcellum, and to the baths'.

Reading 4.26 Garrett G. Fagan, 'Interpreting the evidence: did slaves bathe at the baths?'

(Source: DeLaine, J. and Johnston, D.E. (eds) (1999) *Roman Baths and Bathing. Proceedings of the First International Conference on Roman Baths held at Bath, England, 30 March–4 April 1992*. Part 1: *Bathing and Society*, Portsmouth, Rhode Island, pp.25–34, footnotes edited)

Note: Abbreviations of ancient texts can be found in the *OCCO*.

The study of the baths is governed (and limited) by the nature of the evidence and the problems that arise in interpreting it. The great volume of physical and written material relating to Roman baths might seem to offer hope that Roman baths can be clearly understood – after all, the habitual complaint of most ancient historians is lack of evidence – but this is not yet the case. The nature of the surviving material ensures that the historian must be as vigilant with, and critical of, the primary material for Roman baths as when studying topics less well endowed with primary sources. In this paper I will outline the general difficulties presented by the evidence and then, by considering a particular question – whether slaves could regularly use the baths as customers – illustrate how the limitations imposed by the evidence, especially the written sources, affect specific inquiries.

1 The nature of the evidence

The nature of the evidence generates three broad, interconnected problems: its quantity and distribution; its quality and focus; and its typicality.

Quantity and distribution

Roman baths present the historian with dizzying quantities of archaeological and written material. In the archaeological sphere alone, Nielsen's catalogue of public facilities runs to 387 entries, and it is not comprehensive; it can be supplemented by over 200 sites listed in Manderscheid's bibliography, and the number grows every year.¹ Even if we restrict attention only to publicly accessible establishments, a fair estimate of the surviving remains would approach, if not exceed, one thousand.

Epigraphic and literary testimony is also abundant. Inscriptions mentioning baths number in the high hundreds, many no more than fragments on which the words for baths or parts thereof can be discerned, but at least they reveal the presence of baths in places where they may otherwise be unattested.² The situation is similar in the literary sphere, where many authors writing in different genres

⁴⁰ Tert. *Apol.* c. 42. Furthermore, Chrysostom *Johannis Homil.* 18.4 (PG 59, 118) says that the baths and food are life necessities and have their own special times.

¹Nielsen, *Thermae* II, 1–47; Manderscheid, *Bibliographie* 43–241. The supplementary finds since these works were published are too numerous to document in detail here, but sites all over the empire continue to yield remains: cf. the survey of bath sites in Sicily in R.J.A. Wilson, *Sicily under the Roman Empire. The archaeology of a Roman province, 36 BC–AD 535* (London 1990) 88–94; and the bibliography supplied by H. Manderscheid in 'Ancient baths and bathing. Bibliography for 1993 (with supplement for 1992),' *Balnearia* 2.2 (1994) 9–12; *ibid.* 3.2 (1995) 7–12; *ibid.* 4.2 (1996) 4–11. Note especially the new baths identified in Beirut (K. Butcher and R. Thorpe, 'A note on excavations in central Beirut 1994–96,' *JRA* 10 [1997] at 299–304; R. Thorpe, 'BEY 045: preliminary report on the excavations,' *Bulletin d'archéologie et d'architecture libanaises* 3 [forthcoming], and at Carthage (J.J. Rossiter, 'A Roman bath-house at Bir el-Jebbana: preliminary report on the excavations [1994–1997],' in J.T. Peña *et al.*, *Carthage papers: the early colony's economy, water supply, a private bath, and the mobilization of state olive oil* [*JRA* Suppl. 28, 1998] 103–16).

² The catalogue of epigraphically-attested bath benefactions compiled for my book (*Bathing in public*) contains 339 entries, and it includes only the most complete texts. For fragmentary bath texts, cf. e.g. *CIL* VI 29768, VIII 808, VIII 20990, X 3916.

provide pertinent testimony.³ All this represents an immense quantity and variety of evidence for the historian to master, and produces problems even at the level of assembling it.

Added to the sheer quantity of material is the related problem of distribution. Much of the evidence derives from very different geographic and chronological contexts. The literary material begins in the late 3rd c. B.C., the archaeological and epigraphic in the mid 2nd c. B.C. All three types of evidence then run parallel into the 5th, 6th and even 7th c. A.D., covering almost a millennium of bathing activity. Further, virtually every part of the empire provides relevant material, from the Eternal City itself to the far-flung frontiers, and in contexts as diverse as forts, sanctuaries, towns, hamlets, and villas.

Analysis of the diffuse material record is affected by the uneven excavation and publication of remains and inscriptions in the various modern countries, with the result that some areas are under-represented relative to others.⁴ This situation needs remedying before a fuller impression of the ancient distribution of baths can be formed. Nonetheless, the geographical and chronological profusion of evidence relating to baths stands as remarkable testimony to Rome's successful introduction of her bathing habit to every corner of the empire; it also attests to the lasting popularity of Roman-style bathing among provincials, often people of widely varying cultural backgrounds and outlooks, at least initially.⁵ This latter point bears directly, as we shall see, on deducing the 'typical' from the evidence.

Quality and focus

The variation in quality and the differing focuses of the several classes of evidence present the second main obstacle to a clear reading of the ancient material. A wide spectrum of bath types survives in different degrees of preservation: from the almost perfectly preserved small-town baths at Pompeii and Herculaneum to the impressive but more ruined Imperial *thermae* in Rome, they present a far from uniform aspect to the investigator. This situation hampers, for instance, our efforts to correlate shared architectural characteristics among groups of buildings. Thus, although conclusions can be drawn about regional variations in bath design, they can usually be framed only in general terms.⁶

Inscriptions are for the most part formulaic records of construction history, and alone can tell us much about bath builders and, in some cases, their professed

³ An appreciation of this can be gained by consulting the 'Index Locorum' in Nielsen, *Thermae* I, 195–208 or in Merten, *Bäder* 135–41.

⁴ So, for instance, the fly-maps in Nielsen, *Thermae*, and Yegül, *Baths* are not fully representative of ancient conditions. Athens, one of the empire's leading cities, contains numerous Roman baths that are unpublished; reporting them can fall to newspapers, e.g. *New York Times International*, May 13, 1994 (a major bath-house in Syntagma Square).

⁵ Cf. the exchange in the Babylonian Talmud between two Rabbis (*Sabbath*, 33b; transl. in N. Lewis and M. Reinhold, *Roman civilization: selected readings*³ [New York 1990] II, 333–34): one praises the Romans for their bridges, markets and baths; the other contests that such buildings are primarily for the pleasure and benefit of the Romans, not the Jews. For Roman bathing among the Jews, see further E. Dvorjetski, below p.117 and D. Sperber, *The city in Roman Palestine* (Oxford 1998) 58–72.

⁶ Cf., e.g., Nielsen's conclusions for the baths presented in her province-groups (Nielsen, *Thermae* I, 73, 83–84, 93–95, 116–18). Her comment that among North African baths 'choice of lay-out depended, among other things, on the space available and on siting within the town' (I, 93) applies almost anywhere in the empire. This is not to say that regional variations in bathing habits cannot be discerned at all, but rather that the nature of the evidence restricts the scope of the conclusion.

motives. Graffiti and records of non-constructional bath benefactions (free bathing, oil distribution, maintenance and heating funds, etc.) are also instructive. But the quality of both grand and humble texts varies greatly from the highly informative, almost complete building histories, to the terse one-liner: 'Into the bath!'⁷ Tracking down bath-related texts also presents problems. The obvious means of access is via the indices of modern collections of inscriptions. This route, however, invariably leads to texts containing the words *balnea* or *thermae* etc., which tend for the most part to commemorate constructional activity, but may not lead to texts such as graffiti found in baths that do *not* contain bath-related words. No doubt many lie hidden in the pages of *AE*, *CIL*, *ILS* and the myriad local collections, and they are likely to remain so. The great pity is that often they are the most revealing.⁸

The variation in the quality of the literary testimony is also considerable, ranging from lengthy and detailed descriptions to disembodied fragments.⁹ Notices concerning baths often appear in the form of anecdotes, which, according to a recent view, may be particularly unreliable for discerning specific details but revealing for general attitudes.¹⁰ Any given bath anecdote, therefore, does not necessarily reflect what *actually* happened in a bath building (though it may), but it does suggest, at the very least, what people *thought* could happen there.¹¹ This demands close critical assessment of each reference, a procedure which, to date, has been largely neglected in bath studies (an outstanding exception is Merten, *Bäder*). The tendency, rather, has been to cite a specific case in support of a proposed general situation. For instance, it has recently been claimed that 'many a Roman emperor visited the public baths and enjoyed bathing in the company of his subjects' (Yegül, *Baths* 32). A closer look at the evidence reveals the opposite: only one emperor (Titus) is said to have done this, and even he only occasionally.¹² The *Historia Augusta* ascribes the habit to Hadrian and Severus Alexander, but may do so as part of its portrayal of these rulers as 'good'; indeed, Suetonius' statement about Titus, an archetypal 'good' emperor, may stand behind those later notices.¹³ In

⁷ *Im balneum* (*CIL* IV 2410; graffito on tavern no. 4 on the Via Stabiana near the Stabian Baths); for building histories, cf., e.g., *ILS* 5676, 5679, 5686; *AE* 1987.307. While these latter texts may not necessarily be accurate records of the phases of a building's actual development (cf. E. Thomas and C. Witschel, 'Constructing reconstruction: claim and reality of Roman rebuilding inscriptions from the Latin West,' *PBSR* 60 [1992] 135–77), they do tell us much about what Roman benefactors felt was worth proclaiming to the public, and how they represented their actions to the beneficiaries.

⁸ E.g., the text cited in the previous note, or below n.35.

⁹ E.g., Lucian, *Hippias*; Vit. 5.10 (descriptions); Caecilius Statius fr. 98R.

¹⁰ Cf. R. Saller, 'Anecdotes as historical evidence for the Principate,' *G&R* 27 (1980) 69–83; although he focuses on politics and administration, his general conclusions apply equally to stories set in baths.

¹¹ So, for example, although Lucian's *Hippias* may not refer to a real building, it surely reflects what Romans expected of a pleasant bath, especially since many of Lucian's laudatory comments (such as those pertaining to glorious decoration and fine lighting) find their counterparts in descriptions of real establishments; cf. Plin., *Ep.* 2.17.11, 5.6.24–27; Mart., *Ep.* 6.42; Stat. *Silv.* 1.5.

¹² Suet., *Tit.* 8.2 reports the occurrence as *nonnumquam*.

¹³ *SHA*, *Hadr.* 17.5–7; *Sev. Alex.* 42.1. On the possible Suetonian derivation for these assertions, cf. Merten, *Bäder* 130–31.

reality, the emperor bathing with his subjects was probably very much the exception to the rule.¹⁴

Care with the literary material is even more necessary when it is scarce. Thus the crucial literary testimony for the origin and early development of baths in Rome and Italy in the late 3rd/early 2nd c. B.C. must be used with great caution and with due regard for all the possibilities it allows. The testimony of Plautus and Livy is not above suspicion in this regard,¹⁵ yet it is frequently adduced without serious critical comment (e.g., Nielsen, *Thermae* I, 29). The 'indirect' nature of the material plays a rôle here as well. For example, what general conditions stand behind the statement often attributed to Cato the Elder that he did not bathe daily in his boyhood? The notice has been taken to mean that baths were a rarity in Rome of the late 3rd c. B.C.¹⁶ But the statement cannot be securely assigned to Cato,¹⁷ and the wording itself is ambiguous: the speaker could be boasting that he did not bathe daily as a boy (the emphatic place of *mihi* at the start of the sentence supports this interpretation), implying that others did and, therefore, that bathing was common.

The focuses of the different classes of evidence also vary, with the result that they rarely interlock: despite the volume of archaeological material, secure identification of various rooms mentioned in the written sources as not used strictly for bathing remains elusive.¹⁸ The possibility that the meaning and application of terms varied from region to region or changed over time further complicates efforts in this regard.¹⁹ Similarly, it has proven difficult to pinpoint the precise physical setting for certain bathing procedures and non-bathing activities in the surviving remains.²⁰ That such problems arise is due to the differing focuses of the various classes of evidence.

¹⁴ Thus, when M. Aurelius refers to bathing in his correspondence with Fronto, there is no hint of any context other than the palace baths (e.g. Fronto, *M. Aur.* 2.12, 4.6.2). When emperors or members of the imperial family toured the provinces, they possibly availed themselves of local public facilities, which may provide the setting for the famous anecdote about Hadrian (*SHA, Hadr.* 17.6–7). The empress Eudocia, when she lived in Jerusalem, appears to have used the baths at Hammat Gader (as a regular?) and composed a poem about them (Di Segni in Hirschfeld, *Hammat Gader* 228–33 [no. 49]). But caution is required, especially with the Hadrian story. First, as mentioned above, an anecdote does not necessarily reflect a specific reality; and, second, Suetonius (*Nero* 35.5) tells how Tuscus, a procurator of Egypt, was banished for using a bath built especially for an expected imperial visit. Whose behaviour was typical, Nero's or Hadrian's? For a less sceptical view, see Zajac.

¹⁵ To what degree are Plautus' bath references dependent on his Greek models? What source gave Livy (23.7.3) the story of the suffocation of Romans in the baths at Capua in 216 B.C.?

¹⁶ Non. 108M (155L), s.v. 'ephippium' ('When I was a boy I had a single, ordinary tunic and toga, shoes without puttees, a horse without a riding blanket, I did not bathe daily and the gaming-board was scarce').

¹⁷ The quote derives from Varro's lost *Catus de liberis educandis*; Catus is of uncertain date. It seems that Cato indeed loomed large in this treatise, but Nonius gives no indication as to who the speaker is here – Cato, Catus or Varro. Even if it is Cato, his boyhood was spent in a country estate in the Sabines, not in Rome (Plut., *Cat. Mai.* 1.1). In light of these uncertainties, the notice is best disregarded as evidence for bathing conditions at Rome in the 3rd c. B.C.

¹⁸ So, for instance, virtually no *sphaeristeria*, which were apparently more than simple external courts and are frequently attested in the written record (e.g., Plin., *Ep.* 2.17.11, 5.6.27; *Dig.* 17.1.16; *ILS* 5663; *AE* 1946.239), can be securely identified in the hundreds of surviving establishments. A possible exception is the Stabian Baths.

¹⁹ For example, the term *lavacrum* is found in reference both to entire bath buildings (e.g., *SHA, Hadr.* 19.10) and to parts thereof, possibly only the heated elements (e.g., *ILS* 613, 5689).

²⁰ Two examples: was there any physically imposed separation of the sexes (even partial) in imperial *thermae*, and did snack-eating take place in the bathing rooms themselves, or only in the vestibule, or in both?

Typicality

All of these features combine to create the overriding problem in interpreting the evidence, that of typicality. Since it is unrealistic to assume that the social rôle and daily functioning of baths was constant in all parts of the empire and remained so at all times between the 2nd c. B.C. and 6th c. A.D., how can we be sure that a specific piece of evidence from a particular time and place illustrates a general norm rather than a regional variation? The student of the baths can readily relate to the comments with which K. Hopkins prefaced his investigation of attitudes toward death in the Roman world:

There are no general ancient descriptions of Roman *funerary practices or of beliefs in life after death*. Modern accounts have to be pieced together from a miscellany of passing comments made by various authors in different periods, or from descriptions of specific events. From such evidence, how can we tell what was typical of the very different social strata in Roman society? ... The simple answer is that we cannot, or not with any certainty. The best we can hope for is an impressionistic sketch, a collage. For better or for worse, we have to make do with an artificial, almost timeless composite, inset with illustrative vignettes.²¹

If 'bathing culture' is substituted for the phrase I have italicized (first line), the point is clear.

Typicality affects our examination of all types of evidence but is especially pertinent to bath-related literary testimony. Since so many references to baths are incidental, inserted to illustrate an author's main point or to provide a setting for a story, it is necessary to read between the lines to discern the general conditions assumed (and so unstated) by the author; often, what is not said can be as revealing as what is. But such an approach raises the problem of typicality, as it depends to an uncomfortable degree on subjective interpretation.²² There is a danger of the eye beholding only what it wants to behold, to the exclusion of alternatives. In the case of the baths, perhaps the clearest way forward is to look for the cumulative effect given by several corresponding pieces of evidence, especially ones from different times and places. Widespread customs should, after all, leave some traces. Indeed, there must have been a universal and timeless quality about certain aspects of life at the baths: thus, Seneca's complaints about the noisiness of the establishment above which he lodged at Baiae would surely have applied to almost any busy public bath in the empire at any time (Sen., *Ep.* 56.1–2). But when we turn to specifics, the waters become murkier.

2 Did slaves use the baths as customers?

Consideration of the evidence for this simple question shows how the difficulties of interpretation outlined above permit a general response but leave many important questions unanswered.

Slave attendants

A variety of evidence combines to place slaves at the baths in an official capacity, that is, as attendants, members of a retinue or staff attached to the building. Mosaics depict slaves carrying buckets and other bath-related instruments; one from the private baths at Piazza Armerina names them in the vocative (*Tite, Cassi*) as if they were being summoned (Nielsen, *Thermae II*, 76–77, figs. 40–42, esp. 40). Particularly revealing are the glimpses of everyday life provided by surviving schoolbooks, in which the bathing scenes are often expressed as orders given to

²¹ K. Hopkins, *Death and renewal* (Cambridge 1983) 203; cf. the similar frustrations expressed by R. MacMullen, *Roman social relations, 50 B.C. to A.D. 284* (New Haven 1974) viii–ix, 41.

²² Cf. the example of the emperor at the baths cited above.

silent slaves.²³ Since the schoolbooks' function was to acquaint pupils with the vocabulary and protocols of daily life, the presence of personal slaves, as inferred by the commands, appears to have been a standard feature of a visit to the baths.

Indeed, a retinue of slave attendants seems habitual for those who could afford it. Juvenal makes great sport of the woman who bathes at night, and has all her bathing equipment transported there, presumably by slaves.²⁴ The satirist also pokes fun at one Tongilius who 'usually bathes with a huge oil-flask made of rhinoceros horn and assaults the baths with a mob of dirty retainers.'²⁵ That this is not pure fantasy is suggested by Ammianus Marcellinus (28.4.8–9), who, writing two centuries later, described a retinue of up to 50 servants accompanying late Roman aristocrats to the baths. Conversely, Plutarch (*Mor.* 823B) counts it among the virtues of the χρηστός that he not be accompanied to the baths by an immoderate number of servants. But the size of the retinue need not have been especially large; attendance by one or two slaves is also attested.²⁶ It seems probable that one of the functions of the benches located outside some small city baths, such as the Forum Baths at Pompeii or those of Julia Felix, was to accommodate slaves waiting for their masters (and/or bathers waiting to get in when the establishments were full); Lucian (*Hipp.* 5) mentions a room in the Baths of Hippias specifically designated for servants and attendants. Slave staff could also guard clothes or serve baser functions.²⁷

Slave customers

But could slaves regularly use the baths as customers? As outlined above, the evidence is rarely direct and often ambiguous. A good example is a graffito from the Suburban Baths in Herculaneum which reads: [F]usci Cilix.²⁸ Unfortunately, it is not clear if Cilix was a freedman or a slave, or, if the latter, whether he was at the baths as the attendant of Fuscus or as a customer. The text is tantalizing but ultimately frustrating.

Before we proceed, two general points need to be made. First, certain slaves would have had severe limitations imposed upon their freedom of movement by their functions, which would have interfered directly with their ability to visit public baths. Second, the distinction between slaves as attendants and slaves as customers should not, perhaps, be drawn too strictly. It is possible that slaves who

²³ Cf. A.C. Dionisotti, 'From Ausonius's schooldays? A schoolbook and its relatives,' *JRS* 72 (1982) 83–125, paras. 55–64 (pp.102–3). The schoolbooks (*Hermeneumata* and *Colloquia*) derive mostly from the West and date to the 3rd c. A.D. and later: cf. Dionisotti *ibid.* 90–92.

²⁴ *Sat.* 6.419–23. She is also accompanied by a masseur (*aliptes*), who was probably of slave status: cf. M. Wissemann, 'Das Personal des antiken römischen Bades,' *Glotta* 62 (1984) 87–89.

²⁵ *Sat.* 7.130–31. Cf. Plin., *Ep.* 3.14.6–8, where Larcus Macedo has a slave (perhaps only one member of a larger retinue) specifically to clear a path for him through the crowd.

²⁶ Cf. Petr., *Sat.* 91, cf. 97; Mart., *Ep.* 7.35, 11.75, 12.70; Juv., *Sat.* 6.374–76; Anon., *Life of Aesop.* 32, 38 and 66. The latter is an Egyptian composition of the 1st c. A.D. that reflects the conditions of that time: cf. L.W. Daly, *Aesop without morals* (New York 1961) 19–23 and B.E. Perry's introduction to the Loeb edition (1965) of *Babrius and Phaedrus*, esp. xxxv–xlvi.

²⁷ Cf. *Dig.* 3.2.4.2, where Ulpian comments that *balneatores* have been known to keep clothes-guards who double as prostitutes. Note that this practice is reported to have been restricted to 'certain provinces', a hint, perhaps, of regional variation in bathing practices.

²⁸ *CIL* IV 10681. Another text (*CIL* IV 10676) from an adjacent room reads: 'Hermeros to Primigenia, his mistress: come to Puteoli and in the district Timinianus ask from Messius the banker after Hermeros, (slave) of Phoebus.' Hermeros appears to have been a slave of Phoebus, unless the latter is a patronym. In Rome 'Hermeros' is found most often in reference to slaves or freedmen: cf. H. Solin, *Die griechischen Personennamen in Rom, ein Namenbuch* (Berlin 1983) I, 52–53, s.v. 'Hermeros' (85 examples, of which 42 are of uncertain social status, 38 are slaves or freedmen, and only 1 is freeborn). Other graffiti from Pompeii refer to a Primigenia (*CIL* IV 3976, 5358, 8175, 8260, 8274, 8301 and esp. 10241), but it is far from certain that they all refer to the same person.

accompanied their masters to the baths 'on duty' also used the facilities while there. In that case slaves as well as freeborn customers could use the baths, presumably simultaneously with their masters – which would be remarkable in itself.²⁹ However, not all attendants would have had this opportunity: some (e.g., those who guarded clothing or carried litters) would surely not have been given a chance to bathe while discharging their duties, though others (e.g., masseurs, washing attendants) might. Altogether, the possibility that at least some slaves could work and bathe at the same time should be borne in mind when reviewing the evidence.

The clearest indication that slaves could use public facilities is found in two benefactions of free bathing in which the privilege is expressly extended *adventoribus servisqu[e] eorum*, 'to visitors and their slaves' and *uxsorb(us), serveis ancilleisque eor(um)*, 'to the wives [of the various beneficiaries], and their slaves, and maids.'³⁰ It could be argued that these slaves were members of a retinue. But even if so, they are expressly granted *lavatio gratuita*, 'free bathing', so there can be little doubt that they had the right to use the facilities as customers, whether 'on duty' or not. In addition, slave attendants were possibly counted among a bather's *instrumenta balnei*, and so no more subject to an entrance fee than towels or strigils.³¹ If so, then the slave beneficiaries of free bathing may have used the facilities independently of their masters, as it would be no benefaction at all to extend an offer of free bathing to slaves who, because of their function, were exempt anyway.

It seems, then, that slaves could use the baths as customers, at least in the two facilities where these texts originally stood. But it is a different matter to determine how widespread the practice was. A negative inference may be drawn from the wording of the two inscriptions. The mention in them of slaves, and their absence from the majority of inscriptions offering free bathing, implies that they usually would not be beneficiaries of *lavatio gratuita*.³² The wording does not require that slaves were excluded from the baths *per se*, but rather that they could use the facilities as long as they paid like everyone else. As a result, their inclusion in the offer of *lavatio gratuita* was felt to be extraordinary, and so worthy of mention.

The *lex* [law] *Metalli Vipascensis* adds weight to this proposition. The Hadrianic inscription regulating the administration of an imperial mine and its territory stipulates entrance fees for the baths, but exempts such slaves and freedmen as were in the employ of the procurator or enjoyed privileges.³³ The wording specifies particular slaves for free bathing, implying that other slaves, not in the employ of the imperial service, would be charged along with everyone else. Pertinent also is a

²⁹ Note, for instance, that in the schoolbooks the slave is ordered *descende* ('get in [to the bath]), presumably with the master: cf. Dionisotti (supra n.23) para 60 (p.103); Mart., *Ep.* 7.35 clearly portrays slaves in the same tub as their owners. It is not clear, however, whether the slaves were then free to bathe or had to direct their efforts exclusively to washing their owners.

³⁰ *ILS* 5672 (*servi*; undated from Praeneste, not found *in situ*) and 573 (*ancillae*; Augustan [or earlier] from Suasa, found in the ruins of baths).

³¹ A passage in the *Digest* supports this contention: in legacies involving bath-houses (slave) *balneatores* and *fornacatores* were to be included with the property as *instrumenta balnei*: cf. *Dig.* 33.7.13.1 (*balneator*), 33.7.17.2 (*fornacator*). The ruling is justified on the basis that these staff-members were essential for running the facility, so perhaps only essential staff were considered *instrumenta balnei*. However, this legalistic distinction may not have applied in everyday life: Vell. Pat. 2.114.2 implies the term denoted whatever was necessary for bathing, which would logically include slave attendants; cf. Nielsen, *Thermae* I, 142–44.

³² S. Mrozek, *Les distributions d'argent et de nourriture dans les villes italiennes du Haut-Empire romain* (Coll. Latomus 198, 1987) 100–2, observes that slaves were habitually excluded from food and money distributions in Italian towns. In contrast, Seneca (*Vit. Beata* 24.3) claims that slaves could, in principle, be beneficiaries of liberality. Cf. also F. Cenerini, 'Evergetismo ed epigrafia: *lavationem in perpetuum*,' *RivStorAnt* 17–18 (1987–88) at 212.

³³ Cf. *ILS* 6891, ll.22–24.

Neronian inscription, also from imperial estates (in Coela, Thrace), that records the building of baths 'for the people and the *familia* of Caesar', i.e., those imperial slaves who served the estates.³⁴ It would seem from these inscriptions that imperial servants could use baths on certain imperial properties. That they were found at opposite ends of the empire, and are separated chronologically by over half a century, might indicate that the practice was common; however, two inscriptions do not prove a widespread regulation, and neither text proves that imperial slaves could use public facilities elsewhere. On this point, a graffito from the Suburban Baths in Herculaneum is revealing. It declares the presence there of Apelles, a *cubicularius* [pl. *cubicularii* = a servant of the bedchamber] *Caesar(is)*.³⁵ In all probability, Apelles was of slave status³⁶ (though high in the hierarchy due to his proximity to the emperor), here seen visiting the baths as a customer: that he lunches and copulates at the baths makes the likelihood of him being there 'on duty' remote.

The rules of the Lanuvian burial club (A.D. 136) are also suggestive. It seems clear that the *collegium* had slave members, who appear to have been treated on an equal footing with the freeborn members.³⁷ So, when free oil is prescribed for the *collegium* at the public baths prior to their annual banquets, slave members presumably also benefitted; certainly they are not explicitly excluded.³⁸ It seems, then, that the members of the *collegium*, of varying social status and including slaves, bathed together on these occasions. The epigraphic testimony for slaves at the baths as customers is quite direct, though sparse, and is certainly sufficient to undermine the conclusion that 'the egalitarian nature of bathing did not cover the slaves' (Yegül, *Baths and bathing* 429, n.18). But it remains difficult to determine how common and widespread the practice was. Perhaps insight can be gained from an examination of the literary sources which, for all the difficulties of interpreting them, nonetheless best reflect general attitudes towards baths and bathing.

The presence of slaves is nowhere commented upon in the literary sources as a reason for avoiding bathing establishments. Instead, slaves appear regularly, some as customers. For instance, in the *pro Caelio* Cicero presents to the jury a scenario in which P. Licinius – an *amicus* [friend] of Caelius and therefore of the privileged classes – mingles freely with Clodia's slaves at the *Balneae Seniae* (*Cael.* 61–67). Had this association at the baths between well-bred and slave been considered inappropriate or unusual, Cicero would surely not have missed the opportunity of lampooning yet another aspect of an alleged plot that he took great pains to portray as farcical. It must be admitted that it is not clear if the slaves were masquerading as customers or as attendants. But if the latter, they are not expressly said to have accompanied anyone to the baths but appear to be there independently (and as they were Clodia's slaves, they cannot be seen as attached to the *Balneae Seniae*).

There are other hints that slave customers were not regarded as unusual. In Petronius' *Satyricon*, the heroes meet a slave who is about to be punished for losing

³⁴ Cf. *ILS* 5682.

³⁵ *CIL* IV 10677: 'Apelles, imperial chamberlain, and Dexter had lunch here and fucked most pleasantly.' Another text (*CIL* IV 10678) from the same room, apparently in reference to the same vigorous duo, reads: 'We, Apelles Mus with his brother, Dexter, lovingly fucked two women twice.' Whether *frater* is here used literally or metaphorically, it seems likely that Dexter was also a slave.

³⁶ Imperial *cubicularii* were usually slaves: cf. G. Boulvert, *Esclaves et affranchis impériaux sous le Haut-Empire romain* (Naples 1970) 241–47. The chief indication that Apelles was a slave and not a *libertus* lies in the possessive *Caesaris*, which was generally used by slaves; freedmen preferred *Augusti*: cf. P.R.C. Weaver, *Familia Caesaris. A social study of the emperor's freedmen and slaves* (Cambridge 1972) 48–54.

³⁷ Cf. *ILS* 7212 I.20–II.5, where the burial rights of the slave and free members are outlined. Cf. also Mrozek (supra n.32) 102 for slave members of *collegia* in general.

³⁸ Cf. *ILS* 7212 II.29–31.

the clothes of a *dispensator* at the baths. A *dispensator* was like an accountant in charge of the financial matters of a household; he was usually a slave (although he could be a freedman), though high in the slave hierarchy.³⁹ If Trimalchio's *dispensator* was a slave, he is portrayed visiting the baths as a customer attended by another, more lowly slave who was an ineffective guardian of clothes. Again, when Martial's guest Caecilianus arrived too early, the poet was not ready to entertain: the furniture was unprepared, the water not yet brought from the troughs, the kitchen cold and bare. The reason was that most of Martial's household slaves were still at the baths; so the poet urges one, Callistus, to go and summon 'the unwashed servants', implying that they had not yet finished their ablutions.⁴⁰ Or again, Juvenal comments that one of his two simple serving slaves 'does not carry his pubescent testicles noisily into the baths, nor offer his armpits for depilation, nor timidly cover his stout groin with a flask held in front.'⁴¹ The services of depilators shows that Juvenal's slave was there to bathe, not to serve, and Juvenal's wording implies that other slaves *did* go 'noisily into the baths.'

It is worth pointing out that all that we have seen so far applies to public baths located in an urban context. In the countryside, conditions may have dictated separate bathing for master and slave. It is unlikely that a villa's private bath-suite would have been open to farm-hands as a matter of course.⁴² A villa at Ashted, Kent, has a small bath-suite built into it, while a larger, detached bath building lies some 50 m down the road approaching the house.⁴³ The most logical explanation for this arrangement is that the detached bath-house was for the use of the lowly workers, the villa's bath suite for the estate's owners. Most villas, though, do not feature such detached bath buildings, so presumably most workers had to fend for themselves in this regard; perhaps they used rivers or streams, or public facilities in nearby *vici* or *pagi*. On the other hand, Columella (1.6.19–20) recommended allowing farm slaves a full bath only on festival days. But how typical Columella's attitude was and how widely applied were his recommendations remains open to question. Indeed, public bathing in the countryside is a broad topic in need of further investigation.

The evidence for slave customers at the baths is therefore disparate but suggestive, and makes it clear that in at least some instances slaves were allowed to use urban public facilities as customers. But it does not allow a quantitative analysis of how widespread the practice was, or whether it was favoured in certain periods more than in others. As a result, we must resort to generalities and guesswork. It is noteworthy that no evidence from an urban context indicates the reservation of a bath-house for the use of slaves alone, or their exclusion from others.⁴⁴ In fact, the literary sources, as reviewed above, appear to regard the presence of slave bathers

³⁹ Imperial *dispensatores*, for instance, were normally slaves; note that, among the emperor's *familia*, they are the group most frequently attested as slaves who owned other slaves (the latter termed *servi vicarii*): cf. Weaver (supra n.36) 200–6, esp. 205–6.

⁴⁰ Mart., *Ep.* 8.67.5–8: 'Quick, Callistus, go and call back the unwashed servants, have the couches spread. Sit down, Caecilianus. You ask for hot water; my cold has not yet arrived. The closed kitchen is still chilly, the fire is not laid' (trans. D.R. Shackleton Bailey).

⁴¹ Juv., *Sat.* 11.156–58.

⁴² However, such sharing may have been practised at some early villa sites: cf. E.W. Black, *The Roman villas of south-east England* (BAR Brit. Ser. 171, Oxford 1987) 53.

⁴³ *Ibid.* 105–16. Similar arrangements are found at, e.g., Angmering, Sussex (*ibid.* 87–89) and Darenth, Kent (*ibid.* 52). On detached baths in villas, cf. *ibid.* 51–54.

⁴⁴ Of course, the sort of lowly establishment frequented by slaves is not likely to have sported grandiose inscriptions, but not even graffiti hint at their exclusion. The only sign of segregation is Lucian's room for servants in the Baths of Hippias (*Hippias* 5), which probably served as a waiting room, similar in function to the benches found outside some surviving structures.

as entirely unremarkable. From available material, then, it seems that the Romans harboured no objection in principle to slaves using public baths.

However, the reality was undoubtedly more complex. Possibly there was variation over time from district to district, even from bath to bath within a given town, in much the same manner as nude sunbathing is diversely regulated on the beaches of southern Europe today. No doubt higher entrance fees, expensive services or vigilant doormen could discourage undesirables, including slaves, from entering specific establishments, if the owner so wished. But if we assume, as I believe we must, that slaves had to get clean just as much as anyone else, their presence as customers at many public facilities would seem logical enough. It is possible, however, that only high-ranking slaves – such as imperial *servi*, household *dispensatores*, or personal attendants and favourites – enjoyed the freedom of movement (and permission?) to visit public baths on anything like a regular basis.⁴⁵

In sum, the question of whether slaves habitually used the baths as customers provides a good illustration of the difficulties in interpreting our evidence for Roman bathing culture. At best, a partial response can be offered: slaves certainly could use some baths – epigraphic testimony makes this indisputable. However, many details remain elusive. How widespread was the custom, and to what classes of slaves did it apply? Did certain baths refuse entry to slaves? Was bathing in itself considered a privilege for slaves? Secure answers to these questions, supported by ancient sources, cannot be adduced. Instead, implications (often negative) drawn from specific written sources can be combined with general considerations and guesswork to present possibilities. Beyond that, we can go no further.

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Reading 4.27 Natascha Zajac, 'The *thermae*: a policy of public health or personal legitimation?'

(Source: DeLaine, J. and Johnston, D.E. (eds) (1999) *Roman Baths and Bathing. Proceedings of the First International Conference on Roman Baths held at Bath, England, 30 March – 4 April 1992*. Part 1: *Bathing and Society*, Portsmouth, Rhode Island, pp.100–105, footnotes edited)

Note: Abbreviations of ancient texts can be found in the *OCCC*.

In the wake of the typhus and cholera epidemics of the 1830s, public health and hygiene became a concern for the governments of western Europe. In 1844, a government report on the state of cities in England claimed that:

In respect to the labouring poor, it is only at the moment of their birth and the hour of their death, that they are really well washed (quoted in R. Metcalf, *Sanitas sanitatum et omnia sanitas* [London 1887] 2).

⁴⁵ In the *Life of Aesop*, for instance, Aesop is never depicted as going to the baths except as an attendant upon his master. Aesop was clearly an all-purpose chattel and perhaps lacked the status to use public baths.

Two years later, in 1846, the Baths and Wash Houses Act was passed at Westminster.¹ In the 19th c., bath houses proliferated through philanthropic concern for the moral and physical welfare of the urban working classes. Part of the grand reform schemes for improved public health, bath houses became a means for getting the masses clean and decent.

Ancient historians may have used this rôle of baths in the 19th c. as a model with which to explain why the emperors built the imperial *thermae*. A number of historians have characterised them primarily as institutions with which the benevolent emperors cleaned and maintained the health of the 'great unwashed' of Rome.² Historians seem, unconsciously perhaps, to have adopted concepts and rhetoric used to describe the inception and development of the 19th-c. sanitary reform movement. In the 1930s, J. Carcopino wrote:

C'est un des plus beaux cadeaux que le régime impérial ait faits. Avec eux, il a mis l'hygiène à l'ordre du jour de la Cité et à la portée des masses
[Translation: This was the most beautiful gift made by the imperial regime. With it putting hygiene on the daily agenda of the City and within reach of the masses.] (*La vie quotidienne à Rome* [Paris 1939] 294).

A. R. Hands made a direct comparison between the provision of the *thermae* and the sanitary reform movement of the 19th c.³ Later J. Scarborough, in a chapter on the technical and hygienic achievements of the Romans, wrote:

Baths ... became a symbol of the Roman concern for the general welfare of the public at large (*Roman medicine* [London 1969] 78–79),

and,

Aqueducts and baths provided the population of the Roman empire with health-promoting structures, symbolic of the concern the Roman imperial government had for its peoples (*ibid.* 94).

These interpretations seem to impute charitable or reforming motives to the emperors when they built the *thermae* at Rome. The emperor is cast as a paternal figure concerned for the health and welfare of his subjects. Roman *thermae* have been characterised as products of a government pursuing a policy of public health.

While these authors are right to see the *thermae* as an important source of evidence for the relationship between emperor and subjects, their depiction of this relationship as predominantly philanthropic is open to question. Charity and philanthropy⁴ should not be excluded as contributory motivating factors in the imperial provision of baths, but they should not be seen as the determining factors. There was a veneer of benevolence in the gesture, but baths were built for other less ingenuous motives, as in fact they were in the 19th c.⁵

Social historians have long accepted that hygiene and health were not necessarily the prime motivation for bathers when they went to the *thermae*. Gibbon

¹ The act was introduced by Home Secretary Sir George Grey in August, 1846.

² W.M. Thackeray, *Pendennis. His fortunes and misfortunes. His friends and his greatest enemy* (ed. D. Hawes; London 1986).

³ A.R. Hands, *Charities and social aid in Greece and Rome* (London 1968) 143–45, 206–9.

⁴ See Front., *Aq.* 2.87–88, where reference is made to Nerva's care for the improved health of the city as a result of reforming and repairing the water systems; however, there are no specific references to baths.

⁵ Sanitary reform in the 19th c. had the ulterior motive of controlling and disciplining the poor. The standard of one's personal cleanliness and moral integrity were considered proportional to each other. The origin of this 19th-c. shibboleth was the famous 18th-c. sermon of Wesley: 'Let it be observed, that slovenliness is no part of religion; that neither this, nor any text of Scripture, condemns neatness of Apparel. Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. Cleanliness, is indeed, next to godliness' (J. Wesley, *Sermons on several occasions* [transl. J.D. Holway; Ilkeston 1987]).

reconstructs the glamorous thrills and sensory satisfactions gained from the bathing experience:

and the meanest Roman could purchase, with a small copper coin, the daily enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury, which might excite the envy of the kings of Asia (*The history of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire* [ed. J. Bury, London 1909] 321).

More recently, the ancient bathing experience has been elucidated by drawing analogies with modern seaside resorts, as providing 'an array of pleasures'.⁶ The discourses of public health and personal cleanliness are not, therefore, our only possible frames of reference in explaining why the ancients used the baths; any analysis of the emperors' motives in building the *thermae* should likewise not be limited by an anachronistic transfer of discourse.⁷

Crucial to even a partial recovery of imperial intentions is to acknowledge that the *thermae* were inextricably involved in the complex system of euergetism, in which the benefactor as much as the recipient community made substantial gains.⁸ Baths undoubtedly benefitted Rome's population by increasing facilities for leisure, culture, and perhaps even hygiene. However, the *thermae* also benefitted the donating emperors. This paper focuses on baths as cultural signifiers, and, as such, on the *thermae* as results of imperial bids for kudos and self-legitimation. By reading the *thermae* as symbols, some of the possible rhetorical messages of these buildings will be suggested. The discussion aims to shift the emphasis away from analysing the *thermae* only as part of a socially ameliorative programme, in order to focus on their role as conscious expressions of social supremacy within Rome.

Reading baths as symbols

In the 1960s, the suggestion was put forward that baths were a conscious expression by the Romans of their power over the physical and natural worlds.⁹ Today, the idea of reading architecture as symbols or statements with direct, indirect, covert or overt messages is commonly accepted. In an analysis of the design of cities, E.

Bacon explains the way architecture works as a symbol within societies:

in all cultures of the world, architectural form is an expression of the philosophical interaction of the forces of mass and space which, in turn reflects the relationship between man and nature and man and the universe (*The design of cities* [New York 1967] 16).

The *thermae* were the *pièce de résistance* of monumental architecture at Rome.¹⁰ Within the language of architecture, buildings built on a monumental scale act as headlines giving striking and succinct indications of social discourses and power relations within a society. This is not to suggest that baths can give us a fully comprehensive and accurate guide to Roman culture, but, viewed in conjunction with literary evidence, they can illustrate some outlines of imperial rhetoric.

⁶ P. Veyne in id. (ed.), *A history of private life I* (Cambridge, MA 1987) 198–99.

⁷ It would be rash to say that no Romans thought of baths as improving the hygiene of the people, but the evidence is sparse. Medical writers speak of *private* baths in the context of the general health régime of their upper-class clients: see, for example, Celsus, *Med.* 1.2; 1.3.4–5, 9–11; 1.4.2–3. For the opposite view, that baths were instrumental in undermining hygiene, see Mart., *Ep.* 2.42 and 2.70.

⁸ See the discussion in P. Veyne, *Bread and circuses* (transl. B. Pearce; London 1990) 10–60.

⁹ H. Drerup, 'Architektur als Symbol', *Gymnasium* 73 (1966) 181–96, pls. 1–6.

¹⁰ Cf. DeLaine, 'Recent research' 11; W.L. MacDonald, *The architecture of the Roman Empire* 2 (New Haven 1986) 210.

The triumph of the baths

Nature

For the Romans one of the essential and defining characteristics of baths was the fact that they exerted influence (literally and metaphorically) over that fundamental, yet wild and unpredictable element, water.¹¹ Water represented and quantified Roman technical achievement in the *thermae*, where huge volumes were channelled, contained, and heated.¹² In additions, this capricious element was moulded and sculpted as a medium for decoration.

The use of water in the *thermae* was an exercise of Roman power over nature. They were a way for the Romans and the emperors to express their power to harness and, at least to some extent, tame nature. This idea may be reflected in the example of Alexander Severus' *thermae*, as reported by the *Scriptores Historiae Augustae* (*Alex. Sev.* 25.5–6). Alexander is said to have been the innovator of an imperial conceit in naming a *solium* [bath tub] in his new bath complex *Oceanus*.¹³ These *thermae*, provided by and synonymous with the emperor, thus contained the ocean that girdled the known world.¹⁴

Empire

It was not only over nature that baths effected both literal and symbolic victories. Building baths and the adoption of Roman bathing habits by conquered peoples was an important part of the empire's mechanism of Romanisation.¹⁵ When Tacitus describes how Agricola subdued the inhabitants of Britain ... *homines dispersi ac rudes eoque bello faciles* ... [men scattered and uncultivated who fought easily] (*Agr.* 21.1), the existence of bathing is cited as a mark of his success. Agricola is recorded as having urged the Britons ... *ut templa, fora, domos extruerent* ... [to build temples, fora and houses], and the habit of *balinea* is then listed as one of the alluring vices to which the Britons became accustomed, alongside the Roman language, toga and elaborate feasts (*Agr.* 21.2), as marks of what distinguished and defined the essence of *romanitas* [Romanness] and its concomitant, *urbanitas* [urbanity]. The successful introduction of these features is made by Tacitus to stand as testimony to Agricola's victory.

The wonders of the City

Roman thinking presented the baths as part of what made Rome great, in terms of both the quantity and quality of her urban marvels. While baths in the provinces stood for the successful subjugation and standardisation of disparate parts of the empire, the huge *thermae* in Rome contributed to Rome's status as the city of cities.

In his *Natural History*, the Elder Pliny reports on the various wonders of the world. The climax of his description is Rome, a veritable treasure-trove of wonders, where he constructs a synoptic visual view of the city out of ... *urbis nostrae miracula* ... [our wonderful city] (36.101). Pliny's rhetoric has resonances of triumphs and the supremacy of the empires; he justifies devoting space in his work to this area because it can be demonstrated that here too in their buildings they have conquered the world (*terrarum orbem victum*).

¹¹ On the wonders of Roman water works, see Pliny, *NH* 36.104–6 (on the Cloaca Maxima) and 36.121–23 on the aqueduct system.

¹² Cf. Vitruvius 5.10 for water in the baths.

¹³ Cf. F. Castagnoli, 'Oceani solium, diebus solia' (*SHA, Sev. Alex.*, 25, 3–6), *BullCom* 91 (1986) 101–2.

¹⁴ Examples of *thermae* called after their imperial benefactors are: Agrippa (*Mart., Ep.* 3.20.15; 3.36.6); Alexander Severus (*SHA, Alex. Sev.* 25.3–4); Nero (*Mart., Ep.* 2.48.8; 3.25.4; 7.34.3–4; 10.48.4; 12.83.5; and *SHA, Alex. Sev.* 24.4; 39.3–6); Diocletian (*SHA, Prob.* 2.1.3; Olympiodorus *apud* Phot. 197 [fr. 43]; Titus (*Mart., Ep.* 3.20.15; 3.36.6). The complete list is given in the Regionary Catalogues.

¹⁵ Cf. Nielsen, *Thermae* 60; DeLaine, 'Recent research' 11.

Included in the marvels of the city are the baths, now infinitely exceeding in number the 170 *balinea* which through Agrippa were opened to the public free of charge (*NH* 36.121).¹⁶ In fact, Pliny deems the whole water system of Rome worthy of special mention. Section 121 begins, ‘*Sed dicantur vera aestimatione invicta miracula*’ [but we must speak of the marvels unsurpassed in their true value] (36.121), and at 36.123 it is clear that this includes the baths. The metaphor ‘*invicta*’ again associates water technology with the military prowess of the empire, and echoes the triumphal images in Pliny’s introduction.¹⁷ Pliny asserts that his dense and composite picture of the city would be perceived as a *mundus alius* [another world] (36.101); the waterworks and the baths thus contribute to a celestial imaging of the Romans’ eternal city.

A similar description of the city, which also involves baths, is Ammianus Marcellinus’ account of the visit of Constantius Augustus to Rome in 357 (16.10.13–14). Rome is introduced with the same reverent pride as in Pliny’s *Natural History* – the capital is *imperii virtutumque omnium larem* [the home of empire and every virtue]. As in Pliny’s image in which Rome is so wondrous that it is other-worldly, Rome is seen by Constantius as a multi-faceted jewel. He is dazzled, struck dumb and overcome ... *miraculorum densitate* [the array of miraculous sights].

In this description of Rome the *lavacra* [baths] rank second only to *Iovis Tarpei delubra* [sanctuaries of Tarpeian Jove] in a list of marvellous sights which dominate the urban panorama. The height and extent of the baths are emphasised by a hyperbolic comparison with the Roman provinces – the baths are *in modum provinciarum exstructa* [built up to the measure of the provinces]. Even the Flavian amphitheatre (the top of which Ammianus describes as barely visible to the human eye) and the Pantheon (compared to a rounded city district) come after the baths in the list. It is possible that the comparison between baths and provinces aims not just to illustrate the sheer size of the buildings. The word *provincia* carries many connotations other than size, amongst which might be Roman supremacy, cultural diversity, the foreign, the conquered, and the yet to be conquered.

Thus baths, both *balnea* and *thermae*, were seen in Roman society as symbols of power. Harnessing and shaping the natural resource of water by means of technology and expenditure, they expressed the glory of empire and urban majesty in their organisation, scale and aesthetics. They were multi-faceted emblems of Rome’s civilisation and greatness.

The satisfactions of the thermae

The imperial *thermae* may have symbolised all this, and more. They stood for the power of one Roman over many. First, jobs were created both during their construction and in the running of the baths.¹⁸ Next, kudos was gained from the urban spectacle of constructing these buildings, in terms of space required, man- and ox-power, and material deliveries. Once built, consecrated and used, the ways in which prestige accrued to the emperor through the *thermae* were multiplied. The rivalry which spurred emperors to build successively larger and more lavish monuments is manifest in the history of the *thermae*. They were a vivid and monumental means for each emperor to stamp his mark on the city,¹⁹ a bid for a concrete *monumentum aere perennius* [a monument more lasting than bronze] (Hor.,

¹⁶ Cf. Mart., *Spect.* 2.6.7 for the *thermae* of Titus as marvels.

¹⁷ For the same kind of attitude and imagery in Frontinus, see J. DeLaine, “‘*De aquis suis*’?” The “commentarius” of Frontinus,” in *Les littératures techniques dans l’antiquité romaine* (Entretiens Hardt 42, 1996) 122–26.

¹⁸ Construction: DeLaine, *Caracalla* 174–94. Management: Nielsen, *Thermae* 125–31.

¹⁹ For other baths built, or allegedly built, by emperors and not listed in the Regionary Catalogues, see *SHA, Alex. Sev.* 39.3–4; *SHA, Aurel.* 45.2.1; *SHA, Tac.* 10.4.3.

Carm. 3.30.1). Unlike other static imperial monuments such as Trajan's Column, the *thermae* were frequented, remembered, named, and used in the everyday life of the Romans.

Along with the visual delights, the *thermae* were a feast for all the senses. The lofty halls reverberated with babbling people and waters.²⁰ The moist atmosphere, whether fragrant with unguents or foul with sweat, would have been heady and redolent of lazy pleasures. The bathers padded with bare feet along the warmed floors of the balmy and soporific hot rooms to the cold and energising waters of the *natatio* [swimming pool]. Above all, the *thermae* provided tactile stimulation and immediate bodily pleasures, and the emperors were the source of all these means of gratification. Moreover, the name of the benefactor might become synonymous with these massive environments whose *raison d'être* was to delight the senses and satisfy the panoply of human appetites.

The thermae: cities within the City

When the emperors furnished their capital with *thermae*, they were making an explicit proprietorial statement about Rome. In his discussion of the emperor as *euergetes*, P. Veyne defines Rome (in the Roman *mentalité*) not simply as capital city but actually as the court of the emperor.²¹ Veyne suggests that the frequency with which the possessive pronouns *sua* and *vester* were linked in texts to the word *urbs* [city] indicates the emperor's special relationship with Rome. As *urbs sua* the city was entirely his possession. The sole *euergetes*, he alone furnished Rome. Like Versailles, Rome was a huge sprawling palace, peopled with courtiers.

In Rome the plebs watched the sovereign as he lived and his outsize image became obsessive with them, the sole topic of conversation (Veyne, *ibid.* 397).

I suggest that the *thermae* were microcosms of Rome itself. My discussion above has touched upon baths as part of other worlds and worlds within worlds. While metaphorically the *thermae* stood for *romanitas*, they also represented the city physically as scaled-down models or urban microcosms. Through this symbolism the provision of *thermae* became a kind of statement of the emperor's possession of Rome.

The distinctive design feature of the imperial *thermae*, the cross-axial symmetry, is also a notable feature of legionary camps and some Roman cities. Apart from practical considerations, such as size, scale, and technological necessities, the use of the cross-axial city design made the *thermae* a kind of scaled-down city. A possible example of this kind of comparison in ancient thinking is Ausonius' identification of part of the city of Milan with the Herculian *thermae*, which were the source of its fame.²² As W. L. MacDonald has suggested, the *thermae* were a *reductio* of the city.²³ Further, one distinctive feature of the *thermae*, the surrounding perimeter wall or complex, must have created a visual echo of the *urbs* contained within her series of walls.

The repeated building of imperial baths as microcosms of the city may have been a ritual way for emperors to assert their absolute possession of Rome. By their daily visits, loyalty and pride in the *thermae*, the bathers, as Roman citizens and the *clientela* of the emperor, reiterated their status as contained and dependent subjects.

²⁰ For the noise in even an ordinary bath building, see Sen., *Ep.* 56.1–2.

²¹ Veyne (*supra* n.8) 383.

²² Auson., *Ordo Nob. Urb.* 7

²³ MacDonald (*supra* n.10) 219.

The thermae as theatre

Using Veyne's conception of the city as a palace, we could say that the *thermae* were microcosms not only of the *urbs* but of the imperial palaces. Indeed, modern popular sobriquets for these buildings have included 'palaces of water' and 'villas of the plebs'. Veyne describes them as '... dream palaces ... making the splendour of a royal residence accessible to all.'²⁴ What had the emperors to gain from building public pleasure palaces for the people? The many activities available in the *thermae*, ranging from high culture to decadence, mirrored the publicly perceived spectrum of imperial activities. In the public baths, there might even have been the chance of an encounter with the emperor.²⁵ By visiting the *thermae* it was possible for a few hours to play at being emperor, or at least VIP. The essential backdrop for this rôle-play was the amazingly sumptuous decoration. Gibbon vividly reconstructed the bathing experience of the poor in the *thermae*:

... the perpetual stream of hot water was poured into the capacious basins, through so many wide mouths of bright and massy silver; and the meanest Roman could purchase, with a small copper coin, the daily enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury, which might excite the envy of the kings of Asia. From these stately palaces issued a swarm of dirty and ragged plebians, without shoes and without a mantle; who loitered away whole days in the street or Forum, to hear news, and to hold disputes; who dissipated, in extravagant gaming, the miserable pittance of their wives and children; and spent the hours of the night in obscure taverns, and brothels, in the indulgence of gross and vulgar sensuality.

Gibbon, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* Vol. 4 (London 1838) 87

Like some television soap operas of today, the *thermae* made the proverbial wealth and glamour of the imperial lifestyle accessible to all. Historians do not often acknowledge that the *thermae*, along with serving the needs of the body (in the form of cleanliness and recreation), also catered to the desires of the mind, being arenas in which one could act out one's fantasies, both sexual and social. There are, however, many anecdotes in ancient texts about public bathing and its ancillary activities where the primary concern is the social status of the bather in a place where social distinctions are frequently blurred.²⁶

The *thermae* were melting pots for poseurs, who maintained their affectations in or out of their togas. Gibbon's amusing reconstruction of nobles and their retinue visiting the *thermae* conjures up the posturing and display which must have gone on.

Whenever these persons of high distinction condescend to visit the public baths, they assume, on their entrance, a tone of loud and insolent command, and appropriate to their own use the conveniences which were designed for the Roman people. If, in these places of mixed and general resort, they meet any of the infamous ministers of their pleasures, they express their affection by a tender embrace; while they proudly decline the salutations of their fellow citizens, who are not permitted to aspire above the honour of kissing their hands, or their knees.

(Gibbon, *ibid.* 76–77)

²⁴ Veyne (supra n.6) 199.

²⁵ For emperors visiting the baths, see *SHA, Hadr.* 17.6.8, *Heliogab.* 8.6 and 31.7–8, and *Alex. Sev.* 42.1–3.

²⁶ For socializing and social climbing in baths, see *Juv., Sat.* 1.137–46; *Sen., Ep.* 122.5–6 and 15–16; *Mart., Ep.* 3.20, 5.20, 10.48, 11.75, 12.19, 12.70, 12.82; *Pliny, NH* 28.138, 140.

Immensely popular venues, the baths were ideal areas for lavish display. Bedizening one's naked self with jewellery was only one of several means for exhibition. Martial mocks Charinus (*Ep.* 11.59):

senos Charinus omnibus digitis gerit
nec nocte ponit anulos
ne cum lavatur.

[Charinus wears six rings on each finger and does not take them off at night, nor when he has his bath.]

The other popular medium for display was the bather's attendants or client retinue. Martial (*Ep.* 12.70) describes how the changing financial status of Aper is reflected in his bathing arrangements. Before he came into his inheritance, his slaves were of such poor quality that they actually detracted from his image. Towels carried by a knock-kneed *vernula* [a little home-born slave], toga guarded by a one-eyed *anus* [old woman], and last but not least his oil carried by a ruptured *unctor* [anointer, masseur]. Bathing is brief and without pleasure. It is only when he can afford five sleek, long-haired slaves that he condones and joins in with the drinking and socialising at the baths. His attendants, like the proverbial smart car and luscious blonde of today, are a boost to his perceived status. Aper's exposure to the baths is now worth prolonging.

By building the *thermae*, imbued with imperial values and statements of power, the emperors were providing a kind of social theatre. Here were arenas where citizens could and did play out the fantasies of upward mobility. The *locus classicus* [classic place] for the use of the baths to display social rank and wealth is the *Satyricon* of Petronius. In this text amid numerous balneological anecdotes there are two prolonged descriptions of visits to a public and a private bath. It is of course Trimalchio, the archetypal *parvenu*, whom we accompany on each occasion, but although this satirical text is most probably not set in Rome (and so not in the Roman *thermae*), it is still a useful indicator of the ways public baths were used for social ostentation.

Bathing defined the boundaries of periods of eating for the Romans. The two bath episodes enclose the main description and action of Trimalchio's dinner party. This is made explicit in the text when Menelaus informs Ascyllus and Eumolpus, as they watch Trimalchio in the public baths, that they are in fact observing the *principium cenae* [the beginning of dinner] (*Sat.* 27). Trimalchio is visiting the public baths, despite the fact that he has his own baths in his house, and every detail of his bathing arrangements is geared to display his wealth and power. As in other parts of the text, there are many imperial resonances and associations, especially with Nero. To the comparatively mundane and inconsequential task of departing the baths Trimalchio lends all the pomp and solemnity of an imperial triumph. Like a victorious *triumphator* [the general in a triumphal procession] he is carried from the bath edge in a litter and softly swathed in a scarlet bath robe *involutus coccina gausapa* [wrapped up in scarlet-coloured woollen cloth] ..., standing out from the crowd as the *triumphator* in the *toga palmate* [toga of victory] might have done. Trimalchio's scarlet robe might have been similar to the *lacernam cocceam* [scarlet-coloured cloak] which the *Scriptores* (*Alec. Sev.* 42.1) report Alexander Severus wore over his bathing costume after going to the public baths. In imperial-type garb, our triumphant bather is then carried off to piped musical accompaniment, with a retinue of medallioned flunkies:

lecticae impositus est praecentibus phaleratis cursoribus quattuor et
chiramaxio [put into a litter, with musical accompaniment and four couriers
wearing medals] ... (*Petr., Sat.* 28).

Here there may be another imperial association, for Suetonius describes similar travelling arrangements for the emperor Nero:

numquam minus mille currucis fecisse iter traditur, soleis mularum argenteis, canusinatis mulionibus; armillata phalerataque Mazacum turba atque cursorum [it is said that he never travelled with less than 1,000 carriages, with mules shod in silver, the mule drivers wearing Canusium wool, and with a troop of Mazacian horsemen wearing bracelets and medals] (Suet., *Nero* 30).

To continue the analogy of the triumph, Trimalchio even has booty carried in front of his retinue, in the form of his *deliciae* or sweetheart!

Conclusions

By providing social theatre in the *thermae*, the emperor may have legitimised the aping of his lifestyle. However, this rhetorical message of egalitarianism took away as much as it seemed to give. The imperial posturing which occurred at the baths was make-believe. The crowd of ‘wannabees’ served to enforce the impossibility of any one individual realising their imperial pretensions. The *thermae* were a concrete reminder of imperial munificence and the people’s dependence. The bestowal of the *thermae* was a gesture with which the emperor enshrined power relations between himself, his city, his people, and his predecessors.

The *thermae* were products of a government pursuing a policy of public legitimisation, rather than a policy of public health. The recognition that baths did serve social needs was not absent from the minds of those who furnished them. More importantly, however, baths belonged within the ancient system of euergetism. The literary evidence betrays an awareness that the baths were a way of making Roman and imperial values concrete. While legitimating and restating the power of the emperor, they were also a potent means of gratifying the people.

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Reading 4.28 Garrett G. Fagan, ‘A visit to the baths with Martial’

(Source: Fagan, G.G. (2005), *Bathing in Public in the Roman World*, Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, pp.12–39, footnotes edited)

Throughout, all dates are A.D. unless otherwise stated. Unless otherwise indicated, the text and translations of Martial used throughout are the most recent available, those of D.R. Shackleton Bailey in the Loeb Classical Library (1993), the text of which largely reproduces his Teubner edition (1990).

Note: Abbreviations of ancient texts can be found in the *OCCO*.

There are very few ancient descriptions of what a visit to the baths was like. Some sources recount the physical surroundings that confronted the bather (usually positively), and a variety of others provide informative, if allusive, details, but only a

handful actually describe a visit to the baths in any coherent fashion.¹ Three examples stand out. The first is the schoolbooks (*colloquia*), usually of late Imperial date, that were designed to acquaint the pupil with the vocabulary and protocols of daily life.² In addition to the baths, they cover such mundanities as getting up, eating lunch, visiting the forum, and bedtime. While the style may not be high literature, these schoolbooks offer an unusually candid glimpse into the bathing process, albeit in a somewhat detached and clinical fashion as imposed by their didactic purpose. The second noteworthy source is the lengthy complaint in Seneca's *Epistles* about how annoying it was for him to live over a bathhouse at Baiae.³ He lists at length the noises that emanated from the baths: the slaps of the masseur, the song of the loud bather, the roars of the food-stall owners, the rumpus accompanying the arrest of a thief. The passage nicely captures the voluble social atmosphere that was no doubt a regular feature of a visit to any of the empire's public baths. Finally, there is the instructive *Life of Aesop*, an anonymous first-century Egyptian composition that is concerned with the often unbearably childish relationship between a cunning slave and his frequently fooled owner and so is replete with vignettes of daily life among those levels of society habitually neglected in more formal tracts. Although set in a Greek context, the *Life* clearly reflects the norms and habits of the early Imperial Roman period, and bathing features heavily.⁴

All of these sources, then, are useful in their own way (and so will be referred to again below), but they offer only glimpses into the social atmosphere that prevailed at the baths, and they allow little to be said about the salient features of the broader bathing culture in its social context. For this sort of information, the *Epigrams* of the satiric poet M. Valerius Martialis are of unparalleled usefulness.

By the time Martial left Rome for his native Bilbilis in Spain in 98, he had lived in the imperial capital for some thirty-four years.⁵ During this extended sojourn, he subsisted on patronage, inheritances, and favors given in return for writing poetry on commission for the wealthy and the vain. He did well over the

¹For surroundings, see Mart. 6.42; Stat. *Silv.* 1.5; Vitr. 5.10; Sen. *Ep.* 86.4–13; Pliny *Ep.* 2.17.11, 5.6.25–27; Luc. *Hipp.* For other allusions to the pleasures of the baths, often expressed in terms of the presence there of Eros, nymphs, and the Graces, see L. Robert., 'Épigrammes relatives à des gouverneurs,' *Hellenica* 4 (1948): 76–84; K.M.D. Dunbabin, 'Baiaurum Grata Voluptas: Pleasures and Dangers of the Baths,' *BSR* 57 (1989): 12–32.

² See A.C. Dionisotti, 'From Ausonius's Schooldays? A Schoolbook and Its Relatives,' *JRS* 72 (1982): 82–125. Other informative schoolbooks include the *Colloquia Monacensia* (CGL 3.644–54) and the *Colloquium Montepessulanum* (CGL 3.654–59). Most such schoolbooks date to the third century or later.

³ Sen. *Ep.* 56.1–2. Seneca writes that he lived *supra ipsum balneum*, which would seem to mean, as translated in the Loeb Classical Library edition (R.M. Gummere, 1917), 'right over a bathing establishment'. Another possibility, however, is that the phrase means 'right up the road from a bathhouse,' in which case the din Seneca describes must have been considerable to disturb his musings. Physical remains, even from the same site, support both interpretations. Some of the smaller baths at Ostia, such as the Baths of the Philosopher, are built on the lower floors of larger *insulae* and can feature apartments above; see J. Boersma, *Amoenissima Civitas: Block VII at Ostia – Description and Analysis of Its Visible Remains* (Assen, 1985), 131–32. Many baths stand in close proximity to living quarters: see Meiggs, 416–17; J.E. Packer, *The Insulae of Imperial Ostia* (Rome, 1971), 74.

⁴ For the date, composition, and nature of this work, see B.E. Perry's Loeb Classical Library edition of *Baebrius and Phaedrus* (1965), xxxv–xlvi; L.W. Daly, *Aesop without Morals* (New York, 1961), 19–23. Future references are to the text of Perry's edition, *Aesopica* (Urbana, 1952).

⁵ Two references in book 10 – published originally in 95 and in a revised form in 98 – provide essential biographical details: 10.24 was composed for Martial's fifty-seventh birthday, and 10.103.7–9, composed close to his departure in 98, states that he had been in Rome for thirty-four years; see Sullivan, 1–6, 44–55.

years and ended up living in a townhouse, owning a small farm at Nomentum, and earning equestrian status.⁶ He himself asserts that the focus of his poetry was not the mythological achievements of legendary heroes but the humdrum of humanity he observed around him (10.4.8–12). Although the pages of Martial may not be reliable for determining precise historical details – such as the true identities behind the pseudonyms he lends some of his characters – the effectiveness of his satiric verse rests on reference to the shared cultural and social experiences of its audience.⁷ The value of Martial's allusions to baths and bathing, therefore, is precisely that they play on the audience's acquaintance and familiarity with the situations the poet describes or remarks on. As a result, Martial presents the modern reader with a particularly clear window onto the social operation of public baths at Rome in the late first century A.D.⁸ At the same time, however, it must be appreciated that Martial's evidence is tied to a specific time and place. It is therefore subject to the problem of typicality discussed above in the introduction, and it remains very possible, if not likely, that Martial's portrayal of Roman bathing culture will prove misleading if applied wholesale to the wider Roman world. That is why below, where possible, Martial's testimony is compared with other sources from different times and occasionally from different places, so that alternatives to his depictions are also presented, and so that the wider operation of the baths can be glimpsed. Nevertheless, the richness and unusual candidness of Martial's evidence remains remarkable, and with its limitations realized, it can function as a prism through which we can observe the poet's contemporaries as they bathed. We can, in effect, visit the baths with Martial as our guide.

Thermae and Balnea

On numerous occasions, Martial differentiates between the two types of baths at Rome: the *thermae* and *balnea*.⁹ The ancient evidence for the meanings of these terms is so contradictory that trying to disentangle it has proven an intractable problem for modern scholarship.¹⁰ Logical efforts at rationalization are confounded by the evidence. For instance, a conceivable solution is to follow etymological reasoning and conclude that *thermae* were heated baths and that *balnea* were thus unheated. But the clear and abundant evidence for heated *balnea* renders this

⁶ See Mart. 9.18.2 and 9.97.8 (townhouse), 2.38 (farm), 3.95.9–10 (equestrian status); Pliny *Ep.* 3.21.3 (poetry on commission). For a recent overview of Martial's life and work, see Sullivan, 6–55, esp. 26–30.

⁷ On the relationship of poetry, albeit principally of the Augustan period, to real life, see J. Griffin, *Latin Poets and Roman Life* (London, 1985), 48–64; on Martial in particular, see Sullivan, esp. xxii–xxiv. On the general usefulness of anecdotal material for deducing this sort of information, see R.P. Saller, 'Anecdotes as Historical Evidence for the Principate,' *GaR* 27 (1980): 69–83.

⁸ Martial refers expressly to baths and bathing dozens of times and alludes to the practice on several other occasions.

⁹ See Mart. 2.14.11–13, 2.48, 3.20.15–16, 7.34.10, 9.75, 12.82.1–2. Martial is not alone: the late Imperial Regionaries also draw the distinction, the *balnea* far outweighing the *thermae* in number, 856 to 11 (*Notitia Urbis Regionum* 14 = *FTUR* 1.1.5). The distinction extended beyond Rome: a glance through the texts collected in the epigraphic sample reveals *thermae* and *balnea* in abundance, sometimes in clear distinction.

¹⁰ So, for instance, the Baths of Sura in Rome are listed as *thermae* in the Regionaries (*FTUR* 1.1.5) but as *Bal(nea)* on the Marble Map: see *FUR* fr. 21 (pl. XXIII); E. Rodríguez Almeida, *Forma Urbis Marmorea: Aggiornamento generale, 1980* (Rome, 1981), fr. 21 (pl. XV).

suggestion untenable.¹¹ Modern scholars have proposed distinguishing the buildings by virtue of their relative size – *balnea* occupied part of a city block; *thermae* were much larger – or have suggested that *thermae* were publicly owned, *balnea* privately so.¹² A recent attempt to define the two types of building by modern typological classifications (primarily by the presence or absence of an exercise court, a palaestra) is inherently flawed and has met with little acceptance.¹³ Since ancient evidence can be adduced in support of all but the last of these possibilities, confusion prevails.

The search for firm and universally applicable definitions that take into account and accord with all the ancient material is therefore unrealistic for these terms. Instead, it has to be accepted that usage often varies from writer to writer and even within the works of individual authors. Martial is a case in point. He speaks of the city's 'three *thermae*' in obvious reference to the large-scale public establishments of Agrippa, Nero, and Titus (which he consistently labels *thermae* when he names them individually), but he then applies the word to private bath suites in people's villas.¹⁴ Since it is unlikely that the private *thermae* he mentions were on the huge scale of the imperial establishments, size cannot be his chief criterion of distinction; nor can ownership, since he applies the term *thermae* to private and public facilities alike. What, if anything, lies behind the differentiation in Martial's eyes? In several passages, the poet seems to indicate that, for him, the defining feature of *thermae* was luxury of environment, especially as manifested in elaborate decoration.

Non silice duro structilive caemento
nec latere cocto, quo Samiramis longam
Babylona cinxit, Tucca balneum fecit:
sed strage nemorum pineaque compage,
ut navigare Tucca balneo possit.
idem beatas lautus extruit thermas
de marmore omni, quod Carystos invenit,
quod Phrygia Synnas, Afra quod Nomas misit
et quod virenti fonte lavit Eurotas.
sed ligna desunt: subice balneum thermis.
(9.75)

[Tucca did not make his *balneum* of hard stone or concrete or burnt brick, with which Samiramis girdled the length of Babylon, but with the wreckage of woods and a framework of pine, so that Tucca could go to sea in his *balneum*. The same luxurious Tucca constructed fine *thermae* of every marble that Carystus discovered, that Phrygian Synnas or African Numidia exported, that Eurotas laved with his verdant stream. But wood is lacking: put the *balneum* under the *thermae*. (trans. adapted)]

¹¹ Thus the Loeb translation of Seneca (J.W. Basore, 1932) translates *balnearia et thermas* (*Dial.* 9.9.7) as 'cold baths and hot baths.' Note also that D.R. Shackleton Bailey's recent Loeb Classical Library edition of Martial (1993) frequently renders *thermae* as 'warm baths' (e.g., at *Spect.* 2.5–7; *Ep.* 2.14.11–13, 2.78, 3.25). For heated *balnea*, however, see, e.g., Petron. *Sat.* 41; Sen. *Ep.* 86.10; Pliny *HN* 11.99, 23.54, 25.77, 31.40, 31.102; Pliny *Ep.* 3.14; Plut. *Mar.* 12.4. Inscriptions also describe heated baths (with hypocausts) as *balnea* or *balneum*.

¹² For size, see, e.g., Meiggs, 416; F. Yegül, 'The Small City Bath in Classical Antiquity and a Reconstruction Study of Lucian's "Baths of Hippias,"' *ArchCl* 31 (1979): 108–31. For ownership, see, e.g., Shackleton Bailey's Loeb Classical Library edition of Martial (1993), vol. 1, p.14, note b.

¹³ See Nielsen, esp. 1.3, and the reviews of J. DeLaine ('Roman Baths and Bathing,' *JRA* 6 [1993]: 348–58); G.G. Fagan (*Hermathena* 152 [1992]: 100–105); and F. Yegül (*AJA* 97 [1993]: 185–86).

¹⁴ *Mart.* 2.14.13, 10.51.12 (three *thermae*); 2.48.8, 3.20.15–16, 3.36.1–6, 7.34 (individually named *thermae*); 2.78, 9.75, 10.79.3–4, 11.51 (private *thermae*).

For the sake of effect, the juxtaposition here – a wooden *balneum* contrasted to a stone and finely marbled *thermae*, which, admittedly, may be a public bath of some size – is particularly stark. But the basic point is clear enough: the *thermae* were luxuriously appointed; the *balneum* was not. (The joke lies in Martial's suggestion that the *balneum* used to heat the *thermae*, when he recommends that the former be burnt in the hypocaust under the latter.) Comparable is the poem about one Torquatus who builds (apparently private) *thermae* 'of varied marble' (*vario de marmore*), in contrast to his poor neighbor, who can only build a cooking pot (10.79). The most extensive description of a *thermae*-style bathhouse in Martial is that of the Baths of Etruscus, which were lavishly appointed and featured a myriad of marbles and other stones, fine lighting, and excellent water quality (6.42). It may seem significant at first glance that Martial calls these baths *thermulae*, 'little *thermae*,' possibly implying that size did in some way feature in his definition of *thermae*. It could be argued that Martial thought that the lavish decoration had earned Etruscus' baths the label *thermae*, but the building was on a smaller scale than he would normally associate with *thermae* proper. The requirements of poetic meter, however, cannot be ignored here. *Thermulae* is a rare word in Latin,¹⁵ so it is quite possible that Martial used it primarily out of metrical considerations, with only secondary concern for its semantics. As a reminder of the inconsistency across the sources, it should be noted that Statius denotes Etruscus' facility with the word *balnea* (*Silv.* 1.5.13).

Altogether, Martial can be seen to apply the term *thermae* to buildings that were lavishly and luxuriously decorated, whether they were large-scale imperial facilities or finely furnished and presumably smaller private establishments. *Balnea*, in contrast, appear as simpler, more run-of-the-mill bathhouses. Scrutiny of the appearance of the two terms in a variety of sources points to a broad chronological distinction that may have influenced Martial's use of them in these passages. No Republican source applies the word *thermae* to a bathhouse; rather, *balneum*, *balnea*, and *balneae* are preferred.¹⁶ In fact, the term *thermae* does not appear until the first century A.D., and then it is used only in reference to a private facility.¹⁷ In Martial's day, it seems that *balnea* was (widely?) used to denote baths of the older Republican type. It can therefore be postulated that calling baths *thermae* came into fashion only in the first century A.D., when bathing luxury was on the rise, and when bath decoration, in particular, was getting increasingly lavish (see *Sen. Ep.* 86.6–7, 90.25). Given the splendor of the imperial *thermae*, it is hardly surprising that they were thus called and that, given their size, scale also came to be associated with the word. But truly magnificent private baths, although on a smaller scale than the imperial facilities, could also earn the title; indeed, it seems initially to have been applied only to private baths.¹⁸ From this perspective, whether baths were termed *thermae* or *balnea* approaches a value judgment, rendering all but futile the search for defining characteristics of either 'type' in the scale or form of surviving remains. In

¹⁵ It is also found in an inscription from Lugudunum advertising *thermulae salutare*, which were probably fed by hot springs.

¹⁶ See, e.g., Varro *Ling.* 9.68; Cic. *Cael.* 61–67.

¹⁷ It is used in reference to the *thermae* of Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus, consul in 32 (*PIR*² D 127). Seneca the Elder (*Controv.* 9.4.18) reports the words of Vallius Syriacus, a contemporary of Domitius. Note that Seneca the Younger also applies the term only to private baths, on the two occasions when he uses it (*Dial.* 9.9.7 and *Ep.* 122.8). Exactly when the word came to denote large-scale public facilities is unclear. An inscription from Spain commemorating the construction of *thermae* has been dated by letterform to the Augustan period, but it may stem from any time in the first century A.D.

¹⁸ Privately owned *thermae* are known at Rome from various sources, but it is often unclear whether or not they were open to the public: e.g., known from Regio VI are the *Thermae Novati*, *Olympiadis*, *Sallustianae*, *Tiberianae*, and *Timothei*. Known from Regio V are the *Thermae Helenianae*, probably a part of an Imperial-era villa complex.

all likelihood, there was a wide latitude of personal choice in what one called a bathhouse – hence the confusion and contradiction in the sources – and one suspects that a tendency to grandiloquence could prevail, in that calling an establishment *thermae* added an air of sophistication to an otherwise nondescript facility. A parallel is provided by a change in the nomenclature of places where gladiatorial spectacles were staged, from *spectaculum* to *amphitheatrum*. As with *balneum* and its variants, *spectaculum* was a plainer term that denoted both the activity and its locus, whereas *amphitheatrum*, like *thermae*, had a sophisticated Greek sound to it.¹⁹ So although Martial does not definitively solve the semantic problem of *thermae* and *balnea*, he does offer a thread that may assist in making future headway through the terminological labyrinth.

Martial provides little information about *balnea*. He names them occasionally, mentioning the Balnea of Stephanus near his house, the Balnea of Charinus, the Balnea of Lupus, Gryllus, Faustus, and Fortunatus (which may have been known as ‘The Four Baths’), and the Balnea of Tigellinus – the latter apparently quite splendid, since they find mention in the same breath as the Thermae of Titus and Agrippa.²⁰ Many of these establishments appear to have been situated in the Campus Martius: Martial reports that when Silius is out hunting dinner invitations, he spends his day in that part of the city, at the Thermae of Agrippa, at the Balnea of Lupus, Gryllus, Faustus, and Fortunatus, and at various other public landmarks.²¹ Likewise, Martial’s house was located on a spur of the Quirinal Hill overlooking the Campus, so that the Balnea of Stephanus can be located in much the same vicinity. No doubt, however, *balnea* of varying quality could be found all over Martial’s Rome, as the Regionaries make clear for a later age. What architectural features distinguished the older *balnea*-type of bathhouse from *thermae* can no longer be ascertained with certainty in every case, since the two terms were so liberally applied to baths of various types. But if we can draw reliable implications from the relatively few Republican baths that have been investigated and published (often incompletely) – for example, those in Campania at Pompeii, Herculaneum, Cumae, and Caes – *balnea* were rather functional, poorly lit facilities sporting stucco, rather than marble, decoration and lacking statuary and other ornate refinements.²² When commenting on the gloomy and windy baths in Rome,

¹⁹ *Spectaculum* is amply attested in Republican sources as denoting the place for the staging of spectacles: see, e.g., Plaut. *Curc.* 647; Cic. *Har. resp.* 22 and *Sest.* 124; *CIL* 10.852 = *ILS* 5627 (Pompeii; ca. 80 B.C.). In contrast, *amphitheatrum* only appears in the Augustan period: see Vitruv. 1.7.1; *RG* 22.3; *AE* 1938.110 (Luceria; ca. 2 B.C.). See R. Étienne, ‘La naissance de l’amphithéâtre: Le mot et la chose,’ *REL* 43 (1966): 213–20.

²⁰ See Mart. 11.52.4, 14.60 (Stephanus); 7.34 (Charinus); 1.59.3, 2.14.12 (Lupus and Gryllus); 2.14.11 (Faustus and Fortunatus); 5.70.4 (‘Four Baths’); 3.20.16 (Tigellinus). It should be noted that reference to a *balnea* of Charinus might be a joke: the name *Charinus* is attested only three times at Rome and seems to have denoted ‘pervert,’ in much the same way that the names *Don Juan* and *Casanova* denote a romantic lover today. In all, dozens of *balnea* can be named from Rome, though hardly a trace of any survives (or, at least, few have been published).

²¹ Mart. 2.14.11–13; see Sullivan, 151–53. Graffiti from Pompeii’s basilica expresses the hopes of Campanian counterparts to Silius: ‘Whoever invites me to dinner – let him prosper’ (*CIL* 4.1937); ‘Hey, L. Isticadus – whoever does not invite me to dinner is, as far as I’m concerned, a barbarian’ (*CIL* 4.1880).

²² The stucco decorative schemes of the Stabian Baths, retained even after the earthquake of 62, are a good model of Republican modesty. Stucco per se could be lavish and refined (as in this case), but when compared to the marble paneling, mosaics, metal fittings, and statuary of later baths, it surely appeared less impressive to the ancient visitor; on stucco, see J.-P. Adam, *Roman Building: Materials and Techniques* (Bloomington, IN, 1994), 224–27. The first baths associated with decorative statuary are the Thermae of Agrippa at Rome; see Pliny *HN* 34.62. Pliny also lists these baths as equipped with marbles and paintings (35.26), but he notes that they were conservatively decorated when compared to later excesses (36.189). Similar sentiments about simple Republican baths are expressed by Seneca (*Ep.* 86.4–5).

Martial is probably referring to older baths of this sort, and he calls them *balnea*, not *thermae* (1.59, 2.14.11–13).

Fashionable and Unfashionable Baths

Martial liked to go to the *Thermae* of Titus. The demands placed on him by the duties of *clientela*, however, forced him on occasion to frequent the *Thermae* of Agrippa, the preferred facility of one of his patrons. The *Thermae* of Nero, renowned for their luxury, appear to have been too hot for his liking, although he was not unfamiliar with them. As an alternative to these monumental establishments, Martial used the *Balnea* of Stephanus, where he would meet dinner guests invited to his townhouse, which was nearby. But above the lot stood the *Thermulae* of Etruscus, so luxurious that the poet could claim, ‘if you don’t bathe in the little *thermae* of Etruscus, Oppianus, you will die unwashed.’²³ Canius Rufus, a friend and patron of Martial’s, could be found at the *Thermae* of Agrippa or the *Balnea* of Tigellinus (3.20.15–16), while one Fabianus apparently frequented the *Thermae* of Nero (12.83).

These passages clearly reflect personal preferences for particular facilities, but they also point to a deeper social circumstance: a broad differentiation between baths considered fashionable and unfashionable. Clearly Etruscus’ baths were the height of luxury, and Martial’s poem seems to act as a sort of advertisement for them, perhaps designed to attract customers from among those who read it (although it is unclear whether these baths were open to the public or not). Seneca (*Ep.* 86.8) caustically comments that once popular baths would be quickly abandoned if a newer establishment sporting some novel luxury started doing business, and Ammianus Marcellinus (28.4.10) notes that it was common in polite society to inquire of a stranger what baths he used. That these notices are centuries apart seems to reflect a longstanding tradition in Rome whereby it was chic to be seen in certain baths rather than in others, perhaps analogous to the rating of nightclubs or restaurants among modern socialites. Indeed, Seneca’s comment, even if no doubt exaggerated, suggests a faddish pattern of behavior more commonly associated with modern popular culture.

Martial is even more instructive when he provides evidence for the other side of the coin. Of Selius, who roots out dinner invitations from among the city’s public haunts, he writes:

Nec Fortunati spernit nec balnea Fausti
nec Grylli tenebras Aeoliamque Lupi:
nam thermis iterum ternis iterumque lavatur.
(2.14.11–13)

[Nor does he scorn the *balnea* of Fortunatus nor those of Faustus, nor yet the gloom of Gryllus and Lupus’ Aeolian cavern. As for the three *thermae*, he uses them again and again. (trans. adapted)]

The joke is partly on the quality of the dinner Selius could expect from the users of such dingy baths, but Martial appears to assume that his audience would pick up on the names of the places and so identify with his characterization of their facilities. If this supposition is correct, these places were apparently baths of proverbial grubbiness, at least in the circles in which Martial moved. A similar assumption can be seen to stand behind a poem written from Baiae.

Dat mihi Baiana quadrantes sportula centum.
inter delicias quid facit ista fames?

²³ Mart. 3.36.5–6 (*Thermae* of Titus vs. Agrippa); 3.25 (*Thermae* of Nero), 10.48.3–4 (too hot); 2.48, 7.34.4–5 (luxurious); 12.83 (familiar); 11.52.4, 14.60 (Baths of Stephanus); 6.42 (Baths of Etruscus). See also Stat. *Silv.* 1.5.

reddē Lupi nobis tenebrosa quae balnea Grylli:
tam male cum cenem, cur bene, Flacce, laver?

(1.59)

[The dole at Baiae presents me with a hundred farthings. What is such poverty doing amid luxury? give me back the murky baths of Lupus and Gryllus. When my dinner's this bad, why should my bath be so good?]

Just as the baths at Baiae are presented as a byword for splendor, so the Balnea of Lupus and Gryllus are presented as their antitheses.²⁴ What these baths were really like can only be guessed at. Martial's references, when coupled with the remains of Republican baths in Campania or the small corner bathhouse depicted in a fragment of the Severan Marble Map, offer clues that such baths were small, dark (Gryllus), drafty (Lupus), and generally unpleasant.²⁵ It is clear that, as far as Martial was concerned, they were below serious consideration and used only by the desperate.

The evidence seems clear enough that a sense of fashion surrounded what baths were 'in' and what baths were not. If, like Silius, you visited a lesser facility, you were open to the sort of ridicule from which Martial made his living. The details of this fashion are lost to us, and any attempt to reconstruct it must be speculative,²⁶ but its very existence, as alluded to in the sources presented above, is noteworthy and suggests something of the vitality of bath culture in Martial's Rome.

Dinner Parties and Invitations

One of the salient social functions of baths in Martial's writings and elsewhere is that they act as meeting places for dinner guests. Given the shape of the Roman day, this function is not surprising. The working day usually ended at about noon, and the main meal of the day was not taken until the late afternoon or early evening. The baths were therefore an excellent way to fill in the intervening period, and in any case, bathing conditions were best in the early and middle parts of the afternoon.²⁷ Bathing after a meal was not unknown, although it was not recommended: Juvenal (1.139–46) alludes to the bather who meets a sudden end after entering the bath with a stomach full of undigested peacock; the combination, it seems, proved lethal.²⁸

²⁴ For Baiae's reputation for luxury and excellent baths, see P. Howell, *A Commentary on Book One of the Epigrams of Martial* (London, 1980), 245–46; Dunbabin, 'Baiaurum Grata Voluptas'; Yegül, 93–94; id., 'The Thermo-Mineral Complex at Baiae and De Balneis Puteolanis,' *ArtB* 78 (1996): 137–61.

²⁵ For the corner bath on the Marble Map, see *FUR* fr. 25 [pl. XXV]; Rodríguez Almeida, *Forma Urbis Marmorea*, fr. 25 [pl. XVIII].

²⁶ For instance, did the modest *balneum* depicted on the Marble Map (see previous note) as standing near the Horrea Lolliana alongside the Tiber in Regio XIII cater mainly to dockworkers? Unfortunately, the mere location of a bath is not the most secure basis for drawing conclusions about the nature of its clientele.

²⁷ For the shape of the day, see Mart. 4.8; Cic. *Deiot.* 17 and *Vat.* 31; J.P.V.D. Balsdon, *Life and Leisure in Ancient Rome* (London, 1969), 17–26; F. Dupont, *Daily Life in Ancient Rome* (Oxford, 1992), 188–90; Laurence, 122–32. The eighth hour, the exact time of which varied according to the season (see E.J. Bickerman, *Chronology of the Ancient World*² [London, 1980], 13–16), was optimal for bathing, as is clear from references in Martial (in some cases when he complains about bathing late, at the tenth hour): 3.36.1–6 (tenth hour), 4.8, 10.48.1–6, 10.70.13–14 (tenth hour), 11.52.1–4. The habit of bathing before a meal is abundantly attested in other sources spanning the Imperial period: e.g., Val. Max. 9.5.3; Petron. *Sat.* 130; Pliny *HN* 14.139; Pliny *Ep.* 3.1.7–8, 3.5.9–11; Juv. 6.419–26; Anon. *Life of Aesop* 2, 3, 38–39, 67; Apul. *Met.* 5.2–3, 8.7, 8.29, 10.13; Ath. 1.5e; Luc. *Gall.* 9; Lib. *Or.* 1.85, 1.108, 1.174, 1.183. For the time of the best bathing conditions, see Mart. 10.48.1–6; Vitruv. 5.10.1.

²⁸ For nonfatal postprandial bathing, see Hor. *Epist.* 1.6.61; Petron. *Sat.* 72–73; Persius 3.96–99. Eating too soon after bathing could also be perilous; see Pliny *HN* 7.183.

Martial frequently alludes to friends meeting in the baths before adjourning to the dining couch. The examples are too repetitive to enumerate in detail, but two examples will be illustrative. Julius Cerealis is encouraged to meet Martial at the Balnea of Stephanus before enjoying a modest but pleasant meal at the poet's house, which is nearby. Elsewhere, Martial counts his dinner guests as he waits for them to assemble at the baths; he realizes there is room for one more and adds Lupus to his list.²⁹ Presumably, Lupus would only learn of his belated invitation when he showed up at the baths, a circumstance that provides Martial with a subject for several cutting poems: the unpopular or indigent dinner-hunter who scours the baths and harasses the bathers in search of dinner invitations. We have already met Seliu, who stoops from the fine *thermae* to notoriously disagreeable establishments in search of the desired invitation. But none appears more annoying than Menogenes, the sycophant who, leechlike, attaches himself to his victim and torments him with inane praise until the invitation is reluctantly proffered.

Effugere in thermis et circa balnea non est
 Menogenen, omni tu licet arte velis.
 captabit tepidum dextra laevaue trigonem,
 imputet exceptas ut tibi saepe pilas.
 colliget et referet laxum de pulvere follem,
 etsi iam lotus, iam soleatus erit.
 linthea si sumes, nive candidiora loquetur,
 sint licet infantis sordidiora sinu.
 exiguos secto comentem dente capillos
 dicet Achilleas disposuisse comas.
 fumosae feret ipse propin de faece lagonae
 frontis et umorem colliget usque tuae.
 omnia laudabit, mirabitur omnia, donec
 perpessus dicas taedia mille 'Veni!'

(12.82)

[To escape Menogenes in the *thermae* and around the *balnea* is not possible, try what device you will. He will grab at the warm trigon-ball with right and left so that he can often score a point to you for the balls he catches. He'll collect from the dust and bring back the loose follis-ball, even if he has already bathed and already put on his slippers. If you take your towels, he'll say they are whiter than snow, though they be dirtier than a baby's bib. As you comb your scanty hair with the split ivory, he'll say you have arranged the locks of Achilles. He'll fetch you an aperitif with his own hands from the dregs of a smoky flagon and continually wipe the moisture from your forehead. He'll praise everything, admire everything, until after enduring a thousand annoyances you say: 'Come to dinner.' (trans. adapted)]

It is a sign of how desperate and how annoying Menogenes is that, although washed, dried, and dressed, he returns to the palaestra and interferes with Martial's ball games at the start of the poet's bathing ritual. At the other end of the spectrum is Dento, formerly a regular at Martial's dinner table, who now avoids the poet in the baths and refuses his invitations – because he has found a better class of dinner host (5.44.1–8). The dinner-invitation custom was, of course, a two-way street. Certain bathers would only choose their dinner guests from those they met at the baths, giving Martial the opportunity to imply that, in at least one case, selection was made on the basis of homosexual attraction (1.23).

Other sources provide often amusing vignettes that play on the social custom of bathing before the day's main meal. Plutarch (*Mor.* 707E) evokes the predicament

²⁹ Mart. 11.52.1–4 (Cerealis), 10.48.1–6 (Lupus). For other predinner baths, see 2.14.11–13, 2.40, 3.44.12–15, 6.53, 9.19, 12.87 (?).

of the 'shadow,' the man secondarily invited to a dinner party by one of the guests: he cannot go directly to the meal without his sponsor, nor does he want to play the part of the man's bath attendant. Petronius (*Sat.* 26–28) portrays the tasteless vulgarity of Trimalchio's bath before his even more vulgar dinner party. Trimalchio, whose guests are gathering at a public bathing facility, is first encountered by Petronius' heroes as he plays ball games with attractive boys in the palaestra. Later he is depicted bathing luxuriously with fine accoutrements as he is attended by slaves who drink and squabble. The *Life of Aesop* illustrates yet another possibility: the unplanned dinner party that grows out of a chance meeting of friends in the public baths. One of the pet motifs of the *Life* is the slave Aesop outwitting his master, Xanthus. When Aesop is ordered to do exactly as he is told following a period of rebelliousness, he takes to doing tasks precisely as asked of him and no more (a practice analogous to what would be termed in modern union circles 'working to rule'). When Xanthus sets out for the baths and orders Aesop to bring along the towels and oil flask, Aesop complies. At the baths, Xanthus asks for oil and is handed an empty oil flask. Xanthus, Aesop points out, had only ordered that the oil flask, not the oil, be brought to the baths. Xanthus' fury abates when he spots some of his friends in the establishment and spontaneously decides to invite them home for dinner. He orders Aesop to return home and 'prepare lentil,' with predictable results (Anon. *Life of Aesop* 38–41). While such puerility may debar the *Life of Aesop* from inclusion in the classical canon, it provides unusually direct testimony for daily life among the less-vaunted inhabitants of the ancient world. Xanthus' spontaneous dinner invitation to friends encountered in the baths is portrayed here in intimate detail and yet in a casual manner, as it was such an everyday occurrence. It also provides another detail for the overall association of baths and dinner parties discernible so clearly through Martial's verses.

Nudity and Male/Female Mixed Bathing

Martial and a chorus of other sources strongly imply that nudity was the norm in the baths.³⁰ In most of these sources, the word used to denote the unclothed state is *nudus*. This term, however, did not necessarily mean absolute nakedness but applied also to situations where people were stripped of their usual clothing and were thus improperly or scantily dressed.³¹ To what extent bathers wore clothes at all remains, then, a debated issue among modern scholars, but one we need not delve into here in any detail.³² To be sure, some sources mention bathing robes (e.g., Dio 77[78].4.3; HA *Alex. Sev.* 42.1), but they appear to have been worn in the palaestra or on the way home from the baths, not in the interior of the establishment. States of improper dress in the baths, if not complete nudity, stand behind the conservative prohibition on fathers bathing with adolescent sons or on sons-in-law bathing with fathers-in-law.

On Martial's part, absolute nakedness is clearly attested in his portrayal of life at the baths, such as when he suggests to a friend that if he hears applause in the

³⁰ See, e.g., Mart. 1.23, 3.3, 3.51, 3.68, 3.72, 6.93.7–10, 9.33, 11.22, 11.51, 11.63, 12.83; Cic. *Cael.* 62 and *Fam.* 9.22.4 (= SB 189); Sen. *Ep.* 122.6; Juv. 11.156–58; Petron. *Sat.* 30, 73, 92; Suet. *Aug.* 94.4; HA *Heliogab.* 8.6. The practice may have been picked up from Greek gymnasia; see Plut. *Cat. Maj.* 20.8.

³¹ For instance, soldiers or gladiators stripped of their weapons were described as *nudi*; see, e.g., Caes. *B Gall.* 1.25.4; Sen. *Controv.* 9.6.2.

³² The issue is discussed in most modern treatments of Roman bathing: see, e.g., Merten, 87–88; Nielsen, 1.140–44; Yegül, 34–35. A recent study suggests that total nudity may have prevailed only during the act of cleaning itself, but the evidence presented for clothed bathers appears to be restricted to the palaestra – the situation in the interior of the baths is far less clear; see C.H. Hallett, 'The Roman Heroic Portrait' (Ph.D. dissertation, University of California at Berkeley, 1993), 90–99. Note that in a mosaic from Piazza Armerina, a completely naked bather is being oiled by two naked attendants.

bathing rooms, it is probably a response to the appearance there of Maro's member (9.33). In fact, in Martial's eyes, to use the baths clothed, even partially, was to draw attention to oneself.

Menophili penem tam grandis fibula vestit
ut sit comoedis omnibus una satis.
hunc ego credideram – nam saepe lavamur in unum –
sollicitum voci parcere, Flacce, suae:
dum ludit media populo spectante palaestra,
delapsa est misero fibula: verpus erat.

(7.82)

[So large a sheath covers Menophilus' penis that it would be enough by itself for all our comic actors. I had supposed (we often bathe together) that he was anxious to spare his voice, Flaccus. But while he was in a game in the middle of the sportsground with everybody watching, the sheath slipped off the poor soul: he was circumcised.]

Given the prevailing atmosphere of nakedness at the baths – be it complete or partial – the attested bathing together of men and women comes as a shock to many modern sensibilities, as well as to some ancient ones (see, e.g., Pliny *HN* 33.153; Quint. *Inst.* 5.9.14). Of the few social issues raised by the baths' functioning that have attracted prior scholarly attention, that of mixed bathing has proven among the most divisive and resistant to resolution. That mixed bathing was practiced is hardly in doubt, but disagreement has arisen over its prevalence. As is the case with so many details of the baths' operation – the application of the terms *thermae* and *balnea*, for instance, or the 'typical' degree of nudity – the sources are contradictory. On the one hand, there is testimony for separate bathing wings in Republican baths (possibly even entire establishments reserved for women) or for separate bathing times for men and women; on the other, there is the absence of bathing wings for women in baths of the Imperial period and the reported imperial edicts that banned or permitted mixed bathing, which would imply that it was a widespread habit.³³ Modern reactions to this material have been understandably diverse. It has been suggested that mixed bathing took place only in less respectable establishments, that only prostitutes and lowly women practiced it, or that the habit varied from place to place, with the imperial *thermae* being reserved solely for men. Another view holds that the fashion changed over time: it was unpopular in the Republic, accepted in the early Empire, but unacceptable again after Hadrian's ban. Combinations of these possibilities can also be found in the modern literature.³⁴ But the ancient evidence offers counterpoints to all of these blanket solutions. Women could use the Baths of Trajan, so imperial *thermae* were not off-limits to them; Clement of Alexandria comments that one could meet noble ladies naked in the baths, so less-respectable women were not the mixed baths' only

³³ A sample of the evidence follows. For separate bathing wings, see the Stabian and Forum Baths at Pompeii; or the Forum Baths at Herculaneum; Varr. *Ling.* 9.68; Vitr. 5.10.1. For separate bathing establishments (or possibly wings) for men and women, *Anth. Pal.* 9.620. See also *CIL* 9.1667 (Beneventum; no date); Gell. *NA* 10.3.3 (which may refer to separate wings or to separate baths). For unsegregated baths, see *Anth. Pal.* 9.783 or the remains of any of the imperial *thermae*, the Central Baths at Pompeii, or the Suburban Baths in Herculaneum. For imperial decrees, see Dio 69.8.2; *HA Hadr.* 18.10, *Marc.* 23.8, *Alex. Sev.* 24.2. The comments of Merten (79–100) are perceptive.

³⁴ See Balsdon, *Life and Leisure*, 28 (lowly establishments and less respectable women); Hallett, 'Roman Heroic Portrait,' 103, and Yegül, 33 (less respectable women); H. Blümner, *Die römischen Privataltertümer* (Munich, 1911), 427–28, and J. Carcopino, *Daily Life in Ancient Rome* (London, 1956), 281–82 (imperial *thermae* for men only); Merten, 79–100 (variation over time); Nielsen, 1.147–48 (variation over time and less respectable women).

female patrons; and strict chronological boundaries between periods of acceptability (or not) for mixed bathing are hard to establish.³⁵

The best solution to this problem is not to seek an umbrella solution at all but to accept that in all likelihood mixed bathing varied from region to region or even from establishment to establishment, much in the same way that nude sunbathing is variously practiced on the beaches of modern Europe. Whether one went to a mixed bath or not was a matter of personal choice, and the empire no doubt contained baths to suit the tastes of both the prude and the pervert.³⁶ Such a situation pertained in the Byzantine world, for instance, where written sources make it clear that baths with separate wings for men and women could be found, as could places where men and women bathed together. A striking illustration of the latter is the story told by John Moschus (ca. 550–619) about the lustful nun of Alexandria who, possessed by a demon, would enter baths and tempt laymen and even priests to perform sex acts with her. Aroused clerics were so obsessed with the seductive nun that their sleep was marred by nocturnal emissions.³⁷ Clearly, the context of mixed bathing is not clear-cut here, since there were opportunities for separate bathing or for mixed bathing, as one felt the need.

As far as Martial was concerned, bathing with women was a matter of course (2.52, 3.51, 3.72, 6.93, 7.35, 11.47.1–2, 11.75). In fact, he is amazed when women who express a sexual interest in him refuse to share a bath; in one instance he ruminates in graphic detail over the possible physical defects afflicting such a woman – and concludes that she may just be an idiot (3.72; compare 3.51). (This poem also leaves no doubt that men and women could bathe together completely naked.) Martial evidently thought it odd, even puzzling, for a woman *not* to bathe in the company of men. One recent view questions Martial's reliability in this regard by pointing out the satiric nature of his poetry. Since he is satirizing women who bathe with men, his statements cannot be taken at face value.³⁸ It is important, however, to be clear about what Martial is satirizing in these verses. He lampoons women at the baths, to be sure, but never for the mere fact of their presence there. Instead, he casts barbs at them for a variety of reasons: for not bathing with him (3.51, 3.72), for having large breasts (2.52), for being malodorous (6.93), or for bringing male slave attendants who are not completely naked, itself a suggestive comment on the degree of expected nudity at the baths Martial visited (7.35, 11.75). The context of the mixed baths appears in these poems as just that: an unremarkable backdrop for Martial's main jokes.³⁹ Nothing in these passages supports the view that the women in question were all prostitutes or of low social standing. Altogether, there can be little doubt that, for Martial, bathing with women was the norm.

³⁵ As to chronological boundaries, do the women who use public baths in Cicero (*Cael.* 62) or Ovid (*Ar. Am.* 3.638–40) reflect Republican norms? Inscriptions for separate bathing hours date from the Imperial period and derive from very particular contexts.

³⁶ R. Bowen Ward ('Women in Roman Baths,' *HTHR* 85 [1992]: 125–47) comes to similar conclusions, although perhaps overestimating the commonness of the mixed bathing habit. See also C.S. Sommer, 'Waren Frauen in der Römerzeit schmutziger als Männer? Überlegungen zur Eintrittspreisgestaltung in römischen Thermen,' *Fundberichte aus Baden-Württemberg* 21 (1996): 301–6.

³⁷ On the lustful nun, see John Moschus, *Pratum Spirituale* (for text, see E. Mioni, 'Il Pratum Spirituale di Giovanni Mosco: Gli episodi inediti del Cod. Marciano greco II, 21,' *OCP* 17 [1951]: 92–93 [no. 11]). For an overview of Byzantine baths as represented in written sources, including references to segregated bathing of the sexes, see H.J. Magoulas, 'Bathhouse, Inn, Tavern, Prostitution, and the Stage as Seen in the Lives of the Saints of the Sixth and Seventh Centuries,' *EpetByz* 38 (1971): 233–38.

³⁸ See Yegül, 33.

³⁹ The suggestion that these poems reflect 'numerous [bath] scandals in Domitian's reign' seems exaggerated; see J.C. Anderson Jr., 'The Date of the *Thermae Traiani* and the Topography of the *Oppidus Mons*,' *AJA* 89 (1985): 502 n. 16.

Paradoxically, this conclusion does indeed raise a valid reason for hesitation in applying Martial's evidence to society at large, and it has nothing to do with the satirical purpose of his verses. Martial's sexual mores, so far as they can be reconstructed, were hardly monkish.⁴⁰ For such a man, and perhaps for his circle of friends, bathing with women was a regular occurrence. But for others, this need not have been the case. Pliny's objections to mixed baths (*HN* 33.153) have already been noted, but there are hints even in Martial's verses that mixed bathing was not to everyone's taste. Those women who refuse to bathe with the poet are a good example. So is Lattara, the man who avoids the 'baths frequented by the feminine cohorts' (Mart. 11.47.1–2: *omnia femineis quare dilecta catervis / balnea devitat Lattara?*). Lattara and Martial's 'prudish' women exercise a personal choice. Evidently, there were places they could go to bathe without running into the opposite sex. Martial also gives a hint that even in mixed baths there could be 'women's recesses' (7.35.7: *feminei recessus*) of uncertain function, although the context leaves it unclear whether these rooms were to be found in the baths or elsewhere. At one point Martial also warns the upright Roman woman (*matrona*) to beware his verses, full of naked men at the baths (3.68.1–4). Presumably, Martial, who preferred to bathe with women, wrote about the environment he was familiar with and so gives the impression that everyone shared his view, which is not necessarily the case.⁴¹ It is impossible to say whether Martial represents the majority opinion. Certainly there is evidence that women and men (especially husbands and wives) did bathe together, imperial decrees against mixed bathing were issued by Hadrian and other emperors, and some church fathers felt compelled to proscribe it expressly, all of which leads to the conclusion that the habit was, if not widespread, at least noticeably popular.

The final verdict on this knotty question must be that whether one bathed in mixed baths or not was a matter of choice: the city (and empire) contained establishments to suit every taste, and depending on the source one reads, the habit will appear unremarkable or objectionable, hence the overall contradictory nature of the evidence. There is no question of a simple or universal solution, but we must rather think in terms of regional, chronological, and even facility-by-facility variation. Roman bathing culture was more varied and vibrant than blanket solutions to such thorny questions have tended to assume.

Irritating Bathers

Martial refers occasionally to irritating fellow-bathers, of whom the dinner-hunting Menogenes is a prime example ... But there are other types.⁴² Before he became rich, Aper used to harangue drinkers at the baths, demanding that the cups be smashed and the wine poured away (12.70.5–6); Fabianus was in the habit of making fun of bathers with hernias, until he got one himself (12.83); and some bathers displayed objectionable habits that made life for their fellows less than agreeable (e.g., 2.42; 2.70; 6.81). Martial, being a well-known poet around town, was subject to a unique irritation in the form of the aspirant poet Ligurinus, who hounded him relentlessly with his atrocious verse.

Et stanti legis et legis sedenti,
currenti legis et legis cacanti.
in thermas fugio: sonas ad aurem.

⁴⁰ See Sullivan, 185–210.

⁴¹ This caveat hardly applies to all of Martial's evidence for the social functioning of baths, since, as shown above, abundant evidence often corroborates his allusions. In the case of women at the baths, however, where other evidence is contradictory, Martial's personal proclivities have to be given serious consideration.

⁴² See Plut. *Mor.* 61C–D, 62A, for flatterers who hang about the baths.

piscinam peto: non licet natare.
 ad cenam propero: tenes euntem.
 ad cenam venio: fugas edentem.
 (3.44.10–15; see also 3.45, 3.50)

[You read to me as I stand, you read to me as I sit, you read to me as I run, you read to me as I shit. I flee to the baths: you boom in my ear. I head for the pool: I'm not allowed to swim. I hurry to dinner, you stop me in my tracks. I arrive at dinner, you drive me away as I eat.]

Petronius offers corroboration for this particular vignette when Trimalchio, having gotten drunk and moved the party into his private bathing suite, begins to murder some songs at high volume (*Sat.* 73) and when another character almost gets beaten up for inconveniencing the bathers with his poetry as they languish in the pools (*Sat.* 91–92). Seneca, it will be remembered, was able to pick out the voice of the singing bather amidst the general cacophony generated in the baths (*Ep.* 56.2). It seems that then, as now, some bathers liked the sound of their own voices and were not averse to sharing their (often unwelcome) vocal talents with the public.

Violence, Eating, Drinking, Sex, and Thieves: Some Oversights in Martial

Despite his value, Martial should not be thought of as a complete source for the bathing experience. There are some bath-related attitudes and customs that Martial either only perfunctorily alludes to or does not mention at all. For example, it seems from other sources that bathers could get hit as they went about their business. Pliny the Younger records the indignity suffered by Larcus Macedo, a man of praetorian rank but slave ancestry. Macedo was making his way through the crowd at an unspecified public bath in Rome when he was inadvertently slapped by an equestrian, whom one of Macedo's slaves had asked to make way. The blow was so severe that Macedo nearly fell over (*Ep.* 3.14.6–8). Similarly, Seneca, to illustrate the virtue of forgiveness, offers the probably apocryphal story of Cato the Elder being punched while he was at the baths. Afterward, as the perpetrator was apologizing profusely, Cato magnanimously replied, 'I don't recall being hit' (*Dial.* 4.32.2). Centuries later, Libanius records an assault on his bathing companions in Athens, apparently the result of rivalry between schools in the city (*Or.* 1.21). That these incidents were not isolated is suggested by Seneca's comment in comparing the circumstances of life to those in a bathhouse, a crowd, or a roadway: 'some things will be thrown at you, some things will hit you' (*Ep.* 107.2: *quaedam in te mittuntur, quaedam incident*). The situation behind these incidents is, simply, the crowding at the baths. People would be jostling and milling about, especially at the peak hours, and close contact with others was unavoidable. This problem of crowding is why Macedo had a slave with him to clear a path through the mob. And for this same reason, in the *Life of Aesop* (65–67), Xanthus sends Aesop ahead to check on the crowds at the baths before he decides whether or not to venture out himself. The propensity for violence displayed by Romans in such close social interactions is particularly interesting – they appear to have had no hesitation in hitting first and asking questions later, especially when the offender was of lower social status (indeed, Macedo's equestrian assailant had aimed his blow at the offending slave but struck Macedo by mistake). A visit to the baths, it seems, could be more than metaphysically dangerous.⁴³

⁴³ One wonders, in fact, to what degree Romans enjoyed 'comparatively pacific day-to-day relations with each other,' as has recently been claimed; see J.E. Lendon, 'Social Control at Rome,' *CJ* 93 (1997): 87. For the evil eye and other supernatural perils at the baths, see Dunbabin, '*Baiarum Grata Voluptas*,' 33–46.

Martial is not particularly informative about other bath-related circumstances as well. He rarely makes it explicit, for instance, that he regards baths as a key element in daily life. He does drop occasional hints, however, such as when he produces a stripped-down list of life's necessities.

Coponem laniumque balneumque,
tonsorem tabulamque calculosque
et paucos, sed ut eligam, libellos:
unum non nimium rudem sodalem
et grandem puerum diuque levem
et caram puero meo puellam:
haec praesta mihi, Rufe, vel Butuntis,
et thermas tibi habe Neronianas.

(2.48)

[An innkeeper, a butcher, a *balneum*, a barber, a board and pieces, and a few little books (but I must choose them), one friend not too new, a large boy smooth-cheeked for a long time to come, and a girl of whom my boy is fond: give me these, Rufus, even at Butunti, and keep Nero's *thermae*. (trans. adapted)]

(Note, by the way, the implied distinction between *balneum*, meaning here something like 'a simple bath,' and the luxury and sophistication of Nero's *thermae*.) Elsewhere, baths feature in Martial's daily routine (4.8, 7.76) and in that of others (3.30.4), and the essentially social nature of the habit stands behind his disparaging comments on people who bathe alone (11.51, 12.50.1–3). The baths are also presented as the haunts of commoners and are included among the places where Martial, musing on the unsophisticated life, would spend his day if he were not required to move among the wealthy and influential (5.20). While these mentions of baths are little more than inferences, other sources provide more explicit testimony of the centrality of baths in the daily routine.⁴⁴ One of the quaintest is the forlorn epitaph of C. Domitius Primus, who longs for his earthly pleasures, baths among them, in the afterlife. This simple but eloquent testimony to the central place of baths among the pleasures of the Romans is mirrored in the more famous epitaph of Ti. Claudius Secundus, who declares, 'baths, wine, and sex ruin our bodies, but they are the essence of life.'⁴⁵

Gravestones like these raise other questions when they associate baths, drinking, and sex. It is clear that the latter two joys could be found at the baths. Martial explicitly refers to drinking in the bathhouse only once: Aper, a formerly strident critic of bathing drinkers, after inheriting some money, 'doesn't know how to go home from the baths sober' (12.70.8: *sobrius a thermis nescit abire domum*). This solitary quip is insufficient to assume that consumption of alcohol was a familiar feature of the bathing experience, but it should be noted that other sources comment on the capacity of the heat, humidity, and exercising at the baths to raise a thirst.⁴⁶ What tends to draw the attention of the moralists (and satirists) are those bathers whose drinking they deemed inappropriate. Thus, Petronius reports that Trimalchio is accompanied by slaves who drink wine, and both Seneca and Pliny the Elder comment with evident distaste on the habit.⁴⁷ Broad generalizations, however, should be avoided. It is doubtful that all bathers or even a majority of

⁴⁴ See, e.g., Cic. *Fam.* 14.20.1 (= SB 173; baths are necessary to life and health); Pliny *Ep.* 9.36.4 (baths in Pliny's daily routine).

⁴⁵ *CIL* VI 15258.

⁴⁶ See Ael. Arist. 25.311; Anon. *Life of Aesop* 39; Celsus 1.3.6–7; Pliny *HN* 14.140.

⁴⁷ Petron. *Sat.* 28; Sen. *Ep.* 122.6; Pliny *HN* 14.139–40. See also Quint. *Inst.* 1.6.44.

them would go home the worse for wear from alcohol, but the opportunity was there if one had the means and inclination to avail oneself of it.⁴⁸

Eating at the baths is another activity for which Martial gives only a single hint but that is otherwise attested as quite common. Martial portrays Aemilius as eating eggs, lettuce, and fish at the *thermae* (12.19). Since bathing normally took place before dinner, this sort of snack food appears the most commonly consumed at the baths. There would be little point in eating a large meal at the baths only to face the day's main repast on arrival at dinner (*cena*). So snacks were the order of the day. Direct and striking physical evidence for eating and drinking in baths comes from Caerleon, where the drains of the baths have yielded glass plates, jugs, cups, and fragments of animal bones, presumably remnants of light snacks.⁴⁹ A podium outside the entrance to the Sarno Baths in Pompeii appears to have been an egg seller's stand, and a graffito price list or tally from a room near the vestibule of the Suburban Baths in Herculaneum reads, 'Nuts, drinks – 14; hog's fat – 2; bread – 3; cutlets, for 3 – 12; sausage, for 4 – 8; 51.'⁵⁰ The numbers are prices in *asses* for each item, with the final figure probably a price for an unspecified combination of goods and services. This text painted onto the wall indicates the location of a temporary stall or booth, of a sort attested by inscriptions near the amphitheater at Pompeii.⁵¹ This evidence of a vendor's booth echoes Seneca's complaint about the noises emanating from the baths at Baiae: 'Then there are the varied calls of the cake seller, and the sausageman, and the confectioner and all the peddlers of snacks selling their commodities, each with his own characteristic intonation.'⁵² Other graffiti from the Suburban Baths in Herculaneum make it clear that the food could be eaten on the premises, but one of the schoolbooks suggests that the snacks were purchased on leaving, presumably to be eaten on the way home.⁵³ Altogether, we must imagine stalls or even strolling vendors at or near the entrances to baths, calling out to attract customers, and selling their goods to people as they entered or left the facility. All this evidence demonstrates that eating and drinking could take place at the baths, albeit usually on a small scale.

What can we determine about the occurrence at the baths of sex, the third pleasure listed in the epitaphs of Primus and Secundus? Martial gives no direct indication that sex took place at the baths, though at several junctures he associates bathing with sexual activity, as when, for instance, he wants women who like him to

⁴⁸ Note also that drinking shops are often located near bathhouses, as at Pompeii, where taverns and cookshops are found in close proximity to all three major establishments: 6.8.8, 6.8.9, and 7.4.4 near the entrances to the Forum Baths; 9.1.6, 9.1.8, 9.1.15–16 (on the Strada Stabiana), 8.4.12 (on the Via dell'Abbondanza), and 7.1.1, 7.1.62 (on the corner of the Via dell'Abbondanza and the Vicolo del Lupanare) near the Stabian Baths; 5.1.1, 5.1.32, and 7.2.15 near the Central Baths. A *caupona* opened onto the Palaestra Baths at Pompeii and the entrance to the Suburban Baths yielded evidence of trade in liquids (probably wine); see L. Jacobelli, 'Die Suburbanen Thermen in Pompei: Architektur, Raumfunktion und Ausstattung,' *ArchKorrBl* 23 (1993): 327–29. Written evidence offers corroboration. Fragmentary inscriptions associate *tabernae* and *balnae*, suggesting that the two stood in the same vicinity, if not in the same complex (see *CIL* 9.1667, 10.3161; see also no. 97). Martial depicts Syrus as frittering away an inheritance of ten million sesterces in the *popinae* 'near the Four Baths' (5.70.4: *circa balnea quattuor*), while Nero, on the day his grand *thermae* were dedicated, sang almost naked in a tavern near the new establishment (Phil. *V*A 4.42).

⁴⁹ See Zienkiewicz, *Legionary Fortress Baths*, 98–116 (D. Allen on glass), 225–41 (T.P. O'Connor on animal bones).

⁵⁰ *CIL* IV 10674.

⁵¹ See *CIL* 4.1096 = *ILS* 5921a, *CIL* 4.1096a, *CIL* 4.1097a, *CIL* 4.1097b, *CIL* 4.1115. Like modern street vendors, operators of such booths had to procure licenses from the local authorities; see *Dig.* 18.1.32.

⁵² Sen. *Ep.* 56.2.

⁵³ See also *Colloquia Monacensia* (*CGL* 3.652.10): 'buy for us as we leave the bath minces, lupin seeds, and bitter beans'.

bathe with him, when he comments that some fellow bathers went to the baths to ogle genitals, or when he surmises that a certain Lattara avoids women's baths to avoid the temptation of sex.⁵⁴ In most of these vignettes, the baths appear more as a prelude or accessory to sexual trysts than as an actual setting for them. The poem about Laevina is illustrative. She was a virtuous wife until she went on a tour of Italy and, at Baiae, ran off with a younger man; Martial plays on the image of her being inflamed simultaneously by the heat of the baths and by the heat of passion (1.62). While it is true that the inference partly indicts Baiae, a community reputed for dissolute behavior, the degenerating sexual effect of baths on Laevina cannot be ignored. Clearer is the suggestion offered to Laecania when she comes to the baths with a covered slave to wash her in the pool: that she go away and enjoy the hidden member in private (7.35). The *Life of Aesop* (32) offers a similar vignette. Aesop entices the mistress of the house to buy a handsome slave who can tend to her bathing needs and to her personal ones afterward. In these passages, then, the baths appear to act as an appetizer for the main course.

Other sources, however, leave little doubt that sex could take place in the baths themselves. Ovid depicts the *balnea* of Augustan Rome as favorite meeting places for young lovers, where the girl's chaperone could be left outside (*Ars Am.* 3.638–40), while Ulpian includes baths among the places where adultery could take place (*Dig.* 48.5.10[9].1; compare Quint. *Inst.* 5.9.14). The allegedly depraved dips of the aged Tiberius were infamous (see Suet. *Tib.* 44.1). The changing room of the Suburban Baths at Pompeii has yielded several erotic frescoes depicting various sex acts, apparently making explicit the association of baths with sexual pleasures.⁵⁵ Greek magical papyri contain useful tips on how to attract partners at the baths, not all of which appear particularly promising on the surface: 'To get a certain lover at the baths: rub a tick from a dead dog on the loins'; 'Love spell of attraction: ...Take a pure papyrus and with blood of an ass write the following names and figure, and put in the magical material from the woman you desire. Smear the strip of papyrus with moistened vinegar gum and glue it to the dry vaulted vapor room of a bath, and you will marvel.'⁵⁶ For strong testimony of sex at the baths, graffiti from the Suburban Baths at Herculaneum appear incontrovertible: 'Apelles, chamberlain of the emperor, and Dexter had lunch here most pleasantly and fucked at the same time'. More vigorous still was the visit by the same duo recorded in the following graffiti: 'We, Apelles the Mouse and his brother Dexter, lovingly fucked two women twice'. Assuming that these comments record actual events and are not just lewd fantasies – after all, Roman bathroom graffiti cannot be taken at face value any more than their modern counterparts – these texts leave little doubt that sex took place in the bath building. A less crude graffiti records that a man called Hermeros had been waiting for his lover Primigenia at the baths until he gave up and set out for Puteoli, but not before leaving her a message: 'Hermeros to his mistress Primigenia: come to Puteoli and in the Timinian district ask the banker Messius for Hermeros, son (or slave) of Phoebus'. The room where these graffiti appear is immediately adjacent to the vestibule, suggesting that the activities they record were restricted to a particular part of the bathhouse and were not performed elsewhere in the establishment. It is therefore unlikely that other bathers would have to step over copulating couples to use the facilities.

⁵⁴ See also Mart. 1.96.11–13, 9.33, 11.22.7–10 (voyeurs; compare Petron. *Sat.* 92), 11.47 (Lattara). Martial's tryst with Lydia in *piscina marina* (11.21) cannot with certainty be set in a bathhouse.

⁵⁵ See L. Jacobelli, *Le pitture erotiche delle Terme Suburbane di Pompei* (Rome, 1995), esp. 92–97.

⁵⁶ *PGM*² 127.1–12 (dead dog), 36.69–75 (vapor room). It is not immediately clear from the latter spell, however, whether the woman was to be attracted while at the baths. For other bath-related spells, see *PGM*² 2.44–51, 7.467–77 (casting spells into a furnace of a bathhouse), 36.333 (a spell to be put on the flat stone of a bath), 38.1–26 (a spell to be deposited [?] in baths).

The status of the women involved in these trysts is unclear, but they may have been prostitutes. Certainly, prostitution was not uncommon at baths. Again from the Suburban Baths at Herculaneum comes this graffito: 'Two companions were here and, since they had a thoroughly terrible attendant called Epaphroditus, threw him out onto the street not a moment too soon. They then spent 105½ sesterces most agreeably while they fucked'. The money, not by any means an inconsiderable sum, was apparently paid to prostitutes. Other sources fill out the sordid picture somewhat. A text from Ephesos makes mention of a brothel (παιδισκεῖον) located at the Varius Baths, and the upper level of the Suburban Baths at Pompeii may also have served as such. Evidence that such places existed raises the possibility that some of the rooms of indeterminate function in the remains of larger baths may have served as brothels or prostitutes' cells. In any case, even for baths without specific areas for sex, brothels could be located nearby.⁵⁷ So when Ammianus (28.4.9) reports that late Imperial aristocrats would go to the baths expecting to meet their favorite courtesans there, it is unclear whether the sex would take place at the baths (a definite possibility), at a nearby brothel, at some other location supplied by the courtesan, or at the customer's house. In most cases when prostitutes are said to be active at the baths, it is probably safest to assume that they plied their trade in the establishment itself. As a result, the Jewish Midrash recommends avoiding baths because they are places of prostitution, and Ulpian describes a scam practiced among certain bathmen (*balneatores*) in the provinces who kept slaves attached to their baths ostensibly as clothes guards but really as prostitutes.⁵⁸

Mention of clothes guards raises another facet of life at the baths that Martial only vaguely alludes to: thievery.⁵⁹ This feature of the baths recurs in the sources from Plautus to the *Digest* and so must have been an endemic problem for the baths' owners and customers alike. A wide variety of sources from the intervening period testify to the problem from different perspectives, on one occasion even from that of the thief.⁶⁰ The most direct and poignant evidence, however, comes from the

⁵⁷ The possible location of a brothel over the Suburban Baths is suggested by a wall graffito advertising sex inside (*CIL* 4.1751); see Jacobelli, *Pitture erotiche*, 97. Recently, it has been suggested that the cubicles attached to the Sarno Baths at Pompeii may have been used for sex: see Koloski-Ostrow, 94–95; for a contrary view, see G. Ioppolo, *Le Terme del Sarno a Pompei* (Rome, 1992), 72. The brothels of Pompeii, including the famous example at 7.12.18–20, are all within a short walk from the town's major baths; see Laurence, 70–78, esp. map 5.1 on p.77.

⁵⁸ A.J. Wertheimer, *Batei Midrashot*² (Jerusalem, 1954), 2.143 (I am indebted to E. Dvorjetski for this reference); *Dig.* 3.2.4.2. Prostitutes appear to have been common at or near baths in Byzantine Palestine; see C. Dauphin, 'Brothels, Baths, and Babes: Prostitution in the Byzantine Holy Land,' *Classics Ireland* 3 (1996): 47–72. On Jewish attitudes toward Roman baths, see M. Goodman, *State and Society in Roman Galilee, A.D. 132–212* (Totowa, 1983), 81–84. Note that the records of the baths at Apollinopolis in Egypt include the name of a servant girl who worked there, Sempremakis; see H.C. Youtie, 'Records of a Roman Bath in Upper Egypt,' *AJA* 53 (1949): 268–70 (= id., *Scriptunculae*, vol. 2 [Amsterdam, 1973], 990–93). A parallel situation pertained in medieval Germany, where *Badmädchen*, supposedly employed to wash and massage customers and to tend to the customers' other bathing needs, often doubled as prostitutes: see M.E. Wiesner, *Working Women in Renaissance Germany* (New Brunswick, 1986), 95–97; S. Stolz, *Die Handwerke des Körpers: Bader, Barbier, Perückenmacher, Friseur Folge und Ausdruck historischen Körperverständnisses* (Marburg, 1992), 104–10. Similarly, a great volume of legislation sought to distinguish Japanese public baths from brothels and to limit the possibility of moral lassitude at the baths.

⁵⁹ E.g., Aper brings a one-eyed old woman to watch his shabby robe (Mart. 12.70.2). The only other place where Martial may possibly allude to this phenomenon is at 12.87, where Cotta loses his sandals twice and so goes to dinner barefoot. It is not clear where the sandals were lost, but the predinner bath is a good candidate for the location.

⁶⁰ See Plaut, *Rud.* 382–85; *Dig.* 47.17.1 (a whole section given over to 'thieves who lurk about the baths'). Other sources are, e.g., Cat. 33.1; Sen. *Ep.* 56.2; Petron. *Sat.* 30.7–11; Ath. 3.97e. The thief's (fictional) perspective is presented in Apul, *Met.* 4.8, 9.21. Apuleius satirically presents bath thieves as occupying the lowest level in the hierarchy of larceny (*Met.* 4.8).

victims themselves who, finding themselves bereft of clothing on emerging wet from their ablutions, wrote curse tablets to bring divine retribution down on the perpetrators. The most eloquent curses come from the huge haul of curse tablets (*defixionum tabellae*) from the spring at Bath in England.⁶¹ One example reads: 'Solinus to the goddess Sulis Minerva. I give to your divinity and majesty [my] bathing tunic and cloak. Do not allow sleep or health to him who has done me wrong, whether man or woman, whether slave or free, unless he reveals himself and brings those goods to your temple.'⁶² In the absence of a police force, the purpose of such tablets was to call on supernatural assistance to retrieve the stolen articles or at least to punish the thief. One common method of seeking retrieval was to transfer ownership of the stolen item to the deity, thus entrusting the detective work to divine agency. It may seem unlikely that such an approach could be effective, but in a superstitious world, results could be surprising. One remarkable text from Kavak in Turkey records the actions of a contrite thief who returned a stolen cloak, which had probably been lifted from a bathhouse: 'The god was vexed with the man and after some time had him bring the cloak to the god, and he openly confessed his guilt.' Other tablets record pleas and protestations of innocence, apparently offered by those who had learned a curse had been placed on their heads.⁶³ In such an environment as this, curse tablets may have been an effective way of dealing with the sort of petty thievery endemic at the baths.

Prevention is preferable to remedy, and bathers naturally attempted to protect their belongings before they were forced to resort to curse tablets to retrieve them. There were various means of effecting this protection. The changing rooms in many baths feature niches for storing utensils and clothes, though it is not clear that these niches were originally fitted with doors and locks to make their use secure. The affluent could bring to the baths a slave whose sole purpose was to watch the owner's clothes during the bathing process. On entering the bath, the schoolboy of the *colloquia* instructs his accompanying slave, 'Do not fall asleep, on account of the thieves' (*CGL* 3.651.10: *ne addormias propter fures*). Alternatively, a slave attached to the bathhouse could be hired to watch clothes; such slaves were called *capsarii*. Of course, there was no guarantee that a *capsarius* would not be crooked, a fact that generated a specific law governing such individuals.⁶⁴ It seems that where there were baths, there were thieves. This situation is an indirect testament to the popular and crowded nature of bathing establishments.

⁶¹ These tablets are collected in *Tab. Sulis*. Some 130 such tablets have been recovered from the Sacred Spring, many fragmentary; most deal with acts of theft. Not all the stolen goods, however, were pilfered from the baths and perhaps also for disappearances of sums of money and jewelry; see Tomlin's comments, *Tab. Sulis*, pp. 80–81. For other such thefts, see *Tab. Sulis* 8, 34, 54, 98 (money); 5, 6, 20, 43, 49, 55, 61–65 (clothing and blankets); 15, 97 (jewelry). On curse tablets in general, see J.G. Gager, *Curse Tablets and Binding Spells from the Ancient World* (Oxford, 1992). A tablet from Valencia may record the thievery of a tunic from a set of baths; see J. Corell, 'Drei *defixionum tabellae* aus Sagunt (Valencia),' *ΣPE* 101 (1994): 282–85.

⁶² *Tab. Sulis* 32 (trans. Tomlin): the rest of the text is fragmentary, apparently calling down misfortune on the thief's family and children. The 'bathing tunic' appears to have been a garment worn on the way home from the baths (like a modern bathrobe); see *HA Alex. Sev.* 42.1. See also D.R. Jordan, 'Curses from the Waters of Sulis,' *JRA* 3 (1990): 437–38.

⁶³ See Gager, *Curse Tablets*, 176 (which includes the cited text from Kavak).

⁶⁴ See *Dig.* 1.15.3.5 (crooked *capsarii*), 3.2.4.2 (slaves as clothes guards and prostitutes), 16.3.1.8 (a *balneator* can act as a *capsarius*). Diocletian's price edict includes a maximum charge for a *capsarius*. Another text mentions a *capsararius* (*sic*) *de Antonianas* (*sic*), apparently attached to the Baths of Caracalla. They could also be found among the *familia* of private citizens; see *CIL* 6.7368 = *ILS* 7413, where a slave doubles as a *capsarius* and a *cubiculo*. Such private *capsarii* were probably the personnel who accompanied their owners to the baths, as attested in several sources – e.g., *Mart.* 12.70; *Anon. Life of Aesop* 38–39; *Petron. Sat.* 30.7–11.

The evidence of Martial, in conjunction with a wide variety of other written sources, allows us to get a feel for the vitality of the Roman bathing experience. It is safe to suggest that, despite regional and chronological variations in aspects of the bathing culture (for instance, with regard to terminology and mixed bathing), the main characteristics of the baths' atmosphere were likely reproduced in almost any bathhouse in the empire. The broad picture is one of a noisy, vibrant place, with dinner parties meeting; bathers eating, drinking, and singing; vendors shouting; prostitutes strutting; and thieves prowling. In addition to these particular vignettes offered by the sources, we should imagine there an everyday, timeless social environment characteristic of places of human congress everywhere, with friends meeting and observing the world go by, and with people gossiping, catching up on news, or negotiating business informally. Where Romans gathered in numbers, one can expect much activity, and the baths were where Romans met informally at close quarters on a daily basis. Martial has made it clear that to visit the baths was not only to touch a nerve center of ancient urban life but to participate in a complex social convention defined by fashion. He has proven an instructive guide.

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Block 5

Reading 5.1 Augustus, *Res Gestae*

(Source: Augustus, *Res Gestae* 8.5, 11, 13, 21.1, 29.2, 31, 34.1–2 and 35.1; trans. M. Thorpe)

[8.5] I sponsored new legislation to re-establish many traditional practices of our ancestors which were falling out of use; in many areas too I handed down practices worthy of imitation by future generations.

[11] To celebrate my return the senate consecrated an altar to *fortuna redux* ('fortune who brings home') in front of the Temples of Honour and Virtue by the Capena Gate.

[13] Our ancestors decreed that when Roman victories had secured peace throughout the empire, on land and on sea, the temple of Janus Quirinus should be shut. Tradition has it that from the foundation of the city until the time of my birth it had only been closed twice; while I was Princeps, the senate decreed that it should be closed on three occasions.

[21.1] On my own land I built the Temple of Mars the Avenger and the Forum of Augustus from the spoils of war.

[29.2] I compelled the Parthians to give back to me the standards and the booty taken from three Roman armies and humbly to beg for an alliance with the Roman people. These standards I deposited in the innermost part of the Temple of Mars the Avenger.

[31] Indian kings often sent me embassies, something that no previous leader had ever achieved. The Bastarnae and Scythians, the kings of the Sarmatians living on both banks of the river Don, and the kings of the Albani, Hiberi and Medes sent ambassadors to seek our friendship.

[34.1] In my sixth and seventh consulships [28–27 BCE] after I had put a stop to civil wars and had, with universal approval, gained overall dominion, I transferred the state from my power to the control of the senate and people of Rome. [34.2] For this service I was given the title 'Augustus' by decree of the senate, and the door posts of my house were publicly decked with laurel wreaths, and a *corona civica* (civic crown) was fixed above my doors.

[35.1] In my thirteenth consulship [2 BCE] the senate, the equestrian order and the entire Roman people gave me the title of *pater patriae* ('father of the country') and decreed that it should be inscribed in the entrance to my house, and in the Curia Julia, and in the Forum of Augustus, on the base of the *quadriga* ('four-horse chariot') which had been set there in my honour by order of the senate.

Reading 5.2 Suetonius, *Augustus*

(Source: Suetonius, *Augustus* 7.2, 21.2, 28.3, 29.1–2, 31.5 and 56.2; trans. M. Thorpe)

[7.2] Afterwards he took the name of Caesar, in accordance with the terms of his great-uncle's will, and later that of Augustus, on a motion proposed by Munatius Plancus. Several senators suggested that he ought to be called Romulus, since he was in effect founder of the city, but Plancus' proposal won the day. He maintained that the name Augustus had not been used before and that it had a more majestic sound to it, since sanctuaries and places consecrated by an act of augury are called 'august'.

[21.2] Augustus never attacked any country unless he had just and pressing reasons for doing so. He had so little desire to increase the size of the empire or to enhance his own military reputation that on some occasions he compelled the

leaders of barbarian tribes to come to the Temple of Mars the Avenger and swear that they would keep their promises and not break the peace they sought.

[28.3] The city of Rome did not come up to the standard appropriate for such a great empire. Augustus made such improvements in its appearance that his claim to have found a city of sun-dried brick and left one of marble was no more than the truth.

[29.1] Augustus put up many buildings for public use, of which the most important were the forum and Temple of Mars the Avenger, the Temple of Apollo on the Palatine, and the Temple of Jupiter the Thunderer on the Capitol. What made the forum necessary was the increase in the population of the city and the number of legal cases; the two existing forums were inadequate and a third was needed. This is why the forum was made available for public use even before the Temple of Mars was finished. It was decreed that public prosecutions and the allocation of jurors should take place there. [2] Augustus had vowed a temple to Mars when he undertook the Philippi campaign to avenge his father's death. He decreed that the senate should meet here to debate matters concerning wars and the award of triumphs, that governors going out to their provinces should be formally conducted on their way from here, and that those who returned victorious should bring their triumphal decorations here.

[31.5] Next to the immortal gods Augustus honoured the memory of those leaders who had made the Roman empire great from small beginnings. He restored public buildings erected by such men, along with their original inscriptions, and he dedicated statues of them all in triumphal dress in the two colonnades of his forum. He stated in a decree that his purpose in doing this was to provide the citizens of Rome with a standard which he should be required to match while he lived and future leaders of the state thereafter.

[56.2] Augustus restricted the size of his forum because he could not bring himself to evict the owners of the neighbouring houses.

Reading 5.3 Ovid, *Fasti* 5.545–96

(Source: Ovid, *Fasti* 5.545–96; trans. M. Thorpe)

[545] Why do Orion and the other stars make haste to leave the heavens? Why does the night cut short her journey? Why does bright day, preceded by the morning star, raise her beams from the sea earlier than usual? Do I hear the sound of arms? Yes, there was a sound of arms. Mars approaches and his approach signals war.

[551] Mars the Avenger descends in person from heaven to admire his magnificent temple in Augustus' forum. Mighty is the god and mighty his temple. Only thus should Mars be housed in the city of his son.¹ [555] The shrine is worthy of the spoils Mars won from the Giants.² It is fitting that Mars should launch his savage campaigns from this temple, whether the impious enemy that must be crushed challenges us from the east or from the west.

[559] Almighty Mars views the pediment of the lofty temple, sees the unconquered gods at the top and finds it good. [560] On the doors he sees weapons of all kinds, arms from the lands conquered by his troops.

[563] On one side he sees Aeneas bent beneath the weight of his dear burden³ and countless ancestors of the noble Julian line. [565] On the other he sees

¹ [554] The reference is to Augustus.

² [555] Ovid claims that Mars, as god of war, would have played a major part in the mythical battle between the Olympian gods and the Giants.

³ [563] When he left Troy, Aeneas carried his father Anchises on his shoulder.

Romulus bearing on his shoulder the weapons he has stripped from the enemy leader⁴ and the records of great achievement placed beneath the ranks of heroes. [567] When he sees that the temple is adorned with the name of Caesar Augustus,⁵ he rates it even more highly.

[569] Young Octavian had vowed the temple when he took up arms in a pious cause – an appropriately heroic start for his reign as Princeps. Holding out his hands, his loyal soldiers on one side, the conspirators on the other, he spoke these words: [573] ‘If my father, the priest of Vesta, authorises this war and if I now prepare to avenge these two gods⁶, stand by me, Mars, glut my sword with guilty blood, and favour my just cause. [577] When I am victorious you will receive a temple and will be called “The Avenger”.’ This was his vow, and when he had routed the enemy he returned exultant.

[579] Nor is Augustus content to have won this title only once for Mars: he hunts down the standards held by the Parthians.⁷

[581] This was a people protected by great plains, cavalry and archers and by the rivers that surrounded it and denied all passage. The deaths of Crassus and his son had made the Parthians bold, in that defeat when army, standards and leader were all lost together. [585] Now it was a Parthian, an enemy, who carried our Roman standards, the eagles that symbolised our military glory.

[587] The disgrace would have continued until now, had not Augustus’ brave troops protected the wealth of Italy. He wiped out the ancient marks of shame and the long period of disgrace. The standards were recovered and once more recognised their own people.

[591] What do you gain now, Parthian, from your arrows fired as you flee, from your wide plains and your swift horses? You hand back our eagles and also surrender your conquered bows. You no longer have any proof of our disgrace.

[595] Rightly Mars receives his temple; rightly is he twice called Avenger; he deserves the honour of this temple, and it discharges Augustus’ vow.

Reading 5.4 Cassius Dio, *Roman History*

(Source: Cassius Dio, *Roman History* 55.10; trans. M. Thorpe)

[2] [It was decreed] ... that those who were passing out of the boys’ class and were being enrolled in that for young men of military age should always come to the forum for that ceremony; that magistrates who were being sent out to commands abroad should leave from there; [3] that the senate should meet there to settle questions about the award of triumphs; that generals who were awarded a triumph should dedicate their sceptre and garland to Mars the Avenger; that they and others who received triumphal decorations should have their statues in bronze erected in the forum; [4] that, if any standards captured by the enemy were recovered, they

⁴ [565] A Roman general who killed the enemy leader in single combat and stripped him of his armour was said to have gained the *spolia opima*. According to tradition, Romulus was the first to achieve this.

⁵ [567–8] The reference is to the inscription below the pediment recording Augustus’ dedication of the temple.

⁶ [573–4] The two gods are: (a) Julius Caesar, who was deified after his death, becoming *divus Iulius* and (b) Vesta. The *pontifex maximus* (chief priest) – an office held by both Julius Caesar and Augustus – had certain supervisory powers over the Vestal Virgins.

⁷ [580] In 53 BCE, M. Licinius Crassus was defeated by the Parthians at Carrhae (south-east Turkey); his army was almost totally destroyed and some legionary standards (eagles) were captured. Although Ovid does not mention it, his readers would also have remembered that in 40 BCE Antony’s general Decidius Saxa (and in 36 BCE Antony himself) had also lost standards in defeats by the Parthians (see Reading 5.1 above). In battle, the Parthians relied mainly on their cavalry and their mounted archers.

should be deposited in the temple; that an annual festival should be held by the cavalry commanders at the foot of the temple steps.

Reading 5.5

Virgil, *Aeneid* 6.752–886

(Source: Virgil, *The Aeneid* 6.752–886 in C. Day Lewis (trans.), *Virgil: The Aeneid* (1991), Oxford: Oxford University Press)

When Anchises had finished, he drew his son and the Sibyl
Into the thick of the murmuring concourse assembled there
And took his stand on an eminence from which he could scan the long files
Over against him, and mark the features of those who passed.

Listen, for I will show you your destiny, setting forth
The fame that from now shall attend the seed of Dardanus,
The posterity that awaits you from an Italian marriage –
Illustrious souls, one day to come in for our Trojan name.

That young man there – do you see him? – who leans on an untipped spear, 760

Has been allotted the next passage to life, and first of
All these will ascend to earth, with Italian blood in his veins;
He is Silvius, an Alban name, and destined to be your last child,
The child of your late old age by a wife, Lavinia, who shall
Bear him in sylvan surroundings, a king and the father of kings
Through whom our lineage shall rule in Alba Longa.

Next to him stands Procas, a glory to the Trojan line;
Then Capys and Numitor, and one who'll revive your own name –
Silvius Aeneas, outstanding alike for moral rectitude
And prowess in war, if ever he comes to the Alban throne. 770

What fine young men they are! Look at their stalwart bearing,
The oak leaves that shade their brows – decorations for saving life!
These shall found your Nomentum, Gabii and Fidenae,

These shall rear on the hills Collatia's citadel,
Pometii, and the Fort of Inuus, Bola and Cora –
All nameless sites at present, but then they shall have these names.

Further, a child of Mars shall go to join his grandsire –
Romulus, born of the stock of Assaracus by his mother,
Ilia. Look at the twin plumes upon his helmet's crest,
Mars' cognisance, which marks him out for the world of earth! 780

His are the auguries, my son, whereby great Rome
Shall rule to the ends of the earth, shall aspire to the highest achievement,
Shall ring the seven hills with a wall to make one city,
Blessed in her breed of men: as Cybele, wearing her turreted
Crown, is charioted round the Phrygian cities, proud of
Her brood of gods, embracing a hundred of her children's children –
Heaven-dwellers all, all tenants of the realm above.

Now bend your gaze this way, look at that people there!
They are *your* Romans. Caesar is there and all Ascanius'
Posterity, who shall pass beneath the arch of day. 790

And here, here is the man, the promised one you know of –
Caesar Augustus, son of a god, destined to rule
Where Saturn ruled of old in Latium, and there
Bring back the age of gold: his empire shall expand
Past Garamants and Indians to a land beyond the zodiac
And the sun's yearly path, where Atlas the sky-bearer pivots

The wheeling heavens, embossed with fiery stars, on his shoulder.
 Even now the Caspian realm, the Crimean country
 Tremble at oracles of the gods predicting his advent,
 And the seven mouths of the Nile are in a lather of fright. 800
 Not even Hercules roved so far and wide over earth,
 Although he shot the bronze-footed deer, brought peace to the woods of
 Erymanthus, subdued Lerna with the terror of his bow;
 Nor Bacchus, triumphantly driving his team with vines for reins,
 His team of tigers down from Mount Nysa, travelled so far.
 Do we still hesitate, then, to enlarge our courage by action?
 Shrink from occupying the territory of Ausonia?
 Who is that in the distance, bearing the hallows, crowned with
 A wreath of olive? I recognise – grey hair and hoary chin –
 That Roman king who, called to high power from humble Cures, 810
 A town in a poor area, shall found our system of law
 And thus refound our city. The successor of Numa, destined
 To shake our land out of its indolence, stirring men up to fight
 Who have grown unadventurous and lost the habit of victory
 Is Tullus. After him shall reign the too boastful Ancus,
 Already over-fond of the breath of popular favour.
 Would you see the Tarquin kings, and arrogant as they, Brutus
 The avenger, with the symbols of civic freedom he won back?
 He shall be first to receive consular rank and its power of
 Life and death: when his sons awake the dormant conflict, 820
 Their father, a tragic figure, shall call them to pay the extreme
 Penalty, for fair freedom's sake. However posterity
 Look on that deed, patriotism shall prevail and love of
 Honour. See over there the Decii, the Drusi, Torquatus
 With merciless axe, Camillus with the standards he recovered.
 See those twin souls, resplendent in duplicate armour: now
 They're of one mind, and shall be as long as the Underworld holds them;
 But oh, if ever they reach the world above, what warfare,
 What battles and what carnage will they create between them –
 Caesar descending from Alpine strongholds, the fort of Monoecus, 830
 His son-in-law Pompey lined up with an Eastern army against him.
 Lads, do not harden yourselves to face such terrible wars!
 Turn not your country's hand against your country's heart!
 You, be the first to renounce it, my son of heavenly lineage,
 You be the first to bury the hatchet! ...
 That one shall ride in triumph to the lofty Capitol,
 The conqueror of Corinth, renowned for the Greeks he has slain.
 That one shall wipe out Argos and Agamemnon's Mycenae,
 Destroying an heir of Aeacus, the seed of warrior Achilles,
 Avenging his Trojan sires and the sacrilege done to Minerva. 840
 Who could leave unnoticed the glorious Cato, Cossus,
 The family of the Gracchi, the two Scipios – thunderbolts
 In war and death to Libya; Fabricius, who had plenty
 In poverty; Serranus, sowing his furrowed fields?
 Fabii, where do you lead my lagging steps? O Fabius,
 The greatest, you the preserver of Rome by delaying tactics!
 Let others fashion from bronze more lifelike, breathing images –
 For so they shall – and evoke living faces from marble;
 Others excel as orators, others track with their instruments

The planets circling in heaven and predict when stars will appear.
But, Romans, never forget that government is your medium!
Be this your art:— to practise men in the habit of peace,
Generosity to the conquered, and firmness against aggressors.

They marvelled at Anchises' words, and he went on:—
Look how Marcellus comes all glorious with the highest
Of trophies, a victor over-topping all other men!
He shall buttress the Roman cause when a great war shakes it,
Shatter the Carthaginian and rebel Gaul with his cavalry,
Give to Quirinus the third set of arms won in single combat.

Aeneas interposed, seeing beside Marcellus
A youth of fine appearance, in glittering accoutrements,
But his face was far from cheerful and downcast were his eyes:—
Father, who is he that walks with Marcellus there?
His son? Or one of the noble line of his children's children?
How the retinue murmurs around him! How fine is the young man's presence!
Yet is his head haloed by sombre shade of night.

Then father Anchises began, tears welling up in his eyes:—
My son, do not probe into the sorrows of your kin.
Fate shall allow the earth one glimpse of this young man —
One glimpse, no more. Too puissant had been Rome's stock, ye gods,
In your sight, had such gifts been granted it to keep.

What lamentations of men shall the Campus Martius echo
To Mars' great city! O Tiber, what obsequies you shall see
One day as you glide past the new-built mausoleum!
No lad of the Trojan line shall with such hopeful promise
Exalt his Latin forebears, nor shall the land of Romulus
Ever again be so proud of one she has given birth to.
Alas for the sense of duty, the old-time honour! Alas for
The hand unvanquished in war! Him would no foe have met
In battle and not rued it, whether he charged on foot
Or drove his lathering steed with spurs against the enemy.
Alas, poor youth! If only you could escape your harsh fate!
Marcellus you shall be. Give me armfuls of lilies
That I may scatter their shining blooms and shower these gifts
At least upon the dear soul, all to no purpose though
Such kindness be.

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